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To

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

who has added much
to the art of
biography

*Preface**

THE preparation of this book was a delightful adventure, which I was forced to bring to an end too soon: if it had not been for sober considerations of proportion, size, price, announced date of publication and the unreasonable demand of my publishers, I should at this moment be still in pursuit of more biographies. But even publishers are entitled to some consideration, and I have finally turned over to mine the MS of more than seven hundred thousand words, written by many hands, during a period of two thousand years.

During the past year and a half I have read some thousands of short biographies, and my wife has investigated almost as many for me. Together we have passed in review most of what seemed likely to prove suitable among the works written in English, French, and German, and a good part of what has been translated into those tongues from the Latin, Greek, Italian, and Spanish. I had at first intended to group my biographies according to a strict system of classification, according to countries, races, and periods. Such a system may have its uses, but I am inclined to think it misleading; for that reason I have adopted a very simple device, a convenience at most, to the reader who may wish to create his own background for the subject of any given biography.

Supposing I had attempted to subdivide my collection upon a basis of nationality? Should this be done by considering the author, or the subject? Where, for instance, should I have put Macaulay's *Frederick the Great*, under England, or under Germany? In the 18th, or in the 19th Century? Supposing I had solved this problem, would anyone be the gainer? The essay is a picture, description, history, interpretation, biography, of a man, set within the framework of his day and environment. If this is well done, is anything else very important?

I have brought together here what I call Short Biographies. Now, the short biography has not yet been so arbitrarily defined nor so closely analysed as the short story, let us say, or the drama. You may, if you like, subdivide all the biographies in this volume into as many types and species as you like, and call each by a separate name. There is no objection to classifying them as prefaces, essays, memoirs, reminiscences, sketches, poems, psychographs, portraits, or critical analyses. I have taken the word biography to mean something written about a person, and in selecting short biographies I have necessarily omitted books like Boswell's *Johnson*, Car-

* This preface was prepared for this and its companion volume, Great Short Biographies of Modern Times.

lyle's *Cromwell*, and Lockhart's *Scott*. The short biography has at least one inestimable virtue: it is short. Though I don't entirely agree with Voltaire, there is something to be said of his contention that long biographies are often padded. He opens his little *Life of Molière* with the following words:

"The predilection of many readers for the frivolous, and the desire to make up a volume out of what ought to fill only a few pages, are the reasons why the biographies of celebrated men are nearly always ruined by the inclusion of useless details and popular fairy-tales, as false as they are insipid."

I am not prepared to argue in favour of Plutarch as against Boswell, but I confess that the *Life of Alexander* or of *Cato* has given me more pleasure than the *Life of Johnson;* Roper's *Sir Thomas More* is to me a more beautiful and, I feel, a truer picture of the man than Lockhart's *Scott* is of that writer's hero.

However, it is not my intention to plead in favour of one form as against another.

The ideal biography is a well-written story of a person's life, complete, true, and made by someone who knew him intimately. It contains everything that serves to throw light upon his character, his mind, his person, his work. It is written with passion, affection, imagination, understanding, yet without bias or personal prejudice. This is the sort of biography I have sought, but I have yet to find one that fulfilled all my requirements. Biographies appear to share the same imperfections as the subjects they treat of. When I began to gather material for this book I grew desperate on finding that some of my most readable lives were inexact and full of lies: it appears that nearly every biography written prior to the latest scientific study of it is "out of date," "one-sided," or "unreliable."

It was therefore necessary for me to give up trying to find the works of "reliable" biographers; of what use printing the very last word if that word were to be superceded by the last word of some scholar twenty years hence? Far better perpetuate the inexactitudes of Brantôme and Janin, Gozlan and Boccaccio than the less readable exactitudes of contemporary savants, since they will all be rejected in a few years?

Take, for instance, Brantôme's *Mary Queen of Scots* and Janin's *Deburau*. Both are full of personal bias; neither would be acceptable to the editor of a biographical dictionary. To rectify statements of alleged fact would require as many footnotes as there are paragraphs. Brantôme's biography is a beautiful document, call it what you will; it is possibly a fuller portrait of Brantôme than of the Queen he so pitied and loved. Janin's book is a tour de force, with some manufactured anecdotes and a very obvious intention to decry the fashionable theatres of the day. If you want the cold facts about Mary you will turn to the latest revised

edition of the *Britannica*. As for Deburau, well, he is not even mentioned there.

My collection, then, is not for those who seek the latest facts. For my part I cannot quite see how the purely scientific method applied to biography gives us a necessarily truer picture of a man than the personal and prejudiced account. A pretty paradox might be made on this subject: which gives us a better (and a truer) idea of Balzac the man, Gozlan's gossipy *Balzac en Pantoufles* (which has been especially translated for my volume), or all the latest articles on Balzac in the encyclopedias? Gozlan's occasional fictitious anecdotes are at least characteristic of the man, whereas two columns of scholarly doubt as to Gozlan's veracity give us a picture only of scholarly doubt.

I confess to a liking for the incomplete, the gossipy anecdotes of friends and foes, the biassed narratives not yet arranged into connected accounts. In other words, I like to construct my own biographies from many sources. In his little book on Tolstoy, Maxim Gorky has given us delightful glimpses of the aged novelist, and from these I have a far more friendly feeling for the author of *Anna Karenina* than I have ever gotten from the dozen formal tomes that overshadow the Gorky pamphlet on my library shelves. (I wanted to include this in my book, but alas —! Reprinting difficulties are elsewhere referred to in this Preface.)

In biography I believe that everything may be important, and for this reason I have not hesitated to include the most informal accounts I could lay hands on, provided they were otherwise interesting. Saint-Simon, surely one of the world's great biographers, tells us that he has recorded episodes about Louis XIV that will be condemned by his contemporaries as unworthy of an historian, but Saint-Simon is not writing for his day, and he thinks that an account of the Grand Monarch in the boudoir will prove more interesting to posterity, than a long description of an audience with the Turkish ambassador. And Saint-Simon is right.

John Milton sitting in an easy-chair smoking his pipe, described by Augustine Birrell, appeals to me more directly and tells me more about the man than the gaudy painting familiar to all school-children of the poet dictating *Paradise Lost* to his daughters. This last looks " posed," but the bit about the pipe sounds genuine. I wonder what sort of pipe it was, and what kind of tobacco Milton used?

A word here is perhaps necessary to explain why I have included no Oriental biographies. There are two reasons: first, Oriental literature offers us little of what we should call biography; second, I wished to confine my selections to records of those who have influenced or been a part of our Occidental civilization.

In glancing over my Table of Contents for the last time I see I have brought together records of almost every variety, devoted to some sort of description of men and women who have made their contributions to the

world we live in. That they were human beings, impressing and impressed by other human beings, is what strikes me most forcibly, and this is what I have aimed at.

That from the ranks of humanity there can emerge a Socrates, a Cato, a Jesus; a More, a Newton, a Mozart; a Balzac, a Deburau, a Napoleon, is in my eyes a thing more wonderful than all the miracles ever imagined by the makers of religions. A day may come when our religions of magic and fear will give way to a purer and more humanly genial religion, and our desire for an immortality of the soul shall be dedicated to the belief that the great wonder of creation is man and the infinite possibilities that lie not in the theologies of religious leaders, but within ourselves.

Note. — It is hardly necessary to state that I am under obligations of many kinds to the publishers, authors, and translators who have helped me in making this volume. While I was unable to include several biographies I had selected, because of demands which were in most cases utterly unreasonable, I still have to thank many publishers for their courtesy in permitting me to use copyright material. For assistance in many fields I have to thank my publishers, my translators, and several agents. Specific mention of these is made elsewhere. But in this place I wish to thank my wife, Cecile S. Clark, who has read for me several hundreds of volumes and often made the final selection of material herself.

A large part of the material in this book is reprinted. But there are some biographies which I believe are reprinted for the first time since their original appearance. Unless my bibliographical researches are incomplete, these include the biographies of Jesus (the Goodspeed translation), Columbus, Lope de Vega, The Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham; and Louis XIV.

I also believe that none of the following biographies have ever before been translated into English: Mary Queen of Scots (the particular version I translated), Molière; Charlotte Corday, Newton, Balzac, and Deburau.

B. H. C.

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GREAT SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF ANCIENT TIMES

The Middle Ages and the Renaissance

SOCRATES

469–399 B.C.

By DIOGENES LAERTIUS[1] (*Early 3rd Century* A.D.)

SOCRATES was the son of Sophroniscus, a sculptor, and of Phaenarete, a midwife, as we read in the *Theaetetus* of Plato; he was a citizen of Athens and belonged to the demè Alopece. It was thought that he helped Euripides to make his plays; hence Mnesimachus writes:

"This new play of Euripides is *The Phrygians;* and Socrates provides the wood for frying."

And again he calls Euripides "an engine riveted by Socrates." And Callias in *The Captives:*

A. Pray why so solemn, why this lofty air?
B. I've every right; I'm helped by Socrates.

Aristophanes in *The Clouds:*

'Tis he composes for Euripides
Those clever plays, much sound and little sense.

According to some authors he was a pupil of Anaxagoras, and also of Damon, as Alexander states in his *Successions of Philosophers.* When Anaxagoras was condemned, he became a pupil of Archelaus the physicist; Aristoxenus asserts that Archelaus was very fond of him. Duris makes him out to have been a slave and to have been employed on stonework, and the draped figures of the Graces on the Acropolis have by some been attributed to him. Hence the passage in Timon's *Silli:*

[1] Reprinted from *Diogenes Laertius, Lives of Eminent Philosophers,* translated by R. D. Hicks. Loeb edition, William Heinemann, London, 1925, by permission of the publisher.

Nothing is known of the author, except that he wrote in Greek, basing his biographies on a large number of works most of which are now lost. The biography here reprinted appears without the translator's notes.

"From these diverged the sculptor, a prater about laws, the enchanter of Greece, inventor of subtle arguments, the sneerer who mocked at fine speeches, half-Attic in his mock humility."

He was formidable in public speaking, according to Idomeneus; moreover, as Xenophon tells us, the Thirty forbade him to teach the art of words. And Aristophanes attacks him in his plays for making the word appear the better reason. For Favorinus in his *Miscellaneous History* says Socrates and his pupil Aeschines were the first to teach rhetoric; and this is confirmed by Idomeneus in his work on the Socratic circle. Again, he was the first who discoursed on the conduct of life, and the first philosopher who was tried and put to death. Aristoxenus, the son of Spintharus, says of him that he made money; he would at all events invest sums, collect the interest accruing, and then, when this was expended, put out the principal again.

Demetrius of Byzantium relates that Crito removed him from his workshop and educated him, being struck by his beauty of soul; that he discussed moral questions in the workshops and the market-place, being convinced that the study of nature is no concern of ours; and that he claimed that his inquiries embraced

Whatso'er is good or evil in an house;

that frequently, owing to his vehemence in argument, men set upon him with their fists or tore his hair out; and that for the most part he was despised and laughed at, yet bore all this ill-usage patiently. So much so that, when he had been kicked, and some one expressed surprise at his taking it so quietly, Socrates rejoined, "Should I have taken the law of a donkey, supposing that he had kicked me?" Thus far Demetrius.

Unlike most philosophers, he had no need to travel, except when required to go on an expedition. The rest of his life he stayed at home and engaged all the more keenly in argument with anyone who would converse with him, his aim being not to alter his opinion but to get at the truth. They relate that Euripides gave him the treatise of Heraclitus and asked his opinion upon it, and that his reply was, "The part I understand is excellent, and so too is, I dare say, the part I do not understand; but it needs a Delian diver to get to the bottom of it."

He took care to exercise his body and kept in good condition. At all events he served on the expedition to Amphipolis; and when in the battle of Delium Xenophon had fallen from his horse, he stepped in and saved his life. For in the general flight of the Athenians he personally retired at his ease, quietly turning round from time to time and ready to defend himself in case he were attacked. Again, he served at Potidaea, whither he had gone by sea, as land communications were interrupted by the war; and

while there he is said to have remained a whole night without changing his position, and to have won the prize of valour. But he resigned it to Alcibiades, for whom he cherished the tenderest affection, according to Aristippus in the fourth book of his treatise *On the Luxury of the Ancients*. Ion of Chios relates that in his youth he visited Samos in the company of Archelaus; and Aristotle that he went to Delphi; he went also to the Isthmus, according to Farovinus in the first book of his *Memorabilia*.

His strength of will and attachment to the democracy are evident from his refusal to yield to Critias and his colleagues when they ordered him to bring the wealthy Leon of Salamis before them for execution, and further from the fact that he alone voted for the acquittal of the ten generals; and again from the facts that when he had the opportunity to escape from the prison he declined to do so, and that he rebuked his friends for weeping over his fate, and addressed to them his most memorable discourses in the prison.

He was a man of great independence and dignity of character. Pamphila in the seventh book of her *Commentaries* tells how Alcibiades once offered him a large site on which to build a house; but he replied, "Suppose, then, I wanted shoes and you offered me a whole hide to make a pair with, would it not be ridiculous in me to take it?" Often when he looked at the multitude of wares exposed for sale, he would say to himself, "How many things I can do without!" And he would continually recite the lines:

The purple robe and silver's shine
More fits an actor's need than mine.

He showed his contempt for Archelaus of Macedon and Scopas of Cranon and Eurylochus of Larissa by refusing to accept their presents or to go to their court. He was so orderly in his way of life that on several occasions when pestilence broke out in Athens he was the only man who escaped infection.

Aristotle says that he married two wives: his first wife was Xanthippe, by whom he had a son, Lamprocles; his second wife was Myrto, the daughter of Aristides the Just, whom he took without a dowry. By her he had Sophroniscus and Menexenus. Others make Myrto his first wife; while some writers, including Satyrus and Hieronymus of Rhodes, affirm that they were both his wives at the same time. For they say that the Athenians were short of men and, wishing to increase the population, passed a decree permitting a citizen to marry one Athenian woman and have children by another; and that Socrates accordingly did so.

He could afford to despise those who scoffed at him. He prided himself on his plain living, and never asked a fee from anyone. He used to say that he most enjoyed the food which was least in need of condiment, and the drink which made him feel the least hankering for some other drink; and that he was nearest to the gods in that he had the fewest wants.

This may be seen from the Comic poets, who in the act of ridiculing him give him high praise. Thus Aristophanes:

"O man that justly desirest great wisdom, how blessed will be thy life amongst Athenians and Greeks, retentive of memory and thinker that thou art, with endurance of toil for thy character; never art thou weary whether standing or walking, never numb with cold, never hungry for breakfast; from wine and from gross feeding and all other frivolities thou dost turn away."

Ameipsias too, when he puts him on the stage wearing a cloak, says:

"A. You come to join us, Socrates, worthiest of a small band and emptiest by far! You are a robust fellow. Where can we get you a proper coat?

"B. Your sorry plight is an insult to the cobblers.

"A. And yet, hungry as he is, this man has never stooped to flatter."

This disdainful, lofty spirit of his is also noticed by Aristophanes when he says:

"Because you stalk along the streets, rolling your eyes, and endure, barefoot, many a hardship, and gaze up at us [the clouds]."

And yet at times he would even put on fine clothes to suit the occasion, as in Plato's *Symposium*, where he is on his way to Agathon's house.

He showed equal ability in both directions, in persuading and dissuading men; thus, after conversing with Theaetetus about knowledge, he sent him away, as Plato says, fired with a divine impulse; but when Euthyphro had indicted his father for manslaughter, Socrates, after some conversation with him upon piety, diverted him from his purpose. Lysis, again, he turned, by exhortation, into a most virtuous character. For he had the skill to draw his arguments from facts. And when his son Lamprocles was violently angry with his mother, Socrates made him feel ashamed of himself, as I believe Xenophon has told us. When Plato's brother Glaucon was desirous of entering upon politics, Socrates dissuaded him, as Xenophon relates, because of his want of experience; but on the contrary he encouraged Charmides to take up politics because he had a gift that way.

He roused Iphicrates the general to a martial spirit by showing him how the fighting cocks of Midias the barber flapped their wings in defiance of those of Callias. Glauconides demanded that he should be acquired for the state as if he were some pheasant or peacock.

He used to say it was strange that, if you asked a man how many sheep he had, he could easily tell you the precise number; whereas he could not name his friends or say how many he had, so slight was the value he set upon them. Seeing Euclides keenly interested in eristic arguments, he said to him: "You will be able to get on with sophists, Euclides, but with

men not at all." For he thought there was no use in this sort of hair-splitting, as Plato shows us in the *Euthydemus*.

Again, when Charmides offered him some slaves in order that he might derive an income from them, he declined the offer; and according to some he scorned the beauty of Alcibiades. He would extol leisure as the best of possessions, according to Xenophon in the *Symposium*. There is, he said, only one good, that is, knowledge, and only one evil, that is, ignorance; wealth and good birth bring their possessor no dignity, but on the contrary evil. At all events, when some one told him that Antisthenes' mother was a Thracian, he replied, "Nay, did you expect a man so noble to have been born of two Athenian parents?" He made Crito ransom Phaedo who, having been taken prisoner in the war, was kept in degrading slavery, and so won him for philosophy.

Moreover, in his old age he learnt to play the lyre, declaring that he saw no absurdity in learning a new accomplishment. As Xenophon relates in the *Symposium*, it was his regular habit to dance, thinking that such exercise helped to keep the body in good condition. He used to say that his supernatural sign warned him beforehand of the future; that to make a good start was no trifling advantage, but a trifle turned the scale; and that he knew nothing except just the fact of his ignorance. He said that, when people paid a high price for fruit which had ripened early, they must despair of seeing the fruit ripen at the proper season. And, being once asked in what consisted the virtue of a young man, he said, "In doing nothing to excess." He held that geometry should be studied to the point at which a man is able to measure the land which he acquires or parts with.

On hearing the line of Euripides' play *Auge* where the poet says of virtue:

'Tis best to let her roam at will,

he got up and left the theatre. For he said it was absurd to make a hue and cry about a slave who could not be found, and to allow virtue to perish in this way. Some one asked him whether he should marry or not, and received the reply, "Whichever you do you will repent it." He used to express his astonishment that the sculptors of marble statues should take pains to make the block of marble into a perfect likeness of a man, and should take no pains about themselves lest they should turn out mere blocks, not men. He recommended to the young the constant use of the mirror, to the end that handsome men might acquire a corresponding behaviour, and ugly men conceal their defects by education.

He had invited some rich men and, when Xanthippe said she felt ashamed of the dinner, "Never mind," said he, "for if they are reasonable they will put up with it, and if they are good for nothing, we shall not trouble ourselves about them." He would say that the rest of the world

lived to eat, while he himself ate to live. Of the mass of men who do not count he said it was as if some one should object to a single tetradrachm as counterfeit and at the same time let a whole heap made up of just such pieces pass as genuine. Aeschines said to him, "I am a poor man and have nothing else to give, but I offer you myself," and Socrates answered, "Nay, do you not see that you are offering me the greatest gift of all?" To one who complained that he was overlooked when the Thirty rose to power, he said, "You are not sorry for that, are you?" To one who said, "You are condemned by the Athenians to die," he made answer, "So are they, by nature." But some ascribe this to Anaxagoras. When his wife said, "You suffer unjustly," he retorted, "Why, would you have me suffer justly?" He had a dream that some one said to him:

"On the third day thou shalt come to the fertile fields of Phthia;"

and he told Aeschines, "On the third day I shall die." When he was about to drink the hemlock, Apollodorus offered him a beautiful garment to die in: "What," said he, "is my own good enough to live in but not to die in?" When he was told that So-and-so spoke ill of him, he replied, "True, for he has never learnt to speak well." When Antisthenes turned his cloak so that the tear in it came into view, "I see," said he, "your vanity through your cloak." To one who said, "Don't you find so-and-so very offensive?" his reply was, "No, for it takes two to make a quarrel." We ought not to object, he used to say, to be subjects for the Comic poets, for if they satirize our faults they will do us good, and if not they do not touch us. When Xanthippe first scolded him and then drenched him with water, his rejoinder was, "Did I not say that Xanthippe's thunder would end in rain?" When Alcibiades declared that the scolding of Xanthippe was intolerable, "Nay, I have got used to it," said he, "as to the continued rattle of a windlass. And you do not mind the cackle of geese." "No," replied Alcibiades, "but they furnish me with eggs and goslings." "And Xanthippe," said Socrates, "is the mother of my children." When she tore his coat off his back in the market-place and his acquaintances advised him to hit back, "Yes, by Zeus," said he, "in order that while we are sparring each of you may join in with 'Go it, Socrates!' 'Well done, Xanthippe!'" He said he lived with a shrew, as horsemen are fond of spirited horses, "but just as, when they have mastered these, they can easily cope with the rest, so I in the society of Xanthippe shall learn to adapt myself to the rest of the world."

These and the like were his words and deeds, to which the Pythian priestess bore testimony when she gave Chaerephon the famous reponse:

Of all men living Socrates most wise.

For this he was most envied; and especially because he would take to task those who thought highly of themselves, proving them to be fools, as to be

sure he treated Anytus, according to Plato's *Meno*. For Anytus could not endure to be ridiculed by Socrates, and so in the first place stirred up against him Aristophanes and his friends; then afterwards he helped to persuade Meletus to indict him on a charge of impiety and corrupting the youth.

The indictment was brought by Meletus, and the speech was delivered by Polyeuctus, according to Favorinus in his *Miscellaneous History*. The speech was written by Polycrates the sophist, according to Hermippus; but some say that it was by Anytus. Lycon the demagogue had made all the needful preparations.

Antisthenes in his *Successions of Philosophers*, and Plato in his *Apology*, say that there were three accusers, Anytus, Lycon and Meletus; that Anytus was roused to anger on behalf of the craftsmen and politicians, Lycon on behalf of the rhetoricians, Meletus of the poets, all three of which classes had felt the lash of Socrates. Favorinus in the first book of his *Memorabilia* declares that the speech of Polycrates against Socrates is not authentic; for he mentions the rebuilding of the walls by Conon, which did not take place till six years after the death of Socrates. And this is the case.

The affidavit in the case, which is still preserved, says Favorinus, in the *Metroön*, ran as follows: "This indictment and affidavit is sworn by Meletus, the son of Meletus of Pitthos, against Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of refusing to recognize the gods recognized by the state, and of introducing other new divinities. He is also guilty of corrupting the youth. The penalty demanded is death." The philosopher then, after Lysias had written a defence for him, read it through and said: "A fine speech, Lysias; it is not, however, suitable to me." For it was plainly more forensic than philosophical. Lysias said, "If it is a fine speech, how can it fail to suit you?" "Well," he replied, "would not fine raiment and fine shoes be just as unsuitable to me?"

Justus of Tiberias in his book entitled *The Wreath* says that in the course of the trial Plato mounted the platform and began: "Though I am the youngest, men of Athens, of all who ever rose to address you" — whereupon the judges shouted out, "Get down! Get down!" When therefore he was condemned by 281 votes more than those given for acquittal, and when the judges were assessing what he should suffer or what fine he should pay, he proposed to pay 25 drachmae. Eubulides indeed says he offered 100. When this caused an uproar among the judges, he said, "Considering my services, I assess the penalty at maintenance in the Prytaneum at the public expense."

Sentence of death was passed, with an accession of eighty fresh votes. He was put in prison, and a few days afterward drank the hemlock, after much noble discourse which Plato records in the *Phaedo*. Further, according to some, he composed a paean beginning:

All hail, Apollo, Delos' lord!
Hail Artemis, ye noble pair!

Dionysodorus denies that he wrote the paean. He also composed a fable of Aesop, not very skilfully, beginning:

"Judge not, ye men of Corinth," Aesop cried,
"Of virtue as the jury-courts decide."

So he was taken from among men; and not long afterwards the Athenians felt such remorse that they shut up the training grounds and gymnasia. They banished the other accusers but put Meletus to death; they honoured Socrates with a bronze statue, the work of Lysippus, which they placed in the hall of processions. And no sooner did Anytus visit Heraclea than the people of that town expelled him on that very day. Not only in the case of Socrates but in very many others the Athenians repented in this way. For they fined Homer (so says Heraclides) 50 drachmae for a madman, and said Tyrtaeus was beside himself, and they honoured Astydamas before Aeschylus and his brother poets with a bronze statue. Euripides upbraids them thus in his *Palamedes:* "Ye have slain, have slain, the all-wise, the innocent, the Muses' nightingale." This is one account; but Philochorus asserts that Euripides died before Socrates.

He was born, according to Apollodorus in his *Chronology,* in the archonship of Apsephion, in the fourth year of the 77th Olympiad, on the 6th day of the month of Thargelion, when the Athenians purify their city, which according to the Delians is the birthday of Artemis. He died in the first year of the 95th Olympiad at the age of seventy. With this Demetrius of Phalerum agrees; but some say he was sixty when he died.

Both were pupils of Anaxagoras, I mean Socrates and Euripides, who was born in the first year of the 75th Olympiad in the archonship of Calliades.

In my opinion Socrates discoursed on physics as well as on ethics, since he holds some conversations about providence, even according to Xenophon, who, however, declares that he only discussed ethics. But Plato, after mentioning Anaxagoras and certain other physicists in the *Apology,* treats for his own part themes which Socrates disowned, although he puts everything into the mouth of Socrates.

Aristotle relates that a magician came from Syria to Athens and, among other evils with which he threatened Socrates, predicted that he would come to a violent end.

I have written verses about him too, as follows:

"Drink then, being in Zeus's palace, O Socrates; for truly did the god pronounce thee wise, being wisdom himself; for when thou didst frankly take the hemlock at the hands of the Athenians, they themselves drained it as it passed thy lips."

He was sharply criticized, according to Aristotle in his third book *On Poetry*, by a certain Antilochus of Lemnos, and by Antiphon the soothsayer, just as Pythagoras was by Cylon of Croton, or as Homer was assailed in his lifetime by Syagrus, and after his death by Xenophanes of Colophon. So too Hesiod was criticized in his lifetime by Cecrops, and after his death by the aforesaid Xenophanes; Pindar by Amphimenes of Cos; Thales by Pherecydes; Bias by Salarus of Priene; Pittacus by Antimenidas and Alcaeus; Anaxagoras by Sosibius; and Simonides by Timocreon.

Of those who succeeded him and were called Socratics the chief were Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, and of ten names on the traditional list the most distinguished are Aeschines, Phaedo, Euclides, Aristippus. I must first speak of Xenophon; Antisthenes will come afterwards among the Cynics; after Xenophon I shall take the Socratics proper, and so pass on to Plato. With Plato the ten schools begin: he was himself the founder of the First Academy. This then is the order which I shall follow.

Of those who bear the name of Socrates there is one, a historian, who wrote a geographical work upon Argos; another, a Peripatetic philosopher of Bithynia; a third, a poet who wrote epigrams; lastly, Socrates of Cos, who wrote on the names of the gods.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

356–323 B.C.

By PLUTARCH [1] (*About* 50–120 A.D.)

IT BEING my purpose to write the lives of Alexander the king, and of Cæsar, by whom Pompey was destroyed, the multitude of their great actions affords so large a field that I were to blame if I should not by way of apology forewarn my reader that I have chosen rather to epitomise the most celebrated parts of their story, than to insist at large on every particular circumstance of it. It must be borne in mind that my design is not to write histories, but lives. And the most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men; sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations, than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever. Therefore as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men, and while I endeavour by these to portray their lives, may be free to leave more weighty matters and great battles to be treated of by others.

It is agreed on by all hands, that on the father's side, Alexander descended from Hercules by Caranus, and from Æacus by Neoptolemus on the mother's side. His father Philip, being in Samothrace, when he was quite young, fell in love there with Olympias, in company with whom he was initiated in the religious ceremonies of the country, and her father and mother being both dead, soon after, with the consent of her brother, Arymbas, he married her. The night before the consummation of their marriage, she dreamed that a thunderbolt fell upon her body, which kindled a great fire, whose divided flames dispersed themselves all about, and then were extinguished. And Philip, some time after he was married, dreamt that he sealed up his wife's body with a seal, whose impression, as he fancied, was the figure of a lion. Some of the diviners interpreted this as a warning to Philip to look narrowly to his wife; but Aristander of Telmessus, considering how unusual it was to seal up anything that was

[1] Reprinted from *Plutarch's Lives*, translated by several hands (the so-called Dryden translation), edited and revised by A. H. Clough, London, 1864.

Plutarch's *Lives* were written in Greek and published toward the end of their author's life.

empty, assured him the meaning of his dream was that the queen was with child of a boy, who would one day prove as stout and courageous as a lion. Once, moreover, a serpent was found lying by Olympias as she slept, which more than anything else, it is said, abated Philip's passion for her; and whether he feared her as an enchantress, or thought she had commerce with some god, and so looked on himself as excluded, he was ever after less fond of her conversation. Others say, that the women of this country having always been extremely addicted to the enthusiastic Orphic rites, and the wild worship of Bacchus (upon which account they were called Clodones, and Mimallones), imitated in many things the practices of the Edonian and Thracian women about Mount Hæmus, from whom the word *threskeuein* seems to have been derived, as a special term for superfluous and over-curious forms of adoration; and that Olympias, zealously affecting these fanatical and enthusiastic inspirations, to perfom them with more barbaric dread, was wont in the dances proper to these ceremonies to have great tame serpents about her, which sometimes creeping out of the ivy in the mystic fans, sometimes winding themselves about the sacred spears, and the women's chaplets, made a spectacle which men could not look upon without terror.

Philip, after this vision, sent Chæron of Megalopolis to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, by which he was commanded to perform sacrifice, and henceforth pay particular honour, above all other gods, to Ammon; and was told he should one day lose that eye with which he presumed to peep through the chink of the door, when he saw the god, under the form of a serpent, in the company of his wife. Eratosthenes says that Olympias, when she attended Alexander on his way to the army in his first expedition, told him the secret of his birth, and bade him behave himself with courage suitable to his divine extraction. Others again affirm that she wholly disclaimed any pretensions of the kind, and was wont to say, "When will Alexander leave off slandering me to Juno?"

Alexander was born the sixth of Hecatombæon, which month the Macedonians call Lous, the same day that the temple of Diana at Ephesus was burnt; which Hegesias of Magnesia makes the occasion of a conceit, frigid enough to have stopped the conflagration. The temple, he says, took fire and was burnt while its mistress was absent, assisting at the birth of Alexander. And all the Eastern soothsayers who happened to be then at Ephesus, looking upon the ruin of this temple to be the forerunner of some other calamity, ran about the town, beating their faces, and crying that this day had brought forth something that would prove fatal and destructive to all Asia.

Just after Philip had taken Potidæa, he received these three messages at one time, that Parmenio had overthrown the Illyrians in a great battle, that his race-horse had won the course at the Olympic games, and that his wife had given birth to Alexander; with which being naturally well pleased,

as an addition to his satisfaction, he was assured by the diviners that a son, whose birth was accompanied with three such successes, could not fail of being invincible.

The statues that gave the best representation of Alexander's person were those of Lysippus (by whom alone he would suffer his image to be made), those peculiarities which many of his successors afterwards and his friends used to affect to imitate, the inclination of his head a little on one side towards his left shoulder, and his melting eye, having been expressed by this artist with great exactness. But Apelles, who drew him with thunderbolts in his hand, made his complexion browner and darker than it was naturally; for he was fair and of a light colour, passing into ruddiness in his face and upon his breast. Aristoxenus in his Memoirs tells us that a most agreeable odour exhaled from his skin, and that his breath and body all over was so fragrant as to perfume the clothes which he wore next him; the cause of which might probably be the hot and adust temperament of his body. For sweet smells, Theophrastus conceives, are produced by the concoction of moist humours by heat, which is the reason that those parts of the world which are driest and most burnt up afford spices of the best kind and in the greatest quantity; for the heat of the sun exhausts all the superfluous moisture which lies in the surface of bodies, ready to generate putrefaction. And this hot constitution, it may be, rendered Alexander so addicted to drinking, and so choleric. His temperance, as to the pleasures of the body, was apparent in him in his very childhood, as he was with much difficulty incited to them, and always used them with great moderation; though in other things he was extremely eager and vehement, and in his love of glory, and the pursuit of it, he showed a solidity of high spirit and magnanimity far above his age. For he neither sought nor valued it upon every occasion, as his father Philip did (who affected to show his eloquence almost to a degree of pedantry, and took care to have the victories of his racing chariots at the Olympic games engraven on his coin), but when he was asked by some about him, whether he would run a race in the Olympic games, as he was very swift-footed, he answered, he would, if he might have kings to run with him. Indeed, he seems in general to have looked with indifference, if not with dislike, upon the professed athletes. He often appointed prizes, for which not only tragedians and musicians, pipers and harpers, but rhapsodists also, strove to outvie one another; and delighted in all manner of hunting and cudgel-playing, but never gave any encouragement to contests either of boxing or of the pancratium.

While he was yet very young, he entertained the ambassadors from the King of Persia, in the absence of his father, and entering much into conversation with them, gained so much upon them by his affability, and the questions he asked them, which were far from being childish or trifling (for he inquired of them the length of the ways, the nature of the road into

inner Asia, the character of their king, how he carried himself to his enemies, and what forces he was able to bring into the field), that they were struck with admiration of him, and looked upon the ability so much famed of Philip to be nothing in comparison with the forwardness and high purpose that appeared thus early in his son. Whenever he heard Philip had taken any town of importance, or won any signal victory, instead of rejoicing at it altogether, he would tell his companions that his father would anticipate everything, and leave him and them no opportunities of performing great and illustrious actions. For being more bent upon action and glory than either upon pleasure or riches, he esteemed all that he should receive from his father as a diminution and prevention of his own future achievements; and would have chosen rather to succeed to a kingdom involved in troubles and wars, which would have afforded him frequent exercise of his courage, and a large field of honour, than to one already flourishing and settled, where his inheritance would be an inactive life, and the mere enjoyment of wealth and luxury.

The care of his education, as it might be presumed, was committed to a great many attendants, preceptors, and teachers, over the whole of whom Leonidas, a near kinsman of Olympias, a man of an austere temper, presided, who did not indeed himself decline the name of what in reality is a noble and honourable office, but in general his dignity, and his near relationship, obtained him from other people the title of Alexander's foster-father and governor. But he who took upon him the actual place and style of his pedagogue was Lysimachus the Acarnanian, who, though he had nothing specially to recommend him, but his lucky fancy of calling himself Phœnix, Alexander Achilles, and Philip Peleus, was therefore well enough esteemed, and ranked in the next degree after Leonidas.

Philonicus the Thessalian brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents; but when they went into the field to try him, they found him so very vicious and unmanageable, that he reared up when they endeavoured to mount him, and would not so much as endure the voice of any of Philip's attendants. Upon which, as they were leading him away as wholly useless and untractable, Alexander, who stood by, said, "What an excellent horse do they lose for want of address and boldness to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of what he said; but when he heard him repeat the same thing several times, and saw he was much vexed to see the horse sent away, "Do you reproach," said he to him, "those who are older than yourself, as if you knew more, and were better able to manage him than they?" "I could manage this horse," replied he, "better than others do." "And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?" "I will pay," answered Alexander, "the whole price of the horse." At this the whole company fell a-laughing; and as soon as the wager was settled amongst them, he immediately ran to the horse, and taking hold of the bridle, turned him directly

towards the sun, having, it seems, observed that he was disturbed at and afraid of the motion of his own shadow; then letting him go forward a little, still keeping the reins in his hands, and stroking him gently when he found him begin to grow eager and fiery, he let fall his upper garment softly, and with one nimble leap securely mounted him, and when he was seated, by little and little drew in the bridle, and curbed him without either striking or spurring him. Presently, when he found him free from all rebelliousness, and only impatient for the course, he let him go at full speed, inciting him now with a commanding voice, and urging him also with his heel. Philip and his friends looked on at first in silence and anxiety for the result, till seeing him turn at the end of his career, and come back rejoicing and triumphing for what he had performed, they all burst out into acclamations of applause; and his father shedding tears, it is said, for joy, kissed him as he came down from his horse, and in his transport said, "O my son, look thee out a kingdom equal to and worthy of thyself, for Macedonia is too little for thee."

After this, considering him to be of a temper easy to be led to his duty by reason, but by no means to be compelled, he always endeavoured to persuade rather than to command or force him to anything; and now looking upon the instruction and tuition of his youth to be of greater difficulty and importance than to be wholly trusted to the ordinary masters in music and poetry, and the common school subjects, and to require, as Sophocles says —

"The bridle and the rudder too,"

he sent for Aristotle, the most learned and most celebrated philosopher of his time, and rewarded him with a munificence proportionable to and becoming the care he took to instruct his son. For he repeopled his native city Stagira, which he had caused to be demolished a little before, and restored all the citizens, who were in exile or slavery, to their habitations. As a place for the pursuit of their studies and exercise, he assigned the temple of the Nymphs, near Mieza, where, to this very day, they show you Aristotle's stone seats, and the shady walks which he was wont to frequent. It would appear that Alexander received from him not only his doctrines of Morals and of Politics, but also something of those more abstruse and profound theories which these philosophers, by the very names they gave them, professed to reserve for oral communication to the initiated, and did not allow many to become acquainted with. For when he was in Asia, and heard Aristotle had published some treaties of that kind, he wrote to him, using very plain language to him in behalf of philosophy, the following letter. "Alexander to Aristotle, greeting. You have not done well to publish your books of oral doctrine; for what is there now that we excel others in, if those things which we have been particularly instructed in be laid open to all? For my part, I assure you, I had rather excel others

in the knowledge of what is excellent, than in the extent of my power and dominion. Farewell." And Aristotle, soothing this passion for pre-eminence, speaks, in his excuse for himself, of these doctrines as in fact both published and not published: as indeed, to say the truth, his books on metaphysics are written in a style which makes them useless for ordinary teaching, and instructive only, in the way of memoranda, for those who have been already conversant in that sort of learning.

Doubtless also it was to Aristotle that he owed the inclination he had, not to the theory only, but likewise to the practice of the art of medicine. For when any of his friends were sick, he would often prescribe them their course of diet, and medicines proper to their disease, as we may find in his epistles. He was naturally a great lover of all kinds of learning and reading; and Onesicritus informs us that he constantly laid Homer's Iliads, according to the copy corrected by Aristotle, called the casket copy, with his dagger under his pillow, declaring that he esteemed it a perfect portable treasure of all military virtue and knowledge. When he was in the upper Asia, being destitute of other books, he ordered Harpalus to send him some; who furnished him with Philistus's History, a great many of the plays of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, and some dithyrambic odes, composed by Telestes and Philoxenus. For a while he loved and cherished Aristotle no less, as he was wont to say himself, than if he had been his father, giving this reason for it, that as he had received life from the one, so the other had taught him to live well. But afterwards, upon some mistrust of him, yet not so great as to make him do him any hurt, his familiarity and friendly kindness to him abated so much of its former force and affectionateness, as to make it evident he was alienated from him. However, his violent thirst after and passion for learning, which were once implanted, still grew up with him, and never decayed; as appears by his veneration of Anaxarchus, by the present of fifty talents which he sent to Xenocrates, and his particular care and esteem of Dandamis and Calanus.

While Philip went on his expedition against the Byzantines, he left Alexander, then sixteen years old, his lieutenant in Macedonia, committing the charge of his seal to him; who, not to sit idle, reduced the rebellious Mædi, and having taken their chief town by storm, drove out the barbarous inhabitants, and planting a colony of several nations in their room, called the place after his own name, Alexandropolis. At the battle of Chæronea, which his father fought against the Grecians, he is said to have been the first man that charged the Thebans' sacred band. And even in my remembrance, there stood an old oak near the river Cephisus, which people called Alexander's oak, because his tent was pitched under it. And not far off are to be seen the graves of the Macedonians who fell in that battle. This early bravery made Philip so fond of him, that nothing pleased him more than to hear his subjects call himself their general and Alexander their king.

But the disorders of his family, chiefly caused by his new marriages and attachments (the troubles that began in the women's chambers spreading, so to say, to the whole kingdom), raised various complaints and differences between them, which the violence of Olympias, a woman of a jealous and implacable temper, made wider, by exasperating Alexander against his father. Among the rest, this accident contributed most to their falling out. At the wedding of Cleopatra, whom Philip fell in love with and married, she being much too young for him, her uncle Attalus in his drink desired the Macedonians would implore the gods to give them a lawful successor to the kingdom by his niece. This so irritated Alexander, that throwing one of the cups at his head, "You villain," said he, "what, am I then a bastard?" Then Philip, taking Attalus's part, rose up and would have run his son through; but by good fortune for them both, either his over-hasty rage, or the wine he had drunk, made his foot slip, so that he fell down on the floor. At which Alexander reproachfully insulted over him: "See there," said he, "the man who makes preparations to pass out of Europe into Asia, overturned in passing from one seat to another." After this debauch, he and his mother Olympias withdrew from Philip's company, and when he had placed her in Epirus, he himself retired into Illyria.

About this time, Demaratus the Corinthian, an old friend of the family, who had the freedom to say anything among them without offence, coming to visit Philip, after the first compliments and embraces were over, Philip asked him whether the Grecians were at amity with one another. "It ill becomes you," replied Demaratus, "to be so solicitous about Greece, when you have involved your own house in so many dissensions and calamities." He was so convinced by this seasonable reproach, that he immediately sent for his son home, and by Demaratus's mediation prevailed with him to return. But this reconciliation lasted not long; for when Pixodorus, viceroy of Caria, sent Aristocritus to treat for a match between his eldest daughter and Philip's son, Arrhidæus, hoping by this alliance to secure his assistance upon occasion, Alexander's mother, and some who pretended to be his friends, presently filled his head with tales and calumnies, as if Philip, by a splendid marriage and important alliance, were preparing the way for settling the kingdom upon Arrhidæus. In alarm at this, he despatched Thessalus, the tragic actor, into Caria, to dispose Pixodorus to slight Arrhidæus, both as illegitimate and a fool, and rather to accept of himself for his son-in-law. This proposition was much more agreeable to Pixodorus than the former. But Philip, as soon as he was made acquainted with this transaction, went to his son's apartment, taking with him Philotas, the son of Parmenio, one of Alexander's intimate friends and companions, and there reproved him severely, and reproached him bitterly, that he should be so degenerate, and unworthy of the power he was to leave him, as to desire the alliance of a mean Carian, who was

at best but the slave of a barbarous prince. Nor did this satisfy his resentment, for he wrote to the Corinthians to send Thessalus to him in chains, and banished Harpalus, Nearchus, Erigyius, and Ptolemy, his son's friends and favourites, whom Alexander afterwards recalled and raised to great honour and preferment.

Not long after this, Pausanias, having had an outrage done to him at the instance of Attalus and Cleopatra, when he found he could get no reparation for his disgrace at Philip's hands, watched his opportunity and murdered him. The guilt of which fact was laid for the most part upon Olympias, who was said to have encouraged and exasperated the enraged youth to revenge; and some sort of suspicion attached even to Alexander himself, who, it was said, when Pausanias came and complained to him of the injury he had received, repeated the verse out of Euripides's Medea —

"On husband, and on father, and on bride."

However, he took care to find out and punish the accomplices of the conspiracy severely, and was very angry with Olympias for treating Cleopatra inhumanly in his absence.

Alexander was but twenty years old when his father was murdered, and succeeded to a kingdom, beset on all sides with great dangers and rancorous enemies. For not only the barbarous nations that bordered on Macedonia were impatient of being governed by any but their own native princes, but Philip likewise, though he had been victorious over the Grecians, yet, as the time had not been sufficient for him to complete his conquest and accustom them to his sway, had simply left all things in a general disorder and confusion. It seemed to the Macedonians a very critical time; and some would have persuaded Alexander to give up all thought of retaining the Grecians in subjection by force of arms, and rather to apply himself to win back by gentle means the allegiance of the tribes who were designing revolt, and try the effect of indulgence in arresting the first motions towards revolution. But he rejected this counsel as weak and timorous, and looked upon it to be more prudence to secure himself by resolution and magnanimity, than, by seeming to truckle to any, to encourage all to trample on him. In pursuit of this opinion, he reduced the barbarians to tranquillity, and put an end to all fear of war from them, by a rapid expedition into their country as far as the river Danube, where he gave Syrmus, King of the Triballians, an entire overthrow. And hearing the Thebans were in revolt, and the Athenians in correspondence with them, he immediately marched through the pass of Thermopylæ, saying that to Demosthenes, who had called him a child while he was in Illyria and in the country of the Triballians, and a youth when he was in Thessaly, he would appear a man before the walls of Athens.

When he came to Thebes, to show how willing he was to accept of

their repentance for what was past, he only demanded of them Phœnix and Prothytes, the authors of the rebellion, and proclaimed a general pardon to those who would come over to him. But when the Thebans merely retorted by demanding Philotas and Antipater to be delivered into their hands, and by a proclamation on their part invited all who would assert the liberty of Greece to come over to them, he presently applied himself to make them feel the last extremities of war. The Thebans indeed defended themselves with a zeal and courage beyond their strength, being much outnumbered by their enemies. But when the Macedonian garrison sallied out upon them from the citadel, they were so hemmed in on all sides that the greater part of them fell in the battle; the city itself being taken by storm, was sacked and razed. Alexander's hope being that so severe an example might terrify the rest of Greece into obedience, and also in order to gratify the hostility of his confederates, the Phocians and Platæans. So that, except the priests, and some few who had heretofore been friends and connections of the Macedonians, the family of the poet Pindar, and those who were known to have opposed the public vote for the war, all the rest, to the number of thirty thousand, were publicly sold for slaves; and it is computed that upwards of six thousand were put to the sword.

Among the other calamities that befell the city, it happened that some Thracian soldiers, having broken into the house of a matron of high character and repute, named Timoclea, their captain, after he had used violence with her, to satisfy his avarice as well as lust, asked her, if she knew of any money concealed; to which she readily answered she did, and bade him follow her into a garden, where she showed him a well, into which, she told him, upon the taking of the city, she had thrown what she had of most value. The greedy Thracian presently stooping down to view the place where he thought the treasure lay, she came behind him and pushed him into the well, and then flung great stones in upon him, till she had killed him. After which, when the soldiers led her away bound to Alexander, her very mien and gait showed her to be a woman of dignity, and of a mind no less elevated, not betraying the least sign of fear or astonishment. And when the king asked her who she was, "I am," said she, "the sister of Theagenes, who fought the battle of Chæronea with your father Philip, and fell there in command for the liberty of Greece." Alexander was so surprised, both at what she had done and what she said, that he could not choose but give her and her children their freedom to go whither they pleased.

After this he received the Athenians into favour, although they had shown themselves so much concerned at the calamity of Thebes that out of sorrow they omitted the celebration of the Mysteries, and entertained those who escaped with all possible humanity. Whether it were, like the lion, that his passion was now satisfied, or that, after an example of ex-

treme cruelty, he had a mind to appear merciful, it happened well for the Athenians; for he not only forgave them all past offences, but bade them look to their affairs with vigilance, remembering that if he should miscarry, they were likely to be the arbiters of Greece. Certain it is, too, that in aftertime he often repented of his severity to the Thebans, and his remorse had such influence on his temper as to make him ever after less rigorous to all others. He imputed also the murder of Clitus, which he committed in his wine, and the unwillingness of the Macedonians to follow him against the Indians, by which his enterprise and glory was left imperfect, to the wrath and vengeance of Bacchus, the protector of Thebes. And it was observed that whatsoever any Theban, who had the good fortune to survive this victory, asked of him, he was sure to grant without the least difficulty.

Soon after, the Grecians, being assembled at the Isthmus, declared their resolution of joining with Alexander in the war against the Persians, and proclaimed him their general. While he stayed here, many public ministers and philosophers came from all parts to visit him and congratulated him on his election, but contrary to his expectation, Diogenes of Sinope, who then was living at Corinth, thought so little of him, that instead of coming to compliment him, he never so much as stirred out of the suburb called the Cranium, where Alexander found him lying along in the sun. When he saw so much company near him, he raised himself a little, and vouchsafed to look upon Alexander; and when he kindly asked him whether he wanted anything, "Yes," said he, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun." Alexander was so struck at this answer, and surprised at the greatness of the man, who had taken so little notice of him, that as he went away he told his followers, who were laughing at the moroseness of the philosopher, that if he were not Alexander, he would choose to be Diogenes.

Then he went to Delphi, to consult Apollo concerning the success of the war he had undertaken, and happening to come on one of the forbidden days, when it was esteemed improper to give any answer from the oracle, he sent messengers to desire the priestess to do her office; and when she refused, on the plea of a law to the contrary, he went up himself, and began to draw her by force into the temple, until tired and overcome with his importunity, "My son," said she, "thou art invincible." Alexander taking hold of what she spoke, declared he had received such an answer as he wished for, and that it was needless to consult the god any further. Among other prodigies that attended the departure of his army, the image of Orpheus at Libethra, made of cypress-wood, was seen to sweat in great abundance, to the discouragement of many. But Aristander told him that, far from presaging any ill to him, it signified he should perform acts so important and glorious as would make the poets and musicians of future ages labour and sweat to describe and celebrate them.

His army, by their computation who make the smallest amount, consisted of thirty thousand foot and four thousand horse; and those who make the most of it, speak but of forty-three thousand foot and three thousand horse. Aristobulus says, he had not a fund of above seventy talents for their pay, nor had he more than thirty days' provision, if we may believe Duris; Onesicritus tells us he was two hundred talents in debt. However narrow and disproportionable the beginnings of so vast an undertaking might seem to be, yet he would not embark his army until he had informed himself particularly what means his friends had to enable them to follow him, and supplied what they wanted, by giving good farms to some, a village to one, and the revenue of some hamlet or harbour-town to another. So that at last he had portioned out or engaged almost all the royal property; which giving Perdiccas an occasion to ask him what he would leave himself, he replied, his hopes. "Your soldiers," replied Perdiccas, "will be your partners in those," and refused to accept of the estate he had assigned him. Some others of his friends did the like, but to those who willingly received or desired assistance of him, he liberally granted it, as far as his patrimony in Macedonia would reach, the most part of which was spent in these donations.

With such vigorous resolutions, and his mind thus disposed, he passed the Hellespont, and at Troy sacrificed to Minerva, and honoured the memory of the heroes who were buried there, with solemn libations; especially Achilles, whose gravestone he anointed, and with his friends, as the ancient custom is, ran naked about his sepulchre, and crowned it with garlands, declaring how happy he esteemed him, in having while he lived so faithful a friend, and when he was dead, so famous a poet to proclaim his actions. While he was viewing the rest of the antiquities and curiosities of the place, being told he might see Paris's harp, if he pleased, he said he thought it not worth looking on, but he should be glad to see that of Achilles, to which he used to sing the glories and great actions of brave men.

In the meantime, Darius's captains, having collected large forces, were encamped on the further bank of the river Granicus, and it was necessary to fight, as it were, in the gate of Asia for an entrance into it. The depth of the river, with the unevenness and difficult ascent of the opposite bank, which was to be gained by main force, was apprehended by most, and some pronounced it an improper time to engage, because it was unusual for the kings of Macedonia to march with their forces in the month called Dæsius. But Alexander broke through these scruples, telling them they should call it a second Artemisius. And when Parmenio advised him not to attempt anything that day, because it was late, he told him that he should disgrace the Hellespont should he fear the Granicus. And so, without more saying, he immediately took the river with thirteen troops of horse, and advanced against whole showers of darts thrown from the steep opposite

side, which was covered with armed multitudes of the enemy's horse and foot, notwithstanding the disadvantage of the ground and the rapidity of the stream; so that the action seemed to have more frenzy and desperation in it, than of prudent conduct. However, he persisted obstinately to gain the passage, and at last with much ado making his way up the banks, which were extremely muddy and slippery, he had instantly to join in a mere confused hand-to-hand combat with the enemy, before he could draw up his men, who were still passing over, into any order. For the enemy pressed upon him with loud and warlike outcries; and charging horse against horse, with their lances, after they had broken and spent these, they fell to it with their swords. And Alexander, being easily known by his buckler, and a large plume of white feathers on each side of his helmet, was attacked on all sides, yet escaped wounding, though his cuirass was pierced by a javelin in one of the joinings. And Rhœsaces and Spithridates, two Persian commanders, falling upon him at once, he avoided one of them, and struck at Rhœsaces, who had a good cuirass on, with such force that, his spear breaking in his hand, he was glad to betake himself to his dagger. While they were thus engaged, Spithridates came up on one side of him, and raising himself upon his horse, gave him such a blow with his battle-axe on the helmet that he cut off the crest of it, with one of his plumes, and the helmet was only just so far strong enough to save him, that the edge of the weapon touched the hair of his head. But as he was about to repeat his stroke, Clitus, called the black Clitus, prevented him, by running him through the body with his spear. At the same time Alexander despatched Rhœsaces with his sword. While the horse were thus dangerously engaged, the Macedonian phalanx passed the river, and the foot on each side advanced to fight. But the enemy hardly sustaining the first onset, soon gave ground and fled, all but the mercenary Greeks, who, making a stand upon a rising ground, desired quarter, which Alexander, guided rather by passion than judgment, refused to grant, and charging them himself first, had his horse (not Bucephalus, but another) killed under him. And this obstinacy of his to cut off these experienced desperate men cost him the lives of more of his own soldiers than all the battle before, besides those who were wounded. The Persians lost in this battle twenty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse. On Alexander's side, Aristobulus says there were not wanting above four-and-thirty, of whom nine were foot-soldiers; and in memory of them he caused so many statues of brass, of Lysippus's making, to be erected. And that the Grecians might participate in the honour of his victory he sent a portion of the spoils home to them, particularly to the Athenians three hundred bucklers, and upon all the rest he ordered this inscription to be set: "Alexander the son of Philip, and the Grecians, except the Lacedæmonians, won these from the barbarians who inhabit Asia." All the plate and purple garments, and other things of the same kind that he took from the

Persians, except a very small quanity which he reserved for himself, he sent as a present to his mother.

This battle presently made a great change of affairs to Alexander's advantage. For Sardis itself, the chief seat of the barbarian's power in the maritime provinces, and many other considerable places, were surrendered to him; only Halicarnassus and Miletus stood out, which he took by force, together with the territory about them. After which he was a little unsettled in his opinion how to proceed. Sometimes he thought it best to find out Darius as soon as he could, and put all to the hazard of a battle; another while he looked upon it as a more prudent course to make an entire reduction of the sea-coast, and not to seek the enemy till he had first exercised his power here and made himself secure of the resources of these provinces. While he was thus deliberating what to do, it happened that a spring of water near the city of Xanthus in Lycia, of its own accord, swelled over its banks, and threw up a copper plate, upon the margin of which was engraven in ancient characters, that the time would come when the Persian empire should be destroyed by the Grecians. Encouraged by this accident, he proceeded to reduce the maritime parts of Cilicia and Phœnicia, and passed his army along the sea-coasts of Pamphylia with such expedition that many historians have described and extolled it with that height of admiration, as if it were no less than a miracle, and an extraordinary effect of divine favour, that the waves which usually come rolling in violently from the main, and hardly ever leave so much as a narrow beach under the steep, broken cliffs at any time uncovered, should on a sudden retire to afford him passage. Menander, in one of his comedies, alludes to this marvel when he says —

> *"Was Alexander ever favoured more?*
> *Each man I wish for meets me at my door,*
> *And should I ask for passage through the sea,*
> *The sea I doubt not would retire for me."*

But Alexander himself in his epistles mentions nothing unusual in this at all, but says he went from Phaselis, and passed through what they call the Ladders. At Phaselis he stayed some time, and finding the statue of Theodectes, who was a native of this town and was now dead, erected in the market-place, after he had supped, having drunk pretty plentifully, he went and danced about it, and crowned it with garlands, honouring not ungracefully, in his sport, the memory of a philosopher whose conversation he had formerly enjoyed when he was Aristotle's scholar.

Then he subdued the Pisidians who made head against him, and conquered the Phrygians, at whose chief city, Gordium, which is said to be the seat of the ancient Midas, he saw the famous chariot fastened with cords made of the rind of the cornel-tree, which whosoever should untie, the inhabitants had a tradition, that for him was reserved the empire of

the world. Most authors tell the story that Alexander finding himself unable to untie the knot, the ends of which were secretly twisted round and folded up within it, cut it asunder with his sword. But Aristobulus tells us it was easy for him to undo it, by only pulling the pin out of the pole, to which the yoke was tied, and afterwards drawing off the yoke itself from below. From hence he advanced into Paphlagonia and Cappadocia, both which countries he soon reduced to obedience, and then hearing of the death of Memnon, the best commander Darius had upon the sea-coasts, who, if he had lived, might, it was supposed, have put many impediments and difficulties in the way of the progress of his arms, he was the rather encouraged to carry the war into the upper provinces of Asia.

Darius was by this time upon his march from Susa, very confident, not only in the number of his men, which amounted to six hundred thousand, but likewise in a dream, which the Persian soothsayers interpreted rather in flattery to him than according to the natural probability. He dreamed that he saw the Macedonian phalanx all on fire, and Alexander waiting on him, clad in the same dress which he himself had been used to wear when he was courier to the late king; after which, going into the temple of Belus, he vanished out of his sight. The dream would appear to have supernaturally signified to him the illustrious actions the Macedonians were to perform, and that as he, from a courier's place, had risen to the throne, so Alexander should come to be master of Asia, and not long surviving his conquests, conclude his life with glory. Darius's confidence increased the more, because Alexander spent so much time in Cilicia, which he imputed to his cowardice. But it was sickness that detained him there, which some say he contracted from his fatigues, others from bathing in the river Cydnus, whose waters were exceedingly cold. However it happened, none of his physicians would venture to give him any remedies, they thought his case so desperate, and were so afraid of the suspicions and ill-will of the Macedonians if they should fail in the cure; till Philip, the Acarnanian, seeing how critical his case was, but relying on his own well-known friendship for him, resolved to try the last efforts of his art, and rather hazard his own credit and life than suffer him to perish for want of physic, which he confidently administered to him, encouraging him to take it boldly, if he desired a speedy recovery, in order to prosecute the war. At this very time, Parmenio wrote to Alexander from the camp, bidding him have a care of Philip, as one who was bribed by Darius to kill him, with great sums of money, and a promise of his daughter in marriage. When he had perused the letter, he put it under his pillow, without showing it so much as to any of his most intimate friends, and when Philip came in with the potion, he took it with great cheerfulness and assurance, giving him meantime the letter to read. This was a spectacle well worth being present at, to see Alexander take the draught and Philip read the letter at the same time, and then turn and look upon one another,

but with different sentiments; for Alexander's looks were cheerful and open, to show his kindness to and confidence in his physician, while the other was full of surprise and alarm at the accusation, appealing to the gods to witness his innocence, sometimes lifting up his hands to heaven, and then throwing himself down by the bedside, and beseeching Alexander to lay aside all fear, and follow his directions without apprehension. For the medicine at first worked so strongly as to drive, so to say, the vital forces into the interior; he lost his speech, and falling into a swoon, had scarce any sense or pulse left. However, in no long time, by Philip's means, his health and strength returned, and he showed himself in public to the Macedonians, who were in continual fear and dejection until they saw him abroad again.

There was at this time in Darius's army a Macedonian refugee, named Amyntas, one who was pretty well acquainted with Alexander's character. This man, when he saw Darius intended to fall upon the enemy in the passes and defiles, advised him earnestly to keep where he was, in the open and extensive plains, it being the advantage of a numerous army to have field-room enough when it engages with a lesser force. Darius, instead of taking his counsel, told him he was afraid the enemy would endeavour to run away, and so Alexander would escape out of his hands. "That fear," replied Amyntas, "is needless, for assure yourself that far from avoiding you, he will make all the speed he can to meet you, and is now most likely on his march toward you." But Amyntas's counsel was to no purpose, for Darius immediately decamping, marched into Cilicia at the same time that Alexander advanced into Syria to meet him; and missing one another in the night, they both turned back again. Alexander, greatly pleased with the event, made all the haste he could to fight in the defiles, and Darius to recover his former ground, and draw his army out of so disadvantageous a place. For now he began to perceive his error in engaging himself too far in a country in which the sea, the mountains, and the river Pinarus running through the midst of it, would necessitate him to divide his forces, render his horse almost unserviceable, and only cover and support the weakness of the enemy. Fortune was not kinder to Alexander in the choice of the ground, than he was careful to improve it to his advantage. For being much inferior in numbers, so far from allowing himself to be outflanked, he stretched his right wing much further out than the left wing of his enemies, and fighting there himself in the very foremost ranks, put the barbarians to flight. In this battle he was wounded in the thigh, Chares says, by Darius, with whom he fought hand to hand. But in the account which he gave Antipater of the battle, though indeed he owns he was wounded in the thigh with a sword, though not dangerously, yet he takes no notice who it was that wounded him.

Nothing was wanting to complete this victory, in which he overthrew above an hundred and ten thousand of his enemies, but the taking the

person of Darius, who escaped very narrowly by flight. However, having taken his chariot and his bow, he returned from pursuing him, and found his own men busy in pillaging the barbarians' camp, which (though to disburden themselves they had left most of their baggage at Damascus) was exceedingly rich. But Darius's tent, which was full of splendid furniture and quantities of gold and silver, they reserved for Alexander himself, who, after he had put off his arms, went to bathe himself, saying, "Let us now cleanse ourselves from the toils of war in the bath of Darius." "Not so," replied one of his followers, "but in Alexander's rather; for the property of the conquered is and should be called the conqueror's." Here, when he beheld the bathing vessels, the water-pots, the pans, and the ointment boxes, all of gold curiously wrought, and smelt the fragrant odours with which the whole place was exquisitely perfumed, and from thence passed into a pavilion of great size and height, where the couches and tables and preparations for an entertainment were perfectly magnificent, he turned to those about him and said, "This, it seems, is royalty."

But as he was going to supper, word was brought him that Darius's mother and wife and two unmarried daughters, being taken among the rest of the prisoners, upon the sight of his chariot and bow, were all in mourning and sorrow, imagining him to be dead. After a little pause, more lively affected with their affliction than with his own success, he sent Leonnatus to them, to let them know Darius was not dead, and that they need not fear any harm from Alexander, who made war upon him only for dominion; they should themselves be provided with everything they had been used to receive from Darius. This kind message could not but be very welcome to the captive ladies, especially being made good by actions no less humane and generous. For he gave them leave to bury whom they pleased of the Persians, and to make use for this purpose of what garments and furniture they thought fit out of the booty. He diminished nothing of their equipage, or of the attentions and respect formerly paid them, and allowed larger pensions for their maintenance than they had before. But the noblest and most royal part of their usage was, that he treated these illustrious prisoners according to their virtue and character, not suffering them to hear, or receive, or so much as to apprehend anything that was unbecoming. So that they seemed rather lodged in some temple, or some holy virgin chambers, where they enjoyed their privacy sacred and uninterrupted, than in the camp of an enemy. Nevertheless Darius's wife was accounted the most beautiful princess then living, as her husband the tallest and handsomest man of his time, and the daughters were not unworthy of their parents. But Alexander, esteeming it more kingly to govern himself than to conquer his enemies, sought no intimacy with any one of them, nor indeed with any other woman before marriage, except Barsine, Memnon's widow, who was taken prisoner at Damascus. She had been instructed in the Grecian learning, was of a gentle temper, and by

her father, Artabazus, royally descended, with good qualities, added to the solicitations and encouragement of Parmenio, as Aristobulus tells us, made him the more willing to attach himself to so agreeable and illustrious a woman. Of the rest of the female captives, though remarkably handsome and well proportioned, he took no further notice than to say jestingly that Persian women were terrible eyesores. And he himself, retaliating, as it were, by the display of the beauty of his own temperance and self-control, bade them be removed, as he would have done so many lifeless images. When Philoxenus, his lieutenant on the sea-coast, wrote to him to know if he would buy two young boys of great beauty, whom one Theodorus, a Tarentine, had to sell, he was so offended that he often expostulated with his friends what baseness Philoxenus had ever observed in him that he should presume to make him such a reproachful offer. And he immediately wrote him a very sharp letter, telling him Theodorus and his merchandise might go with his good-will to destruction. Nor was he less severe to Hagnon, who sent him word he would buy a Corinthian youth named Crobylus, as a present for him. And hearing that Damon and Timotheus, two of Parmenio's Macedonian soldiers, had abused the wives of some strangers who were in his pay, he wrote to Parmenio, charging him strictly, if he found them guilty, to put them to death, as wild beasts that were only made for the mischief of mankind. In the same letter he added, that he had not so much as seen or desired to see the wife of Darius, no, nor suffered anybody to speak of her beauty before him. He was wont to say that sleep and the act of generation chiefly made him sensible that he was mortal; as much as to say, that weariness and pleasure proceed both from the same frailty and imbecility of human nature.

In his diet, also, he was most temperate, as appears, omitting many other circumstances, by what he said to Ada, whom he adopted, with the title of mother, and afterwards created Queen of Caria. For when she, out of kindness, sent him every day many curious dishes and sweetmeats, and would have furnished him with some cooks and pastry-men, who were thought to have great skill, he told her he wanted none of them, his preceptor, Leonidas, having already given him the best, which were a night march to prepare for breakfast, and a moderate breakfast to create an appetite for supper. Leonidas also, he added, used to open and search the furniture of his chamber and his wardrobe, to see if his mother had left him anything that was delicate or superfluous. He was much less addicted to wine than was generally believed; that which gave people occasion to think so of him was, that when he had nothing else to do, he loved to sit long and talk, rather than drink, and over every cup hold a long conversation. For when his affairs called upon him, he would not be detained, as other generals often were, either by wine, or sleep, nuptial solemnities, spectacles, or any other diversion whatsoever; a convincing argument of which is, that in the short time he lived, he accomplished so many and so

great actions. When he was free from employment, after he was up, and had sacrificed to the gods, he used to sit down to breakfast, and then spend the rest of the day in hunting, or writing memoirs, giving decisions on some military questions, or reading. In marches that required no great haste, he would practise shooting as he went along, or to mount a chariot and alight from it in full speed. Sometimes, for sport's sake, as his journals tell us, he would hunt foxes and go fowling. When he came in for the evening, after he had bathed and was anointed, he would call for his bakers and chief cooks, to know if they had his dinner ready. He never cared to dine till it was pretty late and beginning to be dark, and was wonderfully circumspect at meals that every one who sat with him should be served alike and with proper attention; and his love of talking, as was said before, made him delight to sit long at his wine. And then, though otherwise no prince's conversation was ever so agreeable, he would fall into a temper of ostentation and soldierly boasting, which gave his flatterers a great advantage to ride him, and made his better friends very uneasy. For though they thought it too base to strive who should flatter him most, yet they found it hazardous not to do it; so that between the shame and the danger, they were in a great strait how to behave themselves. After such an entertainment, he was wont to bathe, and then perhaps he would sleep till noon, and sometimes all day long. He was so very temperate in his eating, that when any rare fish or fruits were sent him, he would distribute them among his friends, and often reserve nothing for himself. His table, however, was always magnificent, the expense of it still increasing with his good fortune, till it amounted to ten thousand drachmas a day, to which sum he limited it, and beyond this he would suffer none to lay out in any entertainment where he himself was the guest.

After the battle of Issus, he sent to Damascus to seize upon the money and baggage, the wives and children, of the Persians, of which spoil the Thessalian horsemen had the greatest share; for he had taken particular notice of their gallantry in the fight, and sent them thither on purpose to make their reward suitable to their courage. Not but that the rest of the army had so considerable a part of the booty as was sufficient to enrich them all. This first gave the Macedonians such a taste of the Persian wealth and women and barbaric splendour of living, that they were ready to pursue and follow upon it with all the eagerness of hounds upon a scent. But Alexander, before he proceeded any further, thought it necessary to assure himself of the sea-coast. Those who governed in Cyprus put that island into his possession, and Phœnicia, Tyre only excepted, was surrendered to him. During the siege of this city, which, with mounds of earth cast up, and battering engines, and two hundred galleys by sea, was carried on for seven months together, he dreamt that he saw Hercules upon the walls, reaching out his hands, and calling to him. And many of the Tyrians in their sleep fancied that Apollo told them he was displeased with

their actions, and was about to leave them and go over to Alexander. Upon which, as if the god had been a deserting soldier, they seized him, so to say, in the act, tied down the statue with ropes, and nailed it to the pedestal, reproaching him that he was a favourer of Alexander. Another time Alexander dreamed he saw a satyr mocking him at a distance, and when he endeavoured to catch him, he still escaped from him, till at last with much perseverance, and running about after him, he got him into his power. The soothsayers, making two words of *Satyrus*, assured him that Tyre should be his own. The inhabitants at this time show a spring of water, near which they say Alexander slept when he fancied the satyr appeared to him.

While the body of the army lay before Tyre, he made an excursion against the Arabians who inhabit the Mount Antilibanus, in which he hazarded his life extremely to bring off his master Lysimachus, who would needs go along with him, declaring he was neither older nor inferior in courage to Phœnix, Achilles's guardian. For when, quitting their horses, they began to march up the hills on foot, the rest of the soldiers outwent them a great deal, so that night drawing on, and the enemy near, Alexander was fain to stay behind so long, to encourage and help up the lagging and tired old man, that before he was aware he was left behind, a great way from his soldiers, with a slender attendance, and forced to pass an extremely cold night in the dark, and in a very inconvenient place; till seeing a great many scattered fires of the enemy at some distance, and trusting to his agility of body, and as he was always wont by undergoing toils and labours himself to cheer and support the Macedonians in any distress, he ran straight to one of the nearest fires, and with his dagger despatching two of the barbarians that sat by it, snatched up a lighted brand, and returned with it to his own men. They immediately made a great fire, which so alarmed the enemy that most of them fled, and those that assaulted them were soon routed, and thus they rested securely the remainder of the night. Thus Chares writes.

But to return to the siege, it had this issue. Alexander, that he might refresh his army, harassed with many former encounters, had led only a small party towards the walls, rather to keep the enemy busy than with any prospect of much advantage. It happened at this time that Aristander, the soothsayer, after he had sacrificed, upon view of the entrails, affirmed confidently to those who stood by that the city should be certainly taken that very month, upon which there was a laugh and some mockery among the soldiers, as this was the last day of it. The king, seeing him in perplexity, and always anxious to support the credit of the predictions, gave order that they should not count it as the thirtieth, but as the twenty-third of the month, and ordering the trumpets to sound, attacked the walls more seriously than he at first intended. The sharpness of the assault so inflamed the rest of his forces who were left in the camp,

that they could not hold from advancing to second it, which they performed with so much vigour that the Tyrians retired, and the town was carried that very day. The next place he sat down before was Gaza, one of the largest cities of Syria, when this accident befell him. A large bird flying over him let a clod of earth fall upon his shoulder, and then settling upon one of the battering engines, was suddenly entangled and caught in the nets, composed of sinews, which protected the ropes with which the machine was managed. This fell out exactly according to Aristander's prediction, which was, that Alexander should be wounded and the city reduced.

From hence he sent great part of the spoils to Olympias, Cleopatra, and the rest of his friends, not omitting his preceptor, Leonidas, on whom he bestowed five hundred talents' weight of frankincense and an hundred of myrrh, in remembrance of the hopes he had once expressed of him when he was but a child. For Leonidas, it seems, standing by him one day while he was sacrificing, and seeing him take both his hands full of incense to throw into the fire, told him it became him to be more sparing in his offerings, and not to be so profuse till he was master of the countries which those sweet gums and spices come from. So Alexander now wrote to him, saying, "We have sent you abundance of myrrh and frankincense, that for the future you may not be stingy to the gods." Among the treasures and other booty that was taken from Darius, there was a very precious casket, which being brought to Alexander for a great rarity, he asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it; and when they had delivered their various opinions, he told them he should keep Homer's Iliad in it. This is attested by many credible authors, and if what those of Alexandria tell us, relying upon the authority of Heraclides, be true, Homer was neither an idle nor an unprofitable companion to him in his expedition. For when he was master of Egypt, designing to settle a colony of Grecians there, he resolved to build a large and populous city, and give it his own name. In order to which, after he had measured and staked out the ground with the advice of the best architects, he chanced one night in his sleep to see a wonderful vision; a grey-headed old man, of a venerable aspect, appeared to stand by him, and pronounce these verses: —

"An Island lies, where loud the billows roar,
Pharos they call it, on the Egyptian shore."

Alexander upon this immediately rose up and went to Pharos, which, at that time, was an island lying a little above the Canobic mouth of the river Nile, though it has now been joined to the mainland by a mole. As soon as he saw the commodious situation of the place, it being a long neck of land, stretching like an isthmus between large lagoons and shallow waters one side and the sea on the other, the latter at the end of it making a spacious harbor, he said, Homer, besides his other excellences, was

a very good architect, and ordered the plan of a city to be drawn out answerable to the place. To do which, for want of chalk, the soil being black, they laid out their lines with flour, taking in a pretty large compass of ground in a semi-circular figure, and drawing into the inside of the circumference equal straight lines from each end, thus giving it something of the form of a cloak or cape; while he was pleasing himself with his design, on a sudden an infinite number of great birds of several kinds, rising like a black cloud out of the river and the lake, devoured every morsel of the flour that had been used in setting out the lines; at which omen even Alexander himself was troubled, till the augurs restored his confidence again by telling him it was a sign the city he was about to build would not only abound in all things within itself, but also be the nurse and feeder of many nations. He commanded the workmen to proceed, while he went to visit the temple of Ammon.

This was a long and painful, and, in two respects, a dangerous journey; first, if they should lose their provision of water, as for several days none could be obtained; and, secondly, if a violent south wind should rise upon them, while they were travelling through the wide extent of deep sands, as it is said to have done when Cambyses led his army that way, blowing the sand together in heaps, and raising, as it were, the whole desert like a sea upon them, till fifty thousand were swallowed up and destroyed by it. All these difficulties were weighed and represented to him; but Alexander was not easily to be diverted from anything he was bent upon. For fortune having hitherto seconded him in his designs, made him resolute and firm in his opinions, and the boldness of his temper raised a sort of passion in him for surmounting difficulties; as if it were not enough to be always victorious in the field, unless places and seasons and nature herself submitted to him. In this journey, the relief and assistance the gods afforded him in his distresses were more remarkable, and obtained greater belief than the oracles he received afterwards, which, however, were valued and credited the more on account of those occurrences. For first, plentiful rains that fell preserved them from any fear of perishing by drought, and, allaying the extreme dryness of the sand, which now became moist and firm to travel on, cleared and purified the air. Besides this, when they were out of their way, and were wandering up and down, because the marks which were wont to direct the guides were disordered and lost, they were set right again by some ravens, which flew before them when on their march, and waited for them when they lingered and fell behind; and the greatest miracle, as Callisthenes tells us, was that if any of the company went astray in the night, they never ceased croaking and making a noise till by that means they had brought them into the right way again. Having passed through the wilderness, they came to the place where the high priest, at the first salutation, bade Alexander welcome from his father Ammon. And being asked by him whether any of his father's murderers

had escaped punishment, he charged him to speak with more respect, since his was not a mortal father. Then Alexander, changing his expression, desired to know of him if any of those who murdered Philip were yet unpunished, and further concerning dominion, whether the empire of the world was reserved for him? This, the god answered, he should obtain, and that Philip's death was fully revenged, which gave him so much satisfaction that he made splendid offerings to Jupiter, and gave the priests very rich presents. This is what most authors write concerning the oracles. But Alexander, in a letter to his mother, tells her there were some secret answers, which at his return he would communicate to her only. Others say that the priest, desirous as a piece of courtesy to address him in Greek, "O Paidion," by a slip in pronunciation ended with the *s* instead of the *n*, and said "O Paidios," which mistake Alexander was well enough pleased with, and it went for current that the oracle had called him so.

Among the sayings of one Psammon, a philosopher, whom he heard in Egypt, he most approved of this, that all men are governed by God, because in everything, that which is chief and commands is divine. But what he pronounced himself upon this subject was even more like a philosopher, for he said, God was the common father of us all, but more particularly of the best of us. To the barbarians he carried himself very haughtily, as if he were fully persuaded of his divine birth and parentage; but to the Grecians more moderately, and with less affectation of divinity, except it were once in writing to the Athenians about Samos, when he tells them that he should not himself have bestowed upon them that free and glorious city; "You received it," he says, "from the bounty of him who at that time was called my lord and father," meaning Philip. However, afterwards being wounded with an arrow, and feeling much pain, he turned to those about him, and told them, "This, my friends, is real flowing blood, not Ichor —

"Such as immortal gods are wont to shed."

And another time, when it thundered so much that everybody was afraid, and Anaxarchus, the sophist, asked him if he who was Jupiter's son could do anything like this, "Nay," said Alexander, laughing, "I have no desire to be formidable to my friends, as you would have me, who despised my table for being furnished with fish, and not with the heads of governors of provinces." For in fact it is related as true, that Anaxarchus, seeing a present of small fishes, which the king sent to Hephæstion, had used this expression, in a sort of irony, and disparagement of those who undergo vast labours and encounter great hazards in pursuit of magnificent objects which after all bring them little more pleasure or enjoyment than what others have. From what I have said upon this subject, it is apparent that Alexander in himself was not foolishly affected, or had the vanity to think himself really a god, but merely used his claims to divinity as a means of maintaining among other people the sense of his superiority.

At his return out of Egypt into Phœnicia, he sacrificed and made solemn processions, to which were added shows of lyric dances and tragedies, remarkable not merely for the splendour of the equipage and decorations, but for the competition among those who exhibited them. For the kings of Cyprus were here the exhibitors, just in the same manner as at Athens those who are chosen by lot out of the tribes. And, indeed, they showed the greatest emulation to outvie each other; expecially Nicocreon, King of Salamis, and Pasicrates of Soli, who furnished the chorus, and defrayed the expenses of the two most celebrated actors, Athenodorus and Thessalus, the former performing for Pasicrates, and the latter for Nicocrean. Thessalus was most favoured by Alexander, though it did not appear till Athenodorus was declared victor by the plurality of votes. For then at his going away, he said the judges deserved to be commended for what they had done, but that he would willingly have lost part of his kingdom rather than to have seen Thessalus overcome. However, when he understood Athenodorus was fined by the Athenians for being absent at the festivals of Bacchus, though he refused his request that he would write a letter in his behalf, he gave him a sufficient sum to satisfy the penalty. Another time, when Lycon of Scarphia happened to act with great applause in the theatre, and in a verse which he introduced into the comic part which he was acting, begged for a present of ten talents, he laughed and gave him the money.

Darius wrote him a letter, and sent friends to intercede with him, requesting him to accept as a ransom of his captives the sum of a thousand talents, and offering him in exchange for his amity and alliance all the countries on this side the river Euphrates, together with one of his daughters in marriage. These propositions he communicated to his friends, and when Parmenio told him that, for his part, if he were Alexander, he should readily embrace them, "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." Accordingly, his answer to Darius was, that if he would come and yield himself up into his power he would treat him with all possible kindness; if not, he was resolved immediately to go himself and seek him. But the death of Darius's wife in childbirth made him soon after regret one part of this answer, and he showed evident marks of grief at being thus deprived of a further opportunity of exercising his clemency and good nature, which he manifested, however, as far as he could, by giving her a most sumptuous funeral.

Among the eunuchs who waited in the queen's chamber, and were taken prisoners with the women, there was one Tireus, who, getting out of the camp, fled away on horseback to Darius, to inform him of his wife's death. He, when he heard it, beating his head, and bursting into tears and lamentations, said, "Alas! how great is the calamity of the Persians! Was it not enough that their king's consort and sister was a prisoner in her lifetime, but she must, now she is dead, also be but meanly and

obscurely buried?" "O king," replied the eunuch, "as to her funeral rites, or any respect or honour that should have been shown in them, you have not the least reason to accuse the ill fortune of your country; for to my knowledge neither your queen Statira when alive, nor your mother, nor children, wanted anything of their former happy condition, unless it were the light of your countenance, which I doubt not but the lord Oromasdes will yet restore to its former glory. And after her decease, I assure you, she had not only all due funeral ornaments, but was honoured also with the tears of your very enemies; for Alexander is as gentle after victory as he is terrible in the field." At the hearing of these words, such was the grief and emotion of Darius's mind, that they carried him into extravagant suspicions; and taking Tireus aside into a more private part of his tent, "Unless thou likewise," said he to him, "hast deserted me, together with the good fortune of Persia, and art become a Macedonian in thy heart; if thou yet ownest me for thy master Darius, tell me, I charge thee, by the veneration thou payest the light of Mithras, and this right hand of thy king, do I not lament the least of Statira's misfortunes in her captivity and death? Have I not suffered something more injurious and deplorable in her lifetime? And had I not been miserable with less dishonour if I had met with a more severe and inhuman enemy? For how is it possible a young man as he is should treat the wife of his opponent with so much distinction, were it not from some motive that does me disgrace?" Whilst he was yet speaking, Tireus threw himself at his feet, and besought him neither to wrong Alexander so much, nor his dead wife and sister, as to give utterance to any such thoughts, which deprived him of the greatest consolation left him in his adversity, the belief that he was overcome by a man whose virtues raised him above human nature; that he ought to look upon Alexander with love and admiration, who had given no less proofs of his continence towards the Persian women, than of his valour among the men. The eunuch confirmed all he said with solemn and dreadful oaths, and was further enlarging upon Alexander's moderation and magnanimity on other occasions, when Darius, breaking away from him into the other division of the tent, where his friends and courtiers were, lifted up his hands to heaven and uttered this prayer, "Ye gods," said he, "of my family, and of my kingdom, if it be possible, I beseech you to restore the declining affairs of Persia, that I may leave them in as flourishing a condition as I found them, and have it in my power to make a grateful return to Alexander for the kindness which in my adversity he has shown to those who are dearest to me. But if, indeed, the fatal time be come, which is to give a period to the Persian monarchy, if our ruin be a debt that must be paid to the divine jealousy and the vicissitude of things, then I beseech you grant that no other man but Alexander may sit upon the throne of Cyrus." Such is the narrative given by the greater number of the historians.

But to return to Alexander. After he had reduced all Asia on this side the Euphrates, he advanced towards Darius, who was coming down against him with a million of men. In his march a very ridiculous passage happened. The servants who followed the camp for sport's sake divided themselves into two parties, and named the commander of one of them Alexander, and the other Darius. At first they only pelted one another with clods of earth, but presently took to their fists, and at last, heated with contention, they fought in good earnest with stones and clubs, so that they had much ado to part them; till Alexander, upon hearing of it, ordered the two captains to decide the quarrel by single combat, and armed him who bore his name himself, while Philotas did the same to him who represented Darius. The whole army were spectators of this encounter, willing from the event of it to derive an omen of their own future success. After they had fought stoutly a pretty long while, at last he who was called Alexander had the better, and for a reward of his prowess had twelve villages given him, with leave to wear the Persian dress. So we are told by Eratosthenes.

But the great battle of all that was fought with Darius was not, as most writers tell us, at Arbela, but at Gaugamela, which, in their language, signifies the camel's house, forasmuch as one of their ancient kings having escaped the pursuit of his enemies on a swift camel, in gratitude to his beast, settled him at this place, with an allowance of certain villages and rents for his maintenance. It came to pass that in the month Boëdromion, about the beginning of the feast of Mysteries at Athens, there was an eclipse of the moon, the eleventh night after which, the two armies being now in view of one another, Darius kept his men in arms, and by torchlight took a general review of them. But Alexander, while his soldiers slept, spent the night before his tent with his diviner, Aristander, performing certain mysterious ceremonies, and sacrificing to the god Fear. In the meanwhile the oldest of his commanders, and chiefly Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the uncertain and confused sounds of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, besought him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory," which though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others, however, regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future, not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune

again, which he might suppose himself to have, if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid himself down in his tent and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by his name, till he waked him, and then asked him how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious. "And are we not so, indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?" And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio that he sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reinforcement drawn out of the front. This message being brought him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten, in his alarm, that soldiers, if victorious, become masters of their enemies' baggage; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight gallantly and die with honour. When he had said this, he put on his helmet, having the rest of his arms on before he came out of his tent, which were a coat of the Sicilian make, girt close about him, and over that a breast-piece of thickly quilted linen, which was taken among other booty at the battle of Issus. The helmet, which was made by Theophilus, though of iron, was so well wrought and polished that it was as bright as the most refined silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, which was the weapon he most used in fight, was given him by the King of the Citieans, and was of an admirable temper and lightness. The belt which he also wore in all engagements was of much richer workmanship than the rest

of his armour. It was a work of the ancient Helicon, and had been presented to him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect to him. So long as he was engaged in drawing up his men, or riding about to give orders or directions, or to view them, he spared Bucephalus, who was now growing old, and made use of another horse; but when he was actually to fight, he sent for him again, and as soon as he was mounted, commenced the attack.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians, upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him, and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle that soared just over Alexander, and directed his flight towards the enemy; which so animated the beholders, that after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians shrunk back, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life-guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed them almost all. Only a few of the bravest and valiantest opposed the pursuit, who were slain in their king's presence, falling in heaps upon one another, and in the very pangs of death striving to catch hold of the horses. Darius now seeing all was lost, that those who were placed in front to defend him were broken and beat back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly that the frightened charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together, and would not give ground. For, indeed, Parmenio is on all hands accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and

envied Alexander's growing greatness. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late to continue the execution any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle being thus over, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed King of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces. Eager to gain honour with the Grecians, he wrote to them that he would have all tyrannies abolished, that they might live free according to their own laws, and specially to the Platæans, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had permitted their countrymen of old to make their territory the seat of the war when they fought with the barbarians for their common liberty. He sent also part of the spoils into Italy, to the Crotoniats, to honour the zeal and courage of their citizen Phayllus, the wrestler, who, in the Median war, when the other Grecian colonies in Italy disowned Greece, that he might have a share in the danger, joined the fleet at Salamis, with a vessel set forth at his own charge. So affectionate was Alexander to all kind of virtue, and so desirous to preserve the memory of laudable actions.

From hence he marched through the province of Babylon, which immediately submitted to him, and in Ecbatana was much surprised at the sight of the place where fire issues in a continuous stream, like a spring of water, out of a cleft in the earth, and the stream of naphtha, which, not far from this spot, flows out so abundantly as to form a sort of lake. This naphtha, in other respects resembling bitumen, is so subject to take fire, that before it touches the flame it will kindle at the very light that surrounds it, and often inflame the intermediate air also. The barbarians, to show the power and nature of it, sprinkled the street that led to the king's lodgings with little drops of it, and when it was almost night, stood at the further end with torches, which being applied to the moistened places, the first at once taking fire, instantly, as quick as a man could think of it, it caught from one end to another, in such a manner that the whole street was one continued flame. Among those who used to wait on the king and find occasion to amuse him when he anointed and washed himself, there was one Athenophanes, an Athenian, who desired him to make an experiment of the naphtha upon Stephanus, who stood by in the bathing place, a youth with a ridiculously ugly face, whose talent was singing well, "For," said he, "if it take hold of him and is not put out, it must undeniably be allowed to be of the most invincible strength." The youth, as it happened, readily consented to undergo the trial, and as soon as he was anointed and rubbed with it, his whole body broke out into such a flame,

and was so seized by the fire, that Alexander was in the greatest perplexity and alarm for him, and not without reason; for nothing could have prevented his being consumed by it, if by good chance there had not been people at hand with a great many vessels of water for the service of the bath, with all which they had much ado to extinguish the fire; and his body was so burned all over that he was not cured of it for a good while after. Thus it is not without some plausibility that they endeavour to reconcile the fable to truth, who say this was the drug in the tragedies with which Medea anointed the crown and veil which she gave to Creon's daughter. For neither the things themselves, nor the fire, could kindle of its own accord, but being prepared for it by the naphtha, they imperceptibly attracted and caught a flame which happened to be brought near them. For the rays and emanations of fire at a distance have no other effect upon some bodies than bare light and heat, but in others, where they meet with airy dryness, and also sufficient rich moisture, they collect themselves and soon kindle and create a transformation. The manner, however, of the production of naphtha admits of a diversity of opinion . . . or whether this liquid substance that feeds the flame does not rather proceed from a soil that is unctuous and productive of fire, as that of the province of Babylon is, where the ground is so very hot that oftentimes the grains of barley leap up and are thrown out, as if the violent inflammation had made the earth throb; and in the extreme heats the inhabitants are wont to sleep upon skins filled with water. Harpalus, who was left governor of this country, and was desirous to adorn the palace gardens and walks with Grecian plants, succeeded in raising all but ivy, which the earth would not bear, but constantly killed. For being a plant that loves a cold soil, the temper of this hot and fiery earth was improper for it. But such digressions as these the impatient reader will be more willing to pardon if they are kept within a moderate compass.

At the taking of Susa, Alexander found in the palace forty thousand talents in money ready coined, besides an unspeakable quantity of other furniture and treasure; amongst which was five thousand talents' worth of Hermionian purple, that had been laid up there an hundred and ninety years, and yet kept its colour as fresh and lively as at first. The reason of which, they say, is that in dyeing the purple they made use of honey, and of white oil in the white tincture, both which after the like space of time preserve the clearness and brightness of their lustre. Dinon also relates that the Persian kings had water fetched from the Nile and the Danube, which they laid up in their treasuries as a sort of testimony of the greatness of their power and universal empire.

The entrance into Persia was through a most difficult country, and was guarded by the noblest of the Persians, Darius himself having escaped further. Alexander, however, chanced to find a guide in exact correspondence with what the Pythia had foretold when he was a child, that a lycus

should conduct him into Persia. For by such an one, whose father was a Lycian, and his mother a Persian, and who spoke both languages, he was now led into the country, by a way something about, yet without fetching any considerable compass. Here a great many of the prisoners were put to the sword, of which himself gives this account, that he commanded them to be killed in the belief that it would be for his advantage. Nor was the money found here less, he says, than at Susa, besides other movables and treasure, as much as ten thousand pair of mules and five thousand camels could well carry away. Amongst other things he happened to observe a large statue of Xerxes thrown carelessly down to the ground in the confusion made by the multitude of soldiers pressing into the palace. He stood still, and accosting it as if it had been alive, "Shall we," said he, "neglectfully pass thee by, now thou art prostrate on the ground because thou once invadedst Greece, or shall we erect thee again in consideration of the greatness of thy mind and thy other virtues?" But at last, after he had paused some time, and silently considered with himself, he went on without taking any further notice of it. In this place he took up his winter quarters, and stayed four months to refresh his soldiers. It is related that the first time he sat on the royal throne of Persia under the canopy of gold, Demaratus the Corinthian, who was much attached to him and had been one of his father's friends, wept, in an old man's manner, and deplored the misfortune of those Greeks whom death had deprived of the satisfaction of seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius.

From hence designing to march against Darius, before he set out he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to let every one's mistress sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of them was Thais, an Athenian, mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterwards King of Egypt. She, partly as a sort of well-turned compliment to Alexander, partly out of sport, as the drinking went on, at last was carried so far as to utter a saying, not misbecoming her native country's character, though somewhat too lofty for her own condition. She said it was indeed some recompense for the toils she had undergone in following the camp all over Asia, that she was that day treated in, and could insult over, the stately palace of the Persian monarchs. But, she added, it would please her much better if, while the king looked on, she might in sport, with her own hands, set fire to the court of that Xerxes who reduced the city of Athens to ashes, that it might be recorded to posterity that the women who followed Alexander had taken a severer revenge on the Persians for the sufferings and affronts of Greece, than all the famed commanders had been able to do by sea or land. What she said was received with such universal liking and murmurs of applause, and so seconded by the encouragement and eagerness of the company, that the king himself, persuaded to be of the party, started from

his seat, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head and a lighted torch in his hand, led them the way, while they went after him in a riotous manner, dancing and making loud cries about the place; which when the rest of the Macedonians perceived, they also in great delight ran thither with torches; for they hoped the burning and destruction of the royal palace was an argument that he looked homeward, and had no design to reside among the barbarians. Thus some writers give their account of this action, while others say it was done deliberately; however, all agree that he soon repented of it, and gave order to put out the fire.

Alexander was naturally most munificent, and grew more so as his fortune increased, accompanying what he gave with that courtesy and freedom which, to speak truth, is necessary to make a benefit really obliging. I will give a few instances of this kind. Ariston, the captain of the Pæonians, having killed an enemy, brought his head to show him, and told him that in his country such a present was recompensed with a cup of gold. "With an empty one," said Alexander, smiling, "but I drink to you in this, which I give you full of wine." Another time, as one of the common soldiers was driving a mule laden with some of the king's treasure, the beast grew tired, and the soldier took it upon his own back, and began to march with it, till Alexander seeing the man so overcharged asked what was the matter; and when he was informed, just as he was ready to lay down his burden for weariness, "Do not faint now," said he to him, "but finish the journey, and carry what you have there to your own tent for yourself." He was always more displeased with those who would not accept of what he gave than with those who begged of him. And therefore he wrote to Phocian, that he would not own him for his friend any longer if he refused his presents. He had never given anything to Serapion, one of the youths that played at ball with him, because he did not ask of him, till one day, it coming to Serapion's turn to play, he still threw the ball to others, and when the king asked him why he did not direct it to him, "Because you do not ask for it," said he; which answer pleased him so that he was very liberal to him afterwards. One Proteas, a pleasant, jesting, drinking fellow, having incurred his displeasure, got his friends to intercede for him, and begged his pardon himself with tears, which at last prevailed, and Alexander declared he was friends with him. "I cannot believe it," said Proteas, "unless you first give me some pledge of it." The king understood his meaning, and presently ordered five talents to be given him. How magnificent he was in enriching his friends, and those who attended on his person, appears by a letter which Olympias wrote to him, where she tells him he should reward and honour those about him in a more moderate way. "For now," said she, "you make them all equal to kings, you give them power and opportunity of making many friends of their own, and in the meantime you leave yourself destitute." She often wrote to him to this purpose, and he

never communicated her letters to anybody, unless it were one which he opened when Hephæstion was by, whom he permitted, as his custom was, to read it along with him; but then as soon as he had done, he took off his ring, and set the seal upon Hephæstion's lips. Mazæus, who was the most considerable man in Darius's court, had a son who was already governor of a province. Alexander bestowed another upon him that was better; he, however, modestly refused, and told him, instead of one Darius, he went the way to make many Alexanders. To Parmenio he gave Bagoas's house, in which he found a wardrobe of apparel worth more than a thousand talents. He wrote to Antipater, commanding him to keep a life-guard about him for the security of his person against conspiracies. To his mother he sent many presents, but would never suffer her to meddle with matters of state or war, not indulging her busy temper, and when she fell out with him on this account, he bore her ill-humour very patiently. Nay more, when he read a long letter from Antipater full of accusations against her, "Antipater," he said, "does not know that one tear of a mother effaces a thousand such letters as these."

But when he perceived his favourites grow so luxurious and extravagant in their way of living and expenses that Hagnon, the Teian, wore silver nails in his shoes, that Leonnatus employed several camels only to bring him powder out of Egypt to use when he wrestled, and that Philotas had hunting nets a hundred furlongs in length, that more used precious ointment than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they carried about servants everywhere with them to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them in gentle and reasonable terms, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many single battles did not know by experience, that those who labour sleep more sweetly and soundly than those who are laboured for, and could fail to see by comparing the Persians' manner of living with their own that it was the most abject and slavish condition to be voluptuous, but the most noble and royal to undergo pain and labour. He argued with them further, how it was possible for any one who pretended to be a soldier, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armour bright and in good order, who thought it much to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him, his own body. "Are you still to learn," said he, "that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those whom we subdue?" And to strengthen his precepts by example, he applied himself now more vigorously than ever to hunting and warlike expeditions, embracing all opportunities of hardship and danger, insomuch that a Lacedæmonian, who was there on an embassy to him, and chanced to be by when he encountered with and mastered a huge lion, told him he had fought gallantly with the beast, which of the two should be king. Craterus caused a representation to be made of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs, of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming

in to his assistance, all expressed in figures of brass, some of which were by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares; and had it dedicated in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Alexander exposed his person to danger in this manner, with the object both of inuring himself and inciting others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions.

But his followers, who were grown rich, and consequently proud, longed to indulge themselves in pleasure and idleness, and were weary of marches and expeditions, and at last went on so far as to censure and speak ill of him. All which at first he bore very patiently, saying it became a king well to do good to others, and be evil spoken of. Meantime, on the smallest occasions that called for a show of kindness to his friends, there was every indication on his part of tenderness and respect. Hearing Peucestes was bitten by a bear, he wrote to him that he took it unkindly he should send others notice of it and not make him acquainted with it; "But now," said he, "since it is so, let me know how you do, and whether any of your companions forsook you when you were in danger, that I may punish them." He sent Hephæstion, who was absent about some business, word how, while they were fighting for their diversion with an ichneumon, Craterus was by chance run through both thighs with Perdiccas's javelin. And upon Peucestes's recovery from a fit of sickness, he sent a letter of thanks to his physician Alexippus. When Craterus was ill, he saw a vision in his sleep, after which he offered sacrifices for his health, and bade him do so likewise. He wrote also to Pausanias, the physician, who was about to purge Craterus with hellebore, partly out of an anxious concern for him, and partly to give him a caution how he used that medicine. He was so tender of his friends' reputation that he imprisoned Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of Harpalus's flight and withdrawal from his service, as if they had falsely accused him. When he sent the old and infirm soldiers home, Eurylochus, a citizen of Ægæ, got his name enrolled among the sick, though he ailed nothing, which being discovered, he confessed he was in love with a young woman named Telesippa, and wanted to go along with her to the seaside. Alexander inquired to whom the woman belonged, and being told she was a free courtesan, "I will assist you," said he to Eurylochus, "in your amour if your mistress be to be gained either by presents or persuasions; but we must use no other means, because she is free-born."

It is surprising to consider upon what slight occasions he would write letters to serve his friends. As when he wrote one in which he gave order to search for a youth that belonged to Seleucus, who was run away into Cilicia; and in another thanked and commended Peucestes for apprehending Nicon, a servant of Craterus; and in one to Megabyzus, concerning a slave that had taken sanctuary in a temple, gave direction that he should not meddle with him while he was there, but if he could entice him out by fair means, then he gave him leave to seize him. It is reported

of him that when he first sat in judgment upon capital causes he would lay his hand upon one of his ears while the accuser spoke, to keep it free and unprejudiced in behalf of the party accused. But afterwards such a multitude of accusations were brought before him, and so many proved true, that he lost his tenderness of heart, and gave credit to those also that were false; and especially when anybody spoke ill of him, he would be transported out of his reason, and show himself cruel and inexorable, valuing his glory and reputation beyond his life or kingdom.

He now, as we said, set forth to seek Darius, expecting he should be put to the hazard of another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius — for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs — harassed his soldiers so that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river they had found out came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled an helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water; they told him to their children, adding, that if his life were but saved, it was no matter for them, they should be able well enough to repair that loss, though they all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all those who were near him stretching their heads out and looking earnestly after the drink, he returned it again with thanks without tasting a drop of it. "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart." The soldiers no sooner took notice of his temperance and magnanimity upon this occasion, but they one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For whilst they had such a king they said they defied both weariness and thirst, and looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal. But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above threescore horse were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp, where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a great many chariots full of women that wandered here and there for want of drivers, they endeavoured to overtake the first of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot, wounded all over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink, and when he had drunk a little cold water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless

thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgement, I give him this right hand," with which words he took hold of Polystratus's hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And some time afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius's body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres, Alexander received into the number of his intimate friends.

And now with the flower of his army he marched into Hyrcania, where he saw a large bay of an open sea, apparently not much less than the Euxine, with water, however, sweeter than that of other seas, but could learn nothing of certainty concerning it, further than that in all probability it seemed to him to be an arm issuing from the lake of Mæotis. However, the naturalists were better informed of the truth, and had given an account of it many years before Alexander's expedition; that of four gulfs which out of the main sea enter into the continent, this, known indifferently as the Caspian and as the Hyrcanian Sea, is the most northern. Here the barbarians, unexpectedly meeting with those who led Bucephalus, took them prisoners, and carried the horse away with them, at which Alexander was so much vexed that he sent an herald to let them know he would put them all to the sword, men, women, and children, without mercy, if they did not restore him. But on their doing so, and at the same time surrendering their cities into his hands, he not only treated them kindly, but also paid a ransom for his horse to those who took him.

From hence he marched into Parthia, where not having much to do, he first put on the barbaric dress, perhaps with the view of making the work of civilising them the easier, as nothing gains more upon men than a conformity to their fashions and customs. Or it may have been as a first trial, whether the Macedonians might be brought to *adore* him as the Persians did their kings, by accustoming them by little and little to bear with the alteration of his rule and course of life in other things. However, he followed not the Median fashion, which was altogether foreign and uncouth and adopted neither the trousers nor the sleeved vest, nor the tiara for the head, but taking a middle way between the Persian mode and the Macedonian, so contrived his habit that it was not so flaunting as the one, and yet more pompous and magnificent than the other. At first he wore this habit only when he conversed with the barbarians, or within doors, among his intimate friends and companions, but afterwards he appeared in it abroad, when he rode out, and at public audiences, a sight which the Macedonians beheld with grief; but they so respected his other virtues

and good qualities that they felt it reasonable in some things to gratify his fancies and his passion of glory, in pursuit of which he hazarded himself so far, that, besides his other adventures, he had but lately been wounded in the leg by an arrow, which had so shattered the shank-bone that splinters were taken out. And on another occasion he received a violent blow with a stone upon the nape of the neck, which dimmed his sight for a good while afterwards. And yet all this could not hinder him from exposing himself freely to any dangers, insomuch that he passed the river Orexartes, which he took to be the Tanais, and putting the Scythians to flight, followed them above a hundred furlongs, though suffering all the time from a diarrhœa.

Here many affirm that the Amazon came to give him a visit. So Clitarchus, Polyclitus, Onesicritus, Antigenes, and Ister tell us. But Aristobulus and Chares, who held the office of reporter of requests, Ptolemy and Anticlides, Philon the Theban, Philip of Theangela, Hecatæus the Eretrian, Philip the Chalcidian, and Duris the Samian, say it is wholly a fiction. And truly Alexander himself seems to confirm the latter statement, for in a letter in which he gives Antipater an account of all that happened, he tells him that the King of Scythia offered him his daughter in marriage, but makes no mention at all of the Amazon. And many years after, when Onesicritus read this story in his fourth book to Lysimachus, who then reigned, the king laughed quietly and asked, "Where could I have been at that time?"

But it signifies little to Alexander whether this be credited or no. Certain it is, that apprehending the Macedonians would be weary of pursuing the war, he left the greater part of them in their quarters; and having with him in Hyrcania the choice of his men only, amounting to twenty thousand foot and three thousand horse, he spoke to them to this effect: That hitherto the barbarians had seen them no otherwise than as it were in a dream, and if they should think of returning when they had only alarmed Asia, and not conquered it, their enemies would set upon them as upon so many women. However he told them he would keep none of them with him against their will, they might go if they pleased; he should merely enter his protest, that when on his way to make the Macedonians the masters of the world, he was left alone with a few friends and volunteers. This is almost word for word, as he wrote in a letter to Antipater, where he adds, that when he had thus spoken to them, they all cried out, they would go along with him whithersoever it was his pleasure to lead them. After succeeding with these, it was no hard matter for him to bring over the multitude, which easily followed the example of their betters. Now, also, he more and more accommodated himself in his way of living to that of the natives, and tried to bring them also as near as he could to the Macedonian customs, wisely considering that whilst he was engaged in an expedition which would carry him far from thence, it would

be wiser to depend upon the good-will which might arise from intermixture and association as a means of maintaining tranquillity, than upon force and compulsion. In order to this, he chose out thirty thousand boys, whom he put under masters to teach them the Greek tongue, and to train them up to arms in the Macedonian discipline. As for his marriage with Roxana, whose youthfulness and beauty had charmed him at a drinking entertainment, where he first happened to see her taking part in a dance, it was, indeed, a love affair, yet it seemed at the same time to be conducive to the object he had in hand. For it gratified the conquered people to see him choose a wife from among themselves, and it made them feel the most lively affection for him, to find that in the only passion which he, the most temperate of men, was overcome by, he yet forebore till he could obtain her in a lawful and honourable way.

Noticing also that among his chief friends and favourites, Hephæstion most approved all that he did, and complied with and imitated him in his change of habits, while Craterus continued strict in the observation of the customs and fashions of his own country, he made it his practice to employ the first in all transactions with the Persians, and the latter when he had to do with the Greeks or Macedonians. And in general he showed more affection for Hephæstion, and more respect for Craterus; Hephæstion, as he used to say, being Alexander's, and Craterus the king's friend. And so these two friends always bore in secret a grudge to each other, and at times quarrelled openly, so much so that once in India they drew upon one another, and were proceeding in good earnest, with their friends on each side to second them, when Alexander rode up and publicly reproved Hephæstion, calling him fool and madman, not to be sensible that without his favour he was nothing. He rebuked Craterus also in private, severely, and then causing them both to come into his presence, he reconciled them, at the same time swearing by Ammon and the rest of the gods, that he loved them two above all other men, but if ever he perceived them fall out again he would be sure to put both of them to death, or at least the aggressor. After which they neither ever did or said anything, so much as in jest, to offend one another.

There was scarcely any one who had greater repute among the Macedonians than Philotas, the son of Parmenio. For besides that he was valiant and able to endure any fatigue of war, he was also next to Alexander himself the most munificent, and the greatest lover of his friends, one of whom asking him for some money, he commanded his steward to give it him; and when he told him he had not wherewith, "Have you not any plate, then," said he, "or any clothes of mine to sell?" But he carried his arrogance and his pride of wealth and his habits of display and luxury to a degree of assumption unbecoming a private man; and affecting all the loftiness without succeeding in showing any of the grace or gentleness of true greatness, by this mistaken and spurious majesty he gained so

much envy and ill-will, that Parmenio would sometimes tell him, "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." For he had long before been complained of, and accused to Alexander. Particularly when Darius was defeated in Cilicia, and an immense booty was taken at Damascus, among the rest of the prisoners who were brought into the camp, there was one Antigone of Pydna, a very handsome woman, who fell to Philotas's share. The young man one day in his cups, in the vaunting, outspoken, soldier's manner, declared to his mistress, that all the great actions were performed by him and his father, the glory and benefit of which, he said, together with the title of king, the boy Alexander reaped and enjoyed by their means. She could not hold, but discovered what he had said to one of her acquaintance, and he, as is usual in such cases, to another, till at last the story came to the ears of Craterus, who brought the woman secretly to the king. When Alexander had heard what she had to say, he commanded her to continue her intrigue with Philotas, and give him an account from time to time of all that should fall from him to this purpose. He, thus unwittingly caught in a snare, to gratify sometimes a fit of anger, sometimes a love of vainglory, let himself utter numerous foolish, indiscreet speeches against the king in Antigone's hearing, of which, though Alexander was informed and convinced by strong evidence, yet he would take no notice of it at present, whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's affection and loyalty, or that he apprehended their authority and interest in the army. But about this time, one Limnus, a Macedonian of Chalastra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to a youth whom he was fond of, named Nicomachus, inviting him to be of the party. But he not relishing the thing, revealed it to his brother Balinus, who immediately addressed himself to Philotas, requiring him to introduce them both to Alexander, to whom they had something of great moment to impart which very nearly concerned him. But he, for what reason is uncertain, went not with them, professing that the king was engaged with affairs of more importance. And when they had urged him a second time, and were still slighted by him, they applied themselves to another, by whose means being admitted into Alexander's presence, they first told about Limnus's conspiracy, and by the way let Philotas's negligence appear who had twice disregarded their application to him. Alexander was greatly incensed, and on finding that Limnus had defended himself, and had been killed by the soldier who was sent to seize him, he was still more discomposed, thinking he had thus lost the means of detecting the plot. As soon as his displeasure against Philotas began to appear, presently all his old enemies showed themselves, and said openly, the king was too easily imposed on, to imagine that one so inconsiderable as Limnus, a Chalastrian, should of his own head undertake such an enterprise; that in all likelihood he was but subservient to the design, an instrument that was moved by some greater spring; that those

ought to be more strictly examined about the matter whose interest it was so much to conceal it. When they had once gained the king's ear for insinuations of this sort, they went on to show a thousand grounds of suspicion against Philotas, till at last they prevailed to have him seized and put to the torture, which was done in the presence of the principal officers, Alexander himself being placed behind some tapestry to understand what passed. Where, when he heard in what a miserable tone, and with what abject submissions Philotas applied himself to Hephæstion, he broke out, it is said, in this manner: "Are you so mean-spirited and effeminate, Philotas, and yet can engage in so desperate a design?" After his death, he presently sent into Media, and put also Parmenio, his father, to death, who had done brave service under Philip, and was the only man of his older friends and counsellors who had encouraged Alexander to invade Asia. Of three sons whom he had had in the army, he had already lost two, and now was himself put to death with the third. These actions rendered Alexander an object of terror to many of his friends, and chiefly to Antipater, who, to strengthen himself, sent messengers privately to treat for an alliance with the Ætolians, who stood in fear of Alexander, because they had destroyed the town of the Œniadæ; on being informed of which, Alexander had said the children of the Œniadæ need not revenge their father's quarrel, for he would himself take care to punish the Ætolians.

Not long after this happened, the deplorable end of Clitus, which, to those who barely hear the matter, may seem more inhuman than that of Philotas; but if we consider the story with its circumstance of time, and weigh the cause, we shall find it to have occurred rather through a sort of mischance of the king's, whose anger and over-drinking offered an occasion to the evil genius of Clitus. The king had a present of Grecian fruit brought him from the sea-coast, which was so fresh and beautiful, that he was surprised at it, and called Clitus to him to see it, and to give him a share of it. Clitus was then sacrificing, but he immediately left off and came, followed by three sheep, on whom the drink-offering had been already poured preparatory to sacrificing them. Alexander, being informed of this, told his diviners, Aristander and Cleomantis the Lacedæmonian, and asked them what it meant; on whose assuring him it was an ill omen, he commanded them in all haste to offer sacrifices for Clitus's safety, forasmuch as three days before he himself had seen a strange vision in his sleep, of Clitus all in mourning, sitting by Parmenio's sons who were dead. Clitus, however, stayed not to finish his devotions, but came straight to supper with the king, who had sacrificed to Castor and Pollux. And when they had drunk pretty hard, some of the company fell a-singing the verses of one Pranichus, or as others say of Pierion, which were made upon those captains who had been lately worsted by the barbarians, on purpose to disgrace and turn them to ridicule. This gave offence to the older men who

were there, and they upbraided both the author and the singer of the verses, though Alexander and the younger men about him were much amused to hear them, and encouraged them to go on, till at last Clitus, who had drunk too much, and was besides of a froward and wilful temper, was so nettled that he could hold no longer, saying it was not well done to expose the Macedonians before the barbarians and their enemies, since though it was their unhappiness to be overcome, yet they were much better men than those who laughed at them. And when Alexander remarked, that Clitus was pleading his own cause, giving cowardice the name of misfortune, Clitus started up: "This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he to him, "saved the life of a son of the gods, when in flight from Spithridates's sword; it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the son of Ammon." "Thou base fellow," said Alexander, who was now thoroughly exasperated, "dost thou think to utter these things everywhere of me, and stir up the Macedonians to sedition, and not be punished for it?" "We are sufficiently punished already," answered Clitus, "if this be the recompense of our toils, and we must esteem theirs a happy lot who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods and forced to sue to the Persians to have access to their king." While he talked thus at random, and those near Alexander got up from their seats and began to revile him in turn, the elder men did what they could to compose the disorder. Alexander, in the meantime turning about to Xenodochus, the Pardian, and Artemius, the Colophonian, asked them if they were not of opinion that the Greeks, in comparison with the Macedonians, behaved themselves like so many demigods among wild beasts. But Clitus for all this would not give over, desiring Alexander to speak out if he had anything more to say, or else why did he invite men who were freeborn and accustomed to speak their minds openly without restraint to sup with him. He had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not scruple to bow the knee to his Persian girdle and his white tunic. Which words so provoked Alexander that, not able to suppress his anger any longer, he threw one of the apples that lay upon the table at him, and hit him, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his life-guard, had hid that out of the way, and others came about him and besought him, but in vain; for, breaking from them, he called out aloud to his guards in the Macedonian language, which was a certain sign of some great disturbance in him, and commanded a trumpeter to sound, giving him a blow with his clenched fist for not instantly obeying him; though afterwards the same man was commended for disobeying an order which would have put the whole army into tumult and confusion. Clitus still refusing to yield, was with much trouble forced by his friends out of the room. But he came in again immediately at another door, very irreverently

and confidently singing the verses out of Euripides's Andromache, —

"In Greece, alas! how ill things ordered are!"

Upon this, at last, Alexander, snatching a spear from one of the soldiers, met Clitus as he was coming forward and was putting by the curtain that hung before the door, and ran him through the body. He fell at once with a cry and a groan. Upon which the king's anger immediately vanishing, he came perfectly to himself, and when he saw his friends about him all in a profound silence, he pulled the spear out of the dead body, and would have thrust it into his own throat, if the guards had not held his hands, and by main force carried him away into his chamber, where all that night and the next day he wept bitterly, till being quite spent with lamenting and exclaiming, he lay as it were speechless, only fetching deep sighs. His friends apprehending some harm from his silence, broke into the room, but he took no notice of what any of them said, till Aristander putting him in mind of the vision he had seen concerning Clitus, and the prodigy that followed, as if all had come to pass by an unavoidable fatality, he then seemed to moderate his grief. They now brought Callisthenes, the philosopher, who was the near friend of Aristotle, and Anaxarchus of Abdera, to him. Callisthenes used moral language, and gentle and soothing means, hoping to find access for words of reason, and get a hold upon the passion. But Anaxarchus, who had always taken a course of his own in philosophy, and had a name for despising and slighting his contemporaries, as soon as he came in, cried aloud, "Is this the Alexander whom the whole world looks to, lying here weeping like a slave, for fear of the censure and reproach of men, to whom he himself ought to be a law and measure of equity, if he would use the right his conquests have given him as supreme lord and governor of all, and not be the victim of a vain and idle opinion? Do not you know," said he, "that Jupiter is represented to have Justice and Law on each hand of him, to signify that all the actions of a conqueror are lawful and just?" With these and the like speeches, Anaxarchus indeed allayed the king's grief, but withal corrupted his character, rendering him more audacious and lawless than he had been. Nor did he fail by these means to insinuate himself into his favour, and to make Callisthenes's company, which at all times, because of his austerity, was not very acceptable, more uneasy and disagreeable to him.

It happened that these two philosophers met at an entertainment where conversation turned on the subject of climate and the temperature of the air, Callisthenes joined with their opinion, who held that those countries were colder, and the winter sharper there than in Greece. Anaxarchus would by no means allow this, but argued against it with some heat. "Surely," said Callisthenes, "you cannot but admit this country to be colder than Greece, for there you used to have but one threadbare cloak to keep out the coldest winter, and here you have three good warm man-

tles one over another." This piece of raillery irritated Anaxarchus and the other pretenders to learning, and the crowd of flatterers in general could not endure to see Callisthenes so much admired and followed by the youth, and no less esteemed by the older men for his orderly life and his gravity, and for being contented with his condition; and confirming what he had professed about the object he had in his journey to Alexander, that it was only to get his countrymen recalled from banishment, and to rebuild and repeople his native town. Besides the envy which his great reputation raised, he also, by his own deportment, gave those who wished him ill opportunity to do him mischief. For when he was invited to public entertainments, he would most times refuse to come, of if he were present at any, he put a constraint upon the company by his austerity and silence, which seemed to intimate his disapproval of what he saw. So that Alexander himself said in application to him, —

"That vain pretence to wisdom I detest,
Where a man's blind to his own interest."

Being with many more invited to sup with the king, he was called upon when the cup came to him, to make an oration extempore in praise of the Macedonians; and he did it with such a flow of eloquence, that all who heard it rose from their seats to clap and applaud him, and threw their garland upon him; only Alexander told him out of Euripides, —

"I wonder not that you have spoke so well,
'Tis easy on good subjects to excel."

"Therefore," said he, "if you will show the force of your eloquence, tell my Macedonians their faults, and dispraise them, that by hearing their errors they may learn to be better for the future." Callisthenes presently obeyed him, retracting all he had said before, and, inveighing against the Macedonians with great freedom, added, that Philip thrived and grew powerful, chiefly by the discord of the Grecians, applying this verse to him, —

"In civil strife e'en villains rise to fame;"

which so offended the Macedonians, that he was odious to them ever after. And Alexander said, that instead of his eloquence, he had only made his ill-will appear in what he had spoken. Hermippus assures us that one Strœbus, a servant whom Callisthenes kept to read to him, gave this account of these passages afterwards to Aristotle; and that when he perceived the king grow more and more averse to him, two or three times, as he was going away, he repeated the verses, —

"Death seiz'd at last on great Patroclus too,
Though he in virtue far exceeded you."

Not without reason, therefore, did Aristotle give this character of Callisthenes, that he was, indeed, a powerful speaker, but had no judgment. He acted certainly a true philosopher's part in positively refusing, as he did, to pay adoration; and by speaking out openly against that which the best and gravest of the Macedonians only repined at in secret, he delivered the Grecians and Alexander himself from a great disgrace, when the practice was given up. But he ruined himself by it, because he went too roughly to work, as if he would have forced the king to that which he should have effected by reason and persuasion. Chares of Mitylene writes, that at a banquet Alexander, after he had drunk, reached the cup to one of his friends, who, on receiving it, rose up towards the domestic altar, and when he had drunk, first adored and then kissed Alexander, and afterwards laid himself down at the table with the rest. Which they all did one after another, till it came to Callisthenes's turn, who took the cup and drank, while the king, who was engaged in conversation with Hephæstion, was not observing, and then came and offered to kiss him. But Demetrius, surnamed Phidon, interposed, saying, "Sir, by no means let him kiss you, for he only of us all has refused to adore you;" upon which the king declined it, and all the concern Callisthenes showed was, that he said aloud, "Then I go away with a kiss less than the rest." The displeasure he incurred by this action procured credit for Hephæstion's declaration that he had broken his word to him in not paying the king the same veneration that others did, as he had faithfully promised to do. And at finish his disgrace, a number of such men as Lysimachus and Hagnon now came in with their asseverations that the sophist went about everywhere boasting of his resistance to arbitrary power, and that the young men all ran after him, and honoured him as the only man among so many thousands who had the courage to preserve his liberty. Therefore when Hermolaus's conspiracy came to be discovered, the charges which his enemies brought against him were the more easily believed, particularly that when the young man asked him what he should do to be the most illustrious person on earth, he told him the readiest way was to kill him who was already so, and that to incite him to commit the deed, he bade him not be awed by the golden couch, but remember Alexander was a man equally infirm and vulnerable as another. However, none of Hermolaus's accomplices, in the utmost extremity, made any mention of Callisthenes's being engaged in the design. Nay, Alexander himself, in the letters which he wrote soon after to Craterus, Attalus, and Alcetas, tells them that the young men who were put to the torture declared they had entered into the conspiracy of themselves, without any others being privy to or guilty of it. But yet afterwards, in a letter to Antipater, he accuses Callisthenes. "The young men," he says, "were stoned to death by the Macedonians, but for the sophist" (meaning Callisthenes), "I will take care to punish him with them too who sent him to me, and who harbour

those in their cities who conspire against my life," an unequivocal declaration against Aristotle, in whose house Callisthenes, for his relationship's sake, being his niece Hero's son, had been educated. His death is variously related. Some say he was hanged by Alexander's orders; others, that he died of sickness in prison; but Chares writes he was kept in chains seven months after he was apprehended, on purpose that he might be proceeded against in full council, when Aristotle should be present; and that growing very fat, and contracting a disease of vermin, he there died, about the time that Alexander was wounded in India, in the country of the Malli Oxydracæ, all which came to pass afterwards.

For to go on in order, Demaratus of Corinth, now quite an old man, had made a great effort, about this time, to pay Alexander a visit; and when he had seen him, said he pitied the misfortune of those Grecians, who were so unhappy as to die before they had beheld Alexander seated on the throne of Darius. But he did not long enjoy the benefit of the king's kindness for him, any otherwise than that soon after falling sick and dying, he had a magnificent funeral, and the army raised him a monument of earth fourscore cubits high, and of a vast circumference. His ashes were conveyed in a very rich chariot, drawn by four horses, to the seaside.

Alexander, now intent upon his expedition into India, took notice that his soldiers were so charged with booty that it hindered their marching. Therefore, at break of day, as soon as the baggage wagons were laden, first he set fire to his own, and to those of his friends, and then commanded those to be burnt which belonged to the rest of the army. An act which in the deliberation of it had seemed more dangerous and difficult than it proved in the execution, with which few were dissatisfied; for most of the soldiers, as if they had been inspired, uttering loud outcries and warlike shoutings, supplied one another with what was absolutely necessary, and burnt and destroyed all that was superfluous, the sight of which redoubled Alexander's zeal and eagerness for his design. And, indeed, he was now grown very severe and inexorable in punishing those who committed any fault. For he put Menander, one of his friends, to death for deserting a fortress where he had placed him in garrison, and shot Orsodates, one of the barbarians who revolted from him, with his own hand.

At this time a sheep happened to yean a lamb, with the perfect shape and colour of a tiara upon the head, and testicles on each side; which portent Alexander regarded with such dislike, that he immediately caused his Babylonian priests, whom he usually carried about with him for such purposes, to purify him, and told his friends he was not so much concerned for his own sake as for theirs, out of an apprehension that after his death the divine power might suffer his empire to fall into the hands of some degenerate, impotent person. But this fear was soon removed by a wonderful thing that happened not long after, and was thought to presage better. For Proxenus, a Macedonian, who was the chief of those who

looked to the king's furniture, as he was breaking up the ground near the river Oxus, to set up the royal pavilion, discovered a spring of a fat oily liquor, which, after the top was taken off, ran pure, clear oil, without any difference either of taste or smell, having exactly the same smoothness and brightness, and that, too, in a country where no olives grew. The water, indeed, of the river Oxus, is said to be the smoothest to the feeling of all waters, and to leave a gloss on the skins of those who bathe themselves in it. Whatever might be the cause, certain it is that Alexander was wonderfully pleased with it, as appears by his letters to Antipater, where he speaks of it as one of the most remarkable presages that God had ever favoured him with. The diviners told him it signified his expedition would be glorious in the event, but very painful, and attended with many difficulties; for oil, they said, was bestowed on mankind by God as a refreshment of their labours.

Nor did they judge amiss, for he exposed himself to many hazards in the battles which he fought, and received very severe wounds, but the greatest loss in his army was occasioned through the unwholesomeness of the air and the want of necessary provisions. But he still applied himself to overcome fortune and whatever opposed him, by resolution and virtue, and thought nothing impossible to true intrepidity, and on the other hand nothing secure or strong for cowardice. It is told of him that when he besieged Sisimithres, who held an inaccessible, impregnable rock against him, and his soldiers began to despair of taking it, he asked Oxyartes whether Sisimithres was a man of courage, who assuring him he was the greatest coward alive, "Then you tell me," said he, "that the place may easily be taken, since what is in command of it is weak." And in a little time he so terrified Sisimithres that he took it without any difficulty. At an attack which he made upon such another precipitous place with some of his Macedonian soldiers, he called to one whose name was Alexander, and told him he at any rate must fight bravely if it were but for his name's sake. The youth fought gallantly and was killed in the action, at which he was sensibly afflicted. Another time, seeing his men march slowly and unwillingly to the siege of the place called Nysa, because of a deep river between them and the town, he advanced before them, and standing upon the bank, "What a miserable man," said he, "am I, that I have not learned to swim!" and then was hardly dissuaded from endeavouring to pass it upon his shield. Here, after the assault was over, the ambassadors who from several towns which he had blocked up came to submit to him and make their peace, were surprised to find him still in his armour, without any one in waiting or attendance upon him, and when at last some one brought him a cushion, he made the eldest of them, named Acuphis, take it and sit down upon it. The old man, marvelling at his magnanimity and courtesy, asked him what his countrymen should do to merit his friendship. "I would have them," said Alexander, "choose you

to govern them, and send one hundred of the most worthy men among them to remain with me as hostages." Acuphis laughed and answered, "I shall govern them with more ease, sir, if I send you so many of the worst, rather than the best of my subjects."

The extent of King Taxiles's dominions in India was thought to be as large as Egypt, abounding in good pastures, and producing beautiful fruits. The king himself had the reputation of a wise man, and at his first interview with Alexander he spoke to him in these terms: "To what purpose," said he, "should we make war upon one another, if the design of your coming into these parts be not to rob us of our water or our necessary food, which are the only things that wise men are indispensably obliged to fight for? As for other riches and possessions, as they are accounted in the eye of the world, if I am better provided of them than you, I am ready to let you share with me; but if fortune has been more liberal to you than me, I have no objection to be obliged to you." This discourse pleased Alexander so much that, embracing him, "Do you think," said he to him, "your kind words and courteous behaviour will bring you off in this interview without a contest? No, you shall not escape so. I shall contend and do battle with you so far, that how obliging soever you are, you shall not have the better of me." Then receiving some presents from him, he returned him others of greater value, and to complete his bounty gave him in money ready coined one thousand talents; at which his old friends were much displeased, but it gained him the hearts of many of the barbarians. But the best soldiers of the Indians now entering into the pay of several of the cities, undertook to defend them, and did it so bravely, that they put Alexander to a great deal of trouble, till at last, after a capitulation, upon the surrender of the place, he fell upon them as they were marching away, and put them all to the sword. This one breach of his word remains as a blemish upon his achievements in war, which he otherwise had performed throughout with that justice and honour that became a king. Nor was he less incommoded by the Indian philosophers, who inveighed against those princes who joined his party, and solicited the free nations to oppose him. He took several of these also and caused them to be hanged.

Alexander, in his own letters, has given us an account of his war with Porus. He says the two armies were separated by the river Hydaspes, on whose opposite bank Porus continually kept his elephants in order of battle, with their heads towards their enemies, to guard the passage; that he, on the other hand, made every day a great noise and clamour in his camp, to dissipate the apprehensions of the barbarians; that one stormy dark night he passed the river, at a distance from the place where the enemy lay, into a little island, with part of his foot and the best of his horse. Here there fell a most violent storm of rain, accompanied with lightning and whirlwinds, and seeing some of his men burnt and dying

with the lightning, he nevertheless quitted the island and made over to the other side. The Hydaspes, he says, now after the storm, was so swollen and grown so rapid as to have made a breach in the bank, and a part of the river was now pouring in here, so that when he came across it was with difficulty he got a footing on the land, which was slippery and unsteady, and exposed to the force of the currents on both sides. This is the occasion when he is related to have said, "O ye Athenians, will ye believe what dangers I incur to merit your praise?" This, however, is Onesicritus's story. Alexander says, here the men left their boats, and passed the breach in their armour, up to the breast in water, and that then he advanced with his horse about twenty furlongs before his foot, concluding that if the enemy charged him with their cavalry he should be too strong for them; if with their foot, his own would come up time enough to his assistance. Nor did he judge amiss; for being charged by a thousand horse and sixty armed chariots, which advanced before their main body, he took all the chariots, and killed four hundred horse upon the place. Porus, by this time, guessing that Alexander himself had crossed over, came on with his whole army, except a party which he left behind, to hold the rest of the Macedonians in play, if they should attempt to pass the river. But he, apprehending the multitude of the enemy, and to avoid the shock of their elephants, dividing his forces, attacked their left wing himself, and commanded Cœnus to fall upon the right, which was performed with good success. For by this means both wings being broken, the enemies fell back in their retreat upon the centre, and crowded in upon their elephants. There rallying, they fought a hand-to-hand battle, and it was the eighth hour of the day before they were entirely defeated. This description the conqueror himself has left us in his own epistles.

Almost all the historians agree in relating that Porus was four cubits and a span high, and that when he was upon his elephant, which was of the largest size, his stature and bulk were so answerable, that he appeared to be proportionably mounted, as a horseman on his horse. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave many singular proofs of sagacity and of particular care of the king, whom as long as he was strong and in a condition to fight, he defended with great courage, repelling those who set upon him; and as soon as he perceived him overpowered with his numerous wounds and the multitude of darts that were thrown at him, to prevent his falling off, he softly knelt down and began to draw out the darts with his proboscis. When Porus was taken prisoner, and Alexander asked him how he expected to be used, he answered, "As a king." For that expression, he said, when the same question was put to him a second time, comprehended everything. And Alexander, accordingly, not only suffered him to govern his own kingdom as satrap under himself, but gave him also the additional territory of various independent tribes whom he subdued, a district which, it is said, contained fifteen several nations, and

five thousand considerable towns, besides abundance of villages. To another government, three times as large as this, he appointed Philip, one of his friends.

Some little time after the battle with Porus, Bucephalus died, as most of the authorities state, under cure of his wounds, or, as Onesicritus says, of fatigue and age, being thirty years old. Alexander was no less concerned at his death than if he had lost an old companion or an intimate friend, and built a city, which he named Bucephalia, in memory of him, on the bank of the river Hydaspes. He also, we are told, built another city, and called it after the name of a favourite dog, Peritas, which he had brought up himself. So Sotion assures us he was informed by Potamon of Lesbos.

But this last combat with Porus took off the edge of the Macedonians' courage, and stayed their further progress into India. For having found it hard enough to defeat an enemy who brought but twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse into the field, they thought they had reason to oppose Alexander's design of leading them on to pass the Ganges, too, which they were told was thirty-two furlongs broad and a hundred fathoms deep, and the banks on the further side covered with multitudes of enemies. For they were told the kings of the Gandaritans and Præsians expected them there with eighty thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, eight thousand armed chariots, and six thousand fighting elephants. Nor was this a mere vain report, spread to discourage them. For Androcottus, who not long after reigned in those parts, made a present of five hundred elephants at once to Seleucus, and with an army of six hundred thousand men subdued all India. Alexander at first was so grieved and enraged at his men's reluctancy that he shut himself up in his tent and threw himself upon the ground, declaring, if they would not pass the Ganges, he owed them no thanks for anything they had hitherto done, and that to retreat now was plainly to confess himself vanquished. But at last the reasonable persuasions of his friends and the cries and lamentations of his soldiers, who in a suppliant manner crowded about the entrance of his tent, prevailed with him to think of returning. Yet he could not refrain from leaving behind him various deceptive memorials of his expedition, to impose upon aftertimes, and to exaggerate his glory with posterity, such as arms larger than were really worn, and mangers for horses, with bits and bridles above the usual size, which he set up, and distributed in several places. He erected altars, also, to the gods, which the kings of the Præsians even in our time do honour to when they pass the river, and offer sacrifice upon them after the Grecian manner. Androcottus, then a boy, saw Alexander there, and is said often afterwards to have been heard to say, that he missed but little of making himself master of those countries; their king, who then reigned, was so hated and despised for the viciousness of his life and the meanness of his extraction.

Alexander was now eager to see the ocean. To which purpose he caused

a great many tow-boats and rafts to be built, in which he fell gently down the rivers at his leisure, yet so that his navigation was neither unprofitable nor inactive. For by several descents upon the bank, he made himself master of the fortified towns, and consequently of the country on both sides. But at a siege of a town of the Mallians, who have the repute of being the bravest people of India, he ran in great danger of his life. For having beaten off the defendants with showers of arrows, he was the first man that mounted the wall by a scaling-ladder, which, as soon as he was up, broke and left him almost alone, exposed to the darts which the barbarians threw at him in great numbers from below. In this distress, turning himself as well as he could, he leaped down in the midst of his enemies, and had the good fortune to light upon his feet. The brightness and clattering of his armour when he came to the ground made the barbarians think they saw rays of light, or some bright phantom playing before his body, which frightened them so at first that they ran away and dispersed. Till seeing him seconded but by two of his guards, they fell upon him hand to hand, and some, while he bravely defended himself, tried to wound him through his armour with their swords and spears. And one who stood further off drew a bow with such just strength that the arrow, finding its way through his cuirass, stuck in his ribs under the breast. This stroke was so violent that it made him give back, and set one knee to the ground, upon which the man ran up with his drawn scimitar, thinking to despatch him, and had done it, if Peucestes and Limnæus had not interposed, who were both wounded, Limnæus mortally, but Peucestes stood his ground, while Alexander killed the barbarians. But this did not free him from danger; for, besides many other wounds, at last he received so weighty a stroke of a club upon his neck that he was forced to lean his body against the wall, still, however, facing the enemy. At this extremity, the Macedonians made their way in and gathered round him. They took him up, just as he was fainting away, having lost all sense of what was done near him, and conveyed him to his tent, upon which it was presently reported all over the camp that he was dead. But when they had with great difficulty and pains sawed off the shaft of the arrow, which was of wood, and so with much trouble got off his cuirass, they came to cut the head of it, which was three fingers broad and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. During the operation he was taken with almost mortal swoonings, but when it was out he came to himself again. Yet though all danger was past, he continued very weak, and confined himself a great while to a regular diet and the method of his cure, till one day hearing the Macedonians clamouring outside in their eagerness to see him, he took his cloak and went out. And having sacrificed to the gods, without more delay he went on board again, and as he coasted along subdued a great deal of the country on both sides, and several considerable cities.

In this voyage he took ten of the Indian philosophers prisoners who had been most active in persuading Sabbas to revolt, and had caused the Macedonians a great deal of trouble. These men, called Gymnosophists, were reputed to be extremely ready and succinct in their answers, which he made trial of, by putting difficult questions to them, letting them know that those whose answers were not pertinent should be put to death, of which he made the eldest of them judge. The first being asked which he thought the most numerous, the dead or the living, answered, "The living, because those who are dead are not at all." Of the second, he desired to know whether the earth or the sea produced the largest beasts; who told him, "The earth, for the sea is but a part of it." His question to the third was, Which is the cunningest of beasts? "That," said he, "which men have not yet found out." He bade the fourth tell him what argument he used to Sabbas to persuade him to revolt. "No other," said he, "than that he should either live or die nobly." Of the fifth he asked, Which was the eldest, night or day? The philosopher replied, "Day was eldest, by one day at least." But perceiving Alexander not well satisfied with that account, he added, that he ought not to wonder if strange questions had as strange answers made to them. Then he went on and inquired of the next, what a man should do to be exceedingly beloved. "He must be very powerful," said he, "without making himself too much feared." The answer of the seventh to his question, how a man might become a god, was, "By doing that which was impossible for men to do." The eighth told him, "Life is stronger than death, because it supports so many miseries." And the last being asked, how long he thought it decent for a man to live, said, "Till death appeared more desirable than life." Then Alexander turned to him whom he had made judge, and commanded him to give sentence. "All that I can determine," said he, "is, that they have every one answered worse than another." "Nay," said the king, "then you shall die first, for giving such a sentence." "Not so, O king," replied the gymnosophist, "unless you said falsely that he should die first who made the worst answer." In conclusion he gave them presents and dismissed them.

But to those who were in greatest reputation among them, and lived a private quiet life, he sent Onesicritus, one of Diogenes the Cynic's disciples, desiring them to come to him. Calanus, it is said, very arrogantly and roughly commanded him to strip himself and hear what he said naked, otherwise he would not speak a word to him, though he came from Jupiter himself. But Dandamis received him with more civility, and hearing him discourse of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Diogenes, told him he thought them men of great parts and to have erred in nothing so much as in having too great respect for the laws and customs of their country. Others say Dandamis only asked him the reason why Alexander undertook so long a journey to come into those parts. Taxiles, however,

persuaded Calanus to wait upon Alexander. His proper name was Sphines, but because he was wont to say *Cale*, which in the Indian tongue is a form of salutation, to those he met with anywhere, the Greeks called him Calanus. He is said to have shown Alexander an instructive emblem of government, which was this. He threw a dry shrivelled hide upon the ground, and trod upon the edges of it. The skin when it was pressed in one place still rose up in another, wheresoever he trod round about it, till he set his foot in the middle, which made all the parts lie even and quiet. The meaning of this similitude being that he ought to reside most in the middle of his empire, and not spend too much time on the borders of it.

His voyage down the rivers took up seven months' time, and when he came to the sea, he sailed to an island which he himself called Scillustis, others Psiltucis, where going ashore, he sacrificed, and made what observations he could as to the nature of the sea and the sea-coast. Then having besought the gods that no other man might ever go beyond the bounds of this expedition, he ordered his fleet, of which he made Nearchus admiral and Onesicritus pilot, to sail round about, keeping the Indian shore on the right hand, and returned himself by land through the country of the Orites, where he was reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and lost a vast number of his men, so that of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, he scarcely brought back above a fourth part out of India, they were so diminished by disease, ill diet, and the scorching heats, but most by famine. For their march was through an uncultivated country whose inhabitants fared hardly, possessing only a few sheep, and those of a wretched kind, whose flesh was rank and unsavoury, by their continual feeding upon sea-fish.

After sixty days' march he came into Gedrosia, where he found great plenty of all things, which the neighbouring kings and governors of provinces, hearing of his approach, had taken care to provide. When he had here refreshed his army, he continued his march through Carmania, feasting all the way for seven days together. He with his most intimate friends banqueted and revelled night and day upon a platform erected on a lofty, conspicuous scaffold, which was slowly drawn by eight horses. This was followed by a great many chariots, some covered with purple and embroidered canopies, and some with green boughs, which were continually supplied afresh, and in them the rest of his friends and commanders drinking, and crowned with garlands of flowers. Here was now no target or helmet or spear to be seen; instead of armour, the soldiers handled nothing but cups and goblets and Thericlean drinking vessels, which, along the whole way, they dipped into large bowls and jars, and drank healths to one another, some seating themselves to it, others as they went along. All places resounded with music of pipes and flutes, with harping and singing, and women dancing as in the rites of Bacchus. For this disorderly, wandering march, besides the drinking part of it, was accompanied with

all the sportiveness and insolence of bacchanals, as much as if the god himself had been there to countenance and lead the procession. As soon as he came to the royal palace of Gedrosia, he again refreshed and feasted his army; and one day after he had drunk pretty hard, it is said, he went to see a prize of dancing contended for, in which his favourite Bagoas, having gained the victory, crossed the theatre in his dancing habit, and sat down close by him, which so pleased the Macedonians that they made loud acclamations for him to kiss Bagoas, and never stopped clapping their hands and shouting till Alexander put his arms round him and kissed him.

Here his admiral, Nearchus, came to him, and delighted him so with the narrative of his voyage, that he resolved himself to sail out of the mouth of the Euphrates with a great fleet, with which he designed to go round by Arabia and Africa, and so by Hercules's Pillars into the Mediterranean; in order for which, he directed all sorts of vessels to be built at Thapsacus, and made great provisions everywhere of seamen and pilots. But the tidings of the difficulties he had gone through in his Indian expedition, the danger of his person among the Mallians, the reported loss of a considerable part of his forces, and a general doubt as to his own safety, had begun to give occasion for revolt among many of the conquered nations, and for acts of great injustice, avarice, and insolence on the part of the satraps and commanders in the provinces, so that there seemed to be an universal fluctuation and disposition to change. Even at home, Olympias and Cleopatra had raised a faction against Antipater, and divided his government between them, Olympias seizing upon Epirus, and Cleopatra upon Macedonia. When Alexander was told of it, he said his mother had made the best choice, for the Macedonians would never endure to be ruled by a woman. Upon this he despatched Nearchus again to his fleet, to carry the war into the maritime provinces, and as he marched that way himself he punished those commanders who had behaved ill, particularly Oxyartes, one of the sons of Abuletes, whom he killed with his own hand, thrusting him through the body with his spear. And when Abuletes, instead of the necessary provisions which he ought to have furnished, brought him three thousand talents in coined money, he ordered it to be thrown to his horses, and when they would not touch it, "What good," he said, "will this provision do us?" and sent him away to prison.

When he came into Persia, he distributed money among the women, as their own kings had been wont to do, who as often as they came thither gave every one of them a piece of gold; on account of which custom, some of them, it is said, had come but seldom, and Ochus was so sordidly covetous that, to avoid this expense, he never visited his native country once in all his reign. Then finding Cyrus's sepulchre opened and rifled, he put Polymachus, who did it, to death, though he was a man of

some distinction, a born Macedonian of Pella. And after he had read the inscription, he caused it to be cut again below the old one in Greek characters; the words being these: "O man, whosoever thou art, and from whencesoever thou comest (for I know thou wilt come), I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire; do not grudge me this little earth which covers my body." The reading of this sensibly touched Alexander, filling him with the thought of the uncertainty and mutability of human affairs. At the same time Calanus, having been a little while troubled with a disease in the bowels, requested that he might have a funeral pile erected, to which he came on horseback, and, after he had said some prayers and sprinkled himself and cut off some of his hair to throw into the fire, before he ascended it, he embraced and took leave of the Macedonians who stood by, desiring them to pass that day in mirth and good-fellowship with their king, whom in a little time, he said, he doubted not but to see again at Babylon. Having thus said, he lay down, and covering up his face, he stirred not when the fire came near him, but continued still in the same posture as at first, and so sacrificed himself, as it was the ancient custom of the philosophers in those countries to do. The same thing was done long after by another Indian who came with Cæsar to Athens, where they still show you, "the Indian's monument." At his return from the funeral pile, Alexander invited a great many of his friends and principal officers to supper, and proposed a drinking match, in which the victor should receive a crown. Promachus drank twelve quarts of wine, and won the prize, which was a talent from them all; but he survived his victory but three days, and was followed, as Chares says, by forty-one more, who died of the same debauch, some extremely cold weather having set in shortly after.

At Susa, he married Darius's daughter Statira, and celebrated also the nuptials of his friends, bestowing the noblest of the Persian ladies upon the worthiest of them, at the same time making it an entertainment in honour of the other Macedonians whose marriages had already taken place. At this magnificent festival, it is reported, there were no less than nine thousand guests, to each of whom he gave a golden cup for the libations. Not to mention other instances of his wonderful magnificence, he paid the debts of his army, which amounted to nine thousand eight hundred and seventy talents. But Antigenes, who had lost one of his eyes, though he owed nothing, got his name set down in the list of those who were in debt, and bringing one who pretended to be his creditor, and to have supplied him from the bank, received the money. But when the cheat was found out, the king was so incensed at it, that he banished him from court, and took away his command, though he was an excellent soldier and a man of great courage. For when he was but a youth, and served under Philip at the siege of Perinthus, where he was wounded in the eye by an arrow shot out of an engine, he would neither let the arrow be

taken out nor be persuaded to quit the field till he had bravely repulsed the enemy and forced them to retire into the town. Accordingly he was not able to support such a disgrace with any patience, and it was plain that grief and despair would have made him kill himself, but the king fearing it, not only pardoned him, but let him also enjoy the benefit of his deceit.

The thirty thousand boys whom he left behind him to be taught and disciplined were so improved at his return, both in strength and beauty, and performed their exercises with such dexterity and wonderful agility, that he was extremely pleased with them, which grieved the Macedonians, and made them fear he would have the less value for them. And when he proceeded to send down the infirm and maimed soldiers to the sea, they said they were injustly and infamously dealt with, after they were worn out in his service upon all occasions, now to be turned away with disgrace and sent home into their country among their friends and relations in a worse condition than when they came out; therefore they desired him to dismiss them one and all, and to account his Macedonians useless, now he was so well furnished with a set of dancing boys, with whom, if he pleased, he might go on and conquer the world. These speeches so incensed Alexander that, after he had given them a great deal of reproachful language in his passion, he drove them away, and committed the watch to Persians, out of whom he chose his guards and attendants. When the Macedonians saw him escorted by these men, and themselves excluded and shamefully disgraced, their high spirits fell, and conferring with one another, they found that jealousy and rage had almost distracted them. But at last coming to themselves again, they went without their arms, with only their under garments on, crying and weeping to offer themselves at his tent, and desired him to deal with them as their baseness and ingratitude deserved. However, this would not prevail; for though his anger was already something mollified, yet he would not admit them into his presence, nor would they stir from thence, but continued two days and nights before his tent, bewailing themselves, and imploring him as their lord to have compassion on them. But the third day he came out to them, and seeing them very humble and penitent, he wept himself a great while, after a gentle reproof spoke kindly to them, and dismissed those who were unserviceable with magnificent rewards, and with his recommendation to Antipater, that when they came home, at all public shows and in the theatres, they should sit on the best and foremost seats, crowned with chaplets of flowers. He ordered, also, that the children of those who had lost their lives in his service should have their father's pay continued to them.

When he came to Ecbatana in Media, and had despatched his most urgent affairs, he began to divert himself again with spectacles and public entertainments, to carry on which he had a supply of three thousand ac-

tors and artists, newly arrived out of Greece. But they were soon interrupted by Hephæstion's falling sick of a fever, in which, being a young man and a soldier, too, he could not confine himself to so exact a diet as was necessary; for whilst his physician, Glaucus, was gone to the theatre, he ate a fowl for his dinner, and drank a large draught of wine, upon which he became very ill, and shortly after died. At this misfortune, Alexander was so beyond all reason transported that, to express his sorrow, he immediately ordered the manes and tails of all his horses and mules to be cut, and threw down the battlements of the neighbouring cities. The poor physician he crucified, and forbade playing on the flute or any other musical instrument in the camp a great while, till directions came from the oracle of Ammon, and enjoined him to honour Hephæstion, and sacrifice to him as to a hero. Then seeking to alleviate his grief in war, he set out, as it were, to a hunt and chase of men, for he fell upon the Cossæans, and put the whole nation to the sword. This was called a sacrifice to Hephæstion's ghost. In his sepulchre and monument and the adorning of them he intended to bestow ten thousand talents; and designing that the excellence of the workmanship and the singularity of the design might outdo the expense, his wishes turned, above all other artists, to Stasicrates, because he always promised something very bold, unusual, and magnificent in his projects. Once when they had met before, he had told him that, of all the mountains he knew, that of Athos in Thrace was the most capable of being adapted to represent the shape and lineaments of a man; that if he pleased to command him, he would make it the noblest and most durable statue in the world, which in its left hand should hold a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and out of its right should pour a copious river into the sea. Though Alexander declined this proposal, yet now he spent a great deal of time with workmen to invent and contrive others even more extravagant and sumptuous.

As he was upon his way to Babylon, Nearchus, who had sailed back out of the ocean up the mouth of the river Euphrates, came to tell him he had met with some Chaldæan diviners, who had warned him against Alexander's going thither, Alexander, however, took no thought of it, and went on, and when he came near the walls of the place, he saw a great many crows fighting with one another, some of whom fell down just by him. After this, being privately informed that Apollodorus, the governor of Babylon, had sacrificed, to know what would become of him, he sent for Pythagoras, the soothsayer, and on his admitting the thing, asked him in what condition he found the victim; and when he told him the liver was defective in its lobe, "A great presage indeed!" said Alexander. However, he offered Pythagoras no injury, but was sorry that he had neglected Nearchus's advice, and stayed for the most part outside the town, removing his tent from place to place, and sailing up and down the Euphrates. Besides this, he was disturbed by many other prodigies. A tame ass fell

upon the biggest and handsomest lion that he kept, and killed him by a kick. And one day after he had undressed himself to be anointed, and was playing at ball, just as they were going to bring his clothes again, the young men who played with him perceived a man clad in the king's robes with a diadem upon his head, sitting silently upon his throne. They asked him who he was, to which he gave no answer a good while, till at last, coming to himself, he told them his name was Dionysius, that he was of Messenia, that for some crime of which he was accused he was brought thither from the seaside, and had been kept long in prison, that Serapis appeared to him, had freed him from his chains, conducted him to that place, and commanded him to put on the king's robe and diadem, and to sit where they found him, and to say nothing. Alexander, when he heard this, by the direction of his soothsayers, put the fellow to death, but he lost his spirits, and grew diffident of the protection and assistance of the gods, and suspicious of his friends. His greatest apprehension was of Antipater and his sons, one of whom, Iolaus, was his chief cupbearer; and Cassander, who had lately arrived, and had been bred up in Greek manners, the first time he saw some of the barbarians adore the king could not forbear laughing at it aloud, which so incensed Alexander that he took him by the hair with both hands and dashed his head against the wall. Another time, Cassander would have said something in defence of Antipater to those who accused him, but Alexander interrupting him, said, "What is it you say? Do you think people, if they had received no injury, would come such a journey only to calumniate your father?" To which when Cassander replied, that their coming so far from the evidence was a great proof of the falseness of their charges, Alexander smiled, and said those were some of Aristotle's sophisms, which would serve equally on both sides; and added, that both he and his father should be severely punished, if they were found guilty of the least injustice towards those who complained. All which made such a deep impression of terror in Cassander's mind that, long after, when he was King of Macedonia and master of Greece, as he was walking up and down at Delphi, and looking at the statues, at the sight of that of Alexander he was suddenly struck with alarm, and shook all over, his eyes rolled, his head grew dizzy, and it was long before he recovered himself.

When once Alexander had given way to fears of supernatural influence, his mind grew so disturbed and so easily alarmed that, if the least unusual or extraordinary thing happened, he thought it a prodigy or a presage, and his court was thronged with diviners and priests whose business was to sacrifice and purify and foretell the future. So miserable a thing is incredulity and contempt of divine power on the one hand, and so miserable, also, superstition on the other, which like water, where the level has been lowered, flowing in and never stopping, fills the mind with slavish fears and follies, as now in Alexander's case. But upon some answers

which were brought him from the oracle concerning Hephæstion, he laid aside his sorrow, and fell again to sacrificing and drinking; and having given Nearchus a splendid entertainment, after he had bathed, as was his custom, just as he was going to bed, at Medius's request he went to supper with him. Here he drank all the next day, and was attacked with a fever, which seized him, not as some write, after he had drunk of the bowl of Hercules, nor was he taken with any sudden pain in his back, as if he had been struck with a lance, for these are the inventions of some authors who thought it their duty to make the last scene of so great an action as tragical and moving as they could. Aristobulus tells us, that in the rage of his fever and a violent thirst, he took a draught of wine, upon which he fell into delirium, and died on the thirtieth day of the month Dæsius.

But the journals give the following record. On the eighteenth day of the month he slept in the bathing-room on account of his fever. The next day he bathed and removed into his chamber, and spent his time in playing at dice with Medius. In the evening he bathed and sacrificed, and ate freely, and had the fever on him through the night. On the twentieth, after the usual sacrifices and bathing, he lay in the bathing-room and heard Nearchus's narrative of his voyage, and the observations he had made in the great sea. The twenty-first he passed in the same manner, his fever still increasing, and suffered much during the night. The next day the fever was very violent, and he had himself removed and his bed set by the great bath, and discoursed with his principal officers about finding fit men to fill up the vacant places in the army. On the twenty-fourth he was much worse, and was carried out of his bed to assist at the sacrifices, and gave order that the general officers should wait within the court, whilst the inferior officers kept watch without doors. On the twenty-fifth he was removed to his palace on the other side the river, where he slept a little, but his fever did not abate, and when the generals came into his chamber, he was speechless and continued so the following day. The Macedonians, therefore, supposing he was dead, came with great clamours to the gates, and menaced his friends so that they were forced to admit them, and let them all pass through unarmed along by his bedside. The same day Python and Seleucus were despatched to the temple of Serapis to inquire if they should bring Alexander thither, and were answered by the god that they should not remove him. On the twenty-eighth, in the evening, he died. This account is most of it word for word as it is written in the diary.

At the time, nobody had any suspicion of his being poisoned, but upon some information given six years after, they say Olympias put many to death, and scattered the ashes of Iolaus, then dead, as if he had given it him. But those who affirm that Aristotle counselled Antipater to do it, and that by his means the poison was brought, adduce one Hagnothemis

as their authority, who, they say, heard King Antigonus speak of it, and tell us that the poison was water, deadly cold as ice, distilled from a rock in the district of Nonacris, which they gathered like a thin dew, and kept in an ass's hoof; for it was so very cold and penetrating that no other vessel would hold it. However, most are of opinion that all this is a mere made-up story, no slight evidence of which is, that during the dissensions among the commanders, which lasted several days, the body continued clear and fresh, without any sign of such taint or corruption, though it lay neglected in a close sultry place.

Roxana, who was now with child, and upon that account much honoured by the Macedonians, being jealous of Statira, sent for her by a counterfeit letter, as if Alexander had been still alive; and when she had her in her power, killed her and her sister, and threw their bodies into a well, which they filled up with earth, not without the privity and assistance of Perdiccas, who in the time immediately following the king's death, under cover of the name of Arrhidæus, whom he carried about him as a sort of guard to his person, exercised the chief authority. Arrhidæus, who was Philip's son by an obscure woman of the name of Philinna, was himself of weak intellect, not that he had been originally deficient either in body or mind, on the contrary, in his childhood, he had showed a happy and promising character enough. But a diseased habit of body, caused by drugs which Olympias gave him, had ruined, not only his health, but his understanding.

CATO THE YOUNGER

95–46 B.C.

By PLUTARCH [1] (*About* 50–120 A.D.)

THE family of Cato derived its first lustre from his great-grandfather Cato, whose virtue gained him such great reputation and authority among the Romans, as we have written in his life.

This Cato was, by the loss of both his parents, left an orphan, together with his brother Cæpio, and his sister Porcia. He had also a half-sister, Servilia, by the mother's side. As these lived together, and were bred up in the house of Livius Drusus, their uncle by the mother, who, at that time, had a great share in the government, being a very eloquent speaker, a man of the greatest temperance, and yielding in dignity to none of the Romans.

It is said of Cato that even from his infancy, in his speech, his countenance, and all his childish pastimes, he discovered an inflexible temper, unmoved by any passion, and firm in everything. He was resolute in his purposes, much beyond the strength of his age, to go through with whatever he undertook. He was rough and ungentle toward those that flattered him, and still more unyielding to those who threatened him. It was difficult to excite him to laughter, his countenance seldom relaxed even into a smile; he was not quickly or easily provoked to anger, but if once incensed, he was no less difficult to pacify.

When he began to learn, he proved dull, and slow to apprehend, but of what he once received, his memory was remarkably tenacious. And such, in fact, we find generally to be the course of nature; men of fine genius are readily reminded of things, but those who receive with most pains and difficulty, remember best; every new thing they learn, being, as it were, burnt and branded in on their minds. Cato's natural stubbornness and slowness to be persuaded may also have made it more difficult for him to be taught. For to learn is to submit to have something done to one; and persuasion comes soonest to those who have least strength to resist it. Hence young men are sooner persuaded than those that are more in years, and sick men, than those that are well in health. In fine, where

[1] Reprinted from *Plutarch's Lives*, translated by several hands (the so-called Dryden translation), edited and revised by A. H. Clough, London, 1864.

Plutarch's *Lives* were written in Greek and published toward the end of their author's life.

there is least previous doubt and difficulty, the new impression is most easily accepted. Yet Cato, they say, was very obedient to his preceptor, and would do whatever he was commanded; but he would also ask the reason, and inquire the cause of everything. And, indeed, his teacher was a very well-bred man, more ready to instruct than to beat his scholars. His name was Sarpedon.

When Cato was a child, the allies of the Romans sued to be made free citizens of Rome. Pompædius Silo, one of their deputies, a brave soldier and a man of great repute, who had contracted a friendship with Drusus, lodged at his house for several days, in which time being grown familiar with the children, "Well," said he to them, "will you entreat your uncle to befriend us in our business?" Cæpio, smiling, assented, but Cato made no answer, only he looked steadfastly and fiercely on the strangers. Then said Pompædius, "And you, young sir, what say you to us? will not you, as well as your brother, intercede with your uncle in our behalf?" And when Cato continued to give no answer, by his silence and his countenance seeming to deny their petition, Pompædius snatched him up to the window as if he would throw him out, and told him to consent, or he would fling him down, and, speaking in a harsher tone, held his body out of the window, and shook him several times. When Cato had suffered this a good while, unmoved and unalarmed, Pompædius, setting him down, said in an undervoice to his friend, "What a blessing for Italy that he is but a child! If he were a man, I believe we should not gain one voice among the people." Another time, one of his relations, on his birthday, invited Cato and some other children to supper, and some of the company diverted themselves in a separate part of the house, and were at play, the elder and the younger together, their sport being to act the pleadings before the judges, accusing one another, and carrying away the condemned to prison. Among these a very beautiful young child, being bound and carried by a bigger into prison, cried out to Cato, who seeing what was going on, presently ran to the door, and thrusting away those who stood there as a guard, took out the child, and went home in anger, followed by some of his companions.

Cato at length grew so famous among them, that when Sylla designed to exhibit the sacred game of young men riding courses on horseback, which they called Troy, having gotten together the youth of good birth, he appointed two for their leaders. One of them they accepted for his mother's sake, being the son of Metella, the wife of Sylla; but as for the other, Sextus, the nephew of Pompey, they would not be led by him, nor exercise under him. Then Sylla asking whom they would have, they all cried out, Cato; and Sextus willingly yielded the honour to him, as the more worthy.

Sylla, who was a friend of their family, sent at times for Cato and his brother to see them and talk with them; a favour which he showed to very

few, after gaining his great power and authority. Sarpedon, full of the advantage it would be, as well for the honour as the safety of his scholars, would often bring Cato to wait upon Sylla at his house, which, for the multitude of those that were being carried off in custody, and tormented there, looked like a place of execution. Cato was then in his fourteenth year, and seeing the heads of men said to be of great distinction brought thither, and observing the secret sighs of those that were present, he asked his preceptor, "Why does nobody kill this man?" "Because," said he, "they fear him, child, more than they hate him." "Why, then," replied Cato, "did you not give me a sword, that I might stab him, and free my country from this slavery?" Sarpedon hearing this, and at the same time seeing his countenance swelling with anger and determination, took care thenceforward to watch him strictly, lest he should hazard any desperate attempt.

While he was yet very young, to some that asked him whom he loved best, he answered, his brother. And being asked, whom next, he replied, his brother, again. So likewise the third time, and still the same, till they left off to ask any further. As he grew in age, this love to his brother grew yet the stronger. When he was about twenty years old, he never supped, never went out of town, nor into the forum, without Cæpio. But when his brother made use of precious ointments and perfumes, Cato declined them; and he was, in all his habits, very strict and austere, so that when Cæpio was admired for his moderation and temperance, he would acknowledge that indeed he might be accounted such, in comparison with some other men, "but," said he, "when I compare myself with Cato, I find myself scarcely different from Sippius," one at that time notorious for his luxurious and effeminate living.

Cato being made priest of Apollo, went to another house, took his portion of their paternal inheritance, amounting to a hundred and twenty talents, and began to live yet more strictly than before. Having gained the intimate acquaintance of Antipater the Tyrian, the Stoic philosopher, he devoted himself to the study, above everything, of moral and political doctrine. And though possessed, as it were, by a kind of inspiration for the pursuit of every virtue, yet what most of all virtue and excellence fixed his affection was that steady and inflexible justice which is not to be wrought upon by favour or compassion. He learned also the art of speaking and debating in public, thinking that political philosophy, like a great city, should maintain for its security the military and warlike element. But he would never recite his exercises before company, nor was he ever heard to declaim. And to one that told him men blamed his silence, "But I hope not my life," he replied, "I will begin to speak, when I have that to say which had not better be unsaid."

The great Porcian Hall, as it was called, had been built and dedicated to the public use by the old Cato, when ædile. Here the tribunes of the

people used to transact their business, and because one of the pillars was thought to interfere with the convenience of their seats, they deliberated whether it were best to remove it to another place, or to take it away. This occasion first drew Cato, much against his will, into the forum; for he opposed the demand of the tribunes, and in so doing gave a specimen both of his courage and his powers of speaking, which gained him great admiration. His speech had nothing youthful or refined in it, but was straightforward, full of matter, and rough, at the same time that there was a certain grace about his rough statements which won the attention; and the speaker's character, showing itself in all he said, added to his severe language something that excited feelings of natural pleasure and interest. His voice was full and sounding, and sufficient to be heard by so great a multitude, and its vigour and capacity of endurance quite indefatigable, for he often would speak a whole day and never stop.

When he had carried this cause, he betook himself again to study and retirement. He employed himself in inuring his body to labour and violent exercise; and habituated himself to go bareheaded in the hottest and the coldest weather, and to walk on foot at all seasons. When he went on a journey with any of his friends, though they were on horseback and he on foot, yet he would often join now one, then another, and converse with them on the way. In sickness the patience he showed in supporting, and the abstinence he used for curing, his distempers were admirable. When he had an ague, he would remain alone, and suffer nobody to see him, till he began to recover, and found the fit was over. At supper, when he threw dice for the choice of dishes, and lost, and the company offered him nevertheless his choice, he declined to dispute, as he said, the decision of Venus. At first, he was wont to drink only once after supper, and then go away; but in process of time he grew to drink more, insomuch that oftentimes he would continue till morning. This his friends explained by saying that state affairs and public business took him up all day, and being desirous of knowledge, he liked to pass the night at wine in the conversation of philosophers. Hence, upon one Memmius saying in public, that Cato spent whole nights in drinking, "You should add," replied Cicero, "that he spends whole days in gambling." And in general Cato esteemed the customs and manners of men at that time so corrupt, and a reformation in them so necessary, that he thought it requisite, in many things, to go contrary to the ordinary way of the world. Seeing the lightest and gayest purple was then most in fashion, he would always wear that which was the nearest black; and he would often go out of doors, after his morning meal, without either shoes or tunic; not that he sought vain-glory from such novelties, but he would accustom himself to be ashamed only of what deserves shame, and to despise all other sorts of disgrace.

The estate of one Cato, his cousin, which was worth one hundred talents, falling to him, he turned it all into ready money, which he kept by him

for any of his friends that should happen to want, to whom he would lend it without interest. And for some of them, he suffered his own land and his slaves to be mortgaged to the public treasury.

When he thought himself of an age fit to marry, having never before known any woman, he was contracted to Lepida, who had before been contracted to Metellus Scipio, but on Scipio's own withdrawal from it, the contract had been dissolved, and she left at liberty. Yet Scipio afterwards repenting himself, did all he could to regain her, before the marriage with Cato was completed, and succeeded in so doing. At which Cato was violently incensed, and resolved at first to go to law about it; but his friends persuaded him to the contrary. However, he was so moved by the heat of youth and passion that he wrote a quantity of iambic verses against Scipio, in the bitter, sarcastic style of Archilochus, without, however, his licence and scurrility. After this, he married Atilia, the daughter of Soranus, the first but not the only woman he ever knew, less happy thus far than Lælius, the friend of Scipio, who in the whole course of so long a life never knew but the one woman, to whom he was united in his first and only marriage.

In the war of the slaves, which took its name from Spartacus, their ringleader, Gellius was general, and Cato went a volunteer, for the sake of his brother Cæpio, who was a tribune in the army. Cato could find here no opportunity to show his zeal or exercise his valour, on account of the ill conduct of the general. However, amidst the corruption and disorders of that army, he showed such a love of discipline, so much bravery upon occasion, and so much courage and wisdom in everything, that it appeared he was in no way inferior to the old Cato. Gellius offered him great rewards, and would have decreed him the first honours; which, however, he refused, saying he had done nothing that deserved them. This made him be thought a man of strange and eccentric temper.

There was a law passed, moreover, that the candidates who stood for any office should not have prompters in their canvass, to tell them the names of the citizens; and Cato, when he sued to be elected tribune, was the only man that obeyed this law. He took great pains to learn by his own knowledge to salute those he had to speak with, and to call them by their names; yet even those who praised him for this, did not do so without some envy and jealousy, for the more they considered the excellence of what he did, the more they were grieved at the difficulty they found to do the like.

Being chosen tribune, he was sent into Macedon to join Rubrius, who was general there. It is said that his wife showing much concern, and weeping at his departure, Munatius, one of Cato's friends, said to her, "Do not trouble yourself, Atilia, I will engage to watch over him for you." "By all means," replied Cato; and when they had gone one day's journey together, "Now," said he to Munatius, after they had supped,

"that you may be sure to keep your promise to Atilia, you must not leave me day nor night," and from that time, he ordered two beds to be made in his own chamber, that Munatius might lie there. And so he continued to do, Cato making it his jest to see that he was always there. There went with him fifteen slaves, two freedmen, and four of his friends; these rode on horseback, but Cato always went on foot, yet would he keep by them, and talk with each of them in turn as they went.

When he came to the army, which consisted of several legions, the general gave him the command of one; and as he looked upon it as a small matter, and not worthy a commander, to give evidence of his own signal valour, he resolved to make his soldiers, as far as he could, like himself, not, however, in this relaxing the terrors of his office, but associating reason with his authority. He persuaded and instructed every one in particular, and bestowed rewards or punishments according to desert; and at length his men were so well disciplined, that it was hard to say whether they were more peaceable or more warlike, more valiant or more just; they were alike formidable to their enemies and courteous to their allies, fearful to do wrong, and forward to gain honour. And Cato himself acquired in the fullest measure, what it had been his least desire to seek, glory and good repute; he was highly esteemed by all men, and entirely beloved by the soldiers. Whatever he commanded to be done, he himself took part in the performing; in his apparel, his diet, and mode of travelling, he was more like a common soldier than an officer; but in character, high purpose, and wisdom, he far exceeded all that had the names and titles of commanders, and he made himself, without knowing it, the object of general affection. For the true love of virtue is in all men produced by the love and respect they bear to him that teaches it; and those who praise good men, yet do not love them, may respect their reputation, but do not really admire, and will never imitate their virtue.

There dwelt at that time in Pergamus, Athenodorus, surnamed Cordylio, a man of high repute for his knowledge of the Stoic philosophy, who was now grown old, and had always steadily refused the friendship and acquaintance of princes and great men. Cato understood this; so that imagining he should not be able to prevail with him by sending or writing, and being by the laws allowed two months' absence from the army, he resolved to go into Asia to see him in person, trusting to his own good qualities not to lose his labour. And when he had conversed with him, and succeeded in persuading him out of his former resolutions, he returned and brought him to the camp as joyful and as proud of this victory as if he had done some heroic exploit, greater than any of those of Pompey or Lucullus, who with their armies at that time were subduing so many nations and kingdoms.

While Cato was yet in the service, his brother, on a journey towards Asia, fell sick at Ænus in Thrace, letters with intelligence of which were

immediately despatched to him. The sea was very rough, and no convenient ship of any size to be had; so Cato getting into a small trading-vessel, with only two of his friends, and three servants, set sail from Thessalonica, and having very narrowly escaped drowning, he arrived at Ænus just as Cæpio expired. Upon this occasion, he was thought to have showed himself more a fond brother than a philosopher, not only in the excess of his grief, bewailing and embracing the dead body, but also in the extravagant expenses of the funeral, the vast quantity of rich perfumes and costly garments which were burnt with the corpse, and the monument of Thasian marble, which he erected, at the cost of eight talents, in the public place of the town of Ænus. For there were some who took upon them to cavil at all this, as not consistent with his usual calmness and moderation, not discerning that though he were steadfast, firm, and inflexible to pleasure, fear or foolish entreaties, yet he was full of natural tenderness and brotherly affection. Divers of the cities and princes of the country sent him many presents, to honour the funeral of his brother; but he took none of their money, only the perfumes and ornaments he received, and paid for them also. And afterwards, when the inheritance was divided between him and Cæpio's daughter, he did not require any portion of the funeral expenses to be discharged out of it. Notwithstanding this, it has been affirmed that he made his brother's ashes be passed through a sieve, to find the gold that was melted down when burnt with the body. But he who made this statement appears to have anticipated an exemption for his pen, as much as for his sword, from all question and criticism.

The time of Cato's service in the army being expired, he recieved, at his departure, not only the prayers and praises, but the tears and embraces of the soldiers, who spread their clothes at his feet and kissed his hand as he passed, an honour which the Romans at that time scarcely paid even to a very few of their generals and commanders-in-chief. Having left the army, he resolved, before he would return home and apply himself to state affairs, to travel in Asia, and observe the manners, the customs, and the strength of every province. He was also unwilling to refuse the kindness of Deiotarus, King of Galatia, who having had great familiarity and friendship with his father, was very desirous to receive a visit from him. Cato's arrangements in his journey were as follows. Early in the morning he sent out his baker and his cook towards the place where he designed to stay the next night; these went soberly and quietly into the town, in which, if there happened to be no friend or acquaintance of Cato or his family, they provided for him in an inn, and gave no disturbance to anybody; but if there were no inn, then and in this case only, they went to the magistrates, and desiring them to help them to lodgings, took without complaint whatever was allotted to them. His servants thus behaving themselves towards the magistrates, without

noise and threatening, were often discredited, or neglected by them, so that Cato many times arrived and found nothing provided for him. And it was all the worse when he appeared himself; still less account was taken of him. When they saw him sitting, without saying anything, on his baggage, they set him down at once as a person of no consequence, who did not venture to make any demand. Sometimes, on such occasions, he would call them to him and tell them, "Foolish people, lay aside this inhospitality. All your visitors will not be Catos. Use your courtesy, to take off the sharp edge of power. There are men enough who desire but a pretence, to take from you by force, what you give with such reluctance."

While he travelled in this manner, a diverting accident befell him in Syria. As he was going into Antioch, he saw a great multitude of people outside the gates, ranged in order on either side the way; here the young men with long cloaks, there the children decently dressed; others wore garlands and white garments who were the priests and magistrates. Cato imagining all this could mean nothing but a display in honour of his reception, began to be angry with his servants, who had been sent before, for suffering it to be done; then making his friends alight, he walked along with them on foot. As soon as he came near the gate, an elderly man, who seemed to be master of these ceremonies, with a wand and a garland in his hand, came up to Cato, and without saluting him, asked him where he had left Demetrius, and how soon he thought he would be there. This Demetrius was Pompey's servant, and as at this time the whole world, so to say, had its eyes fixed upon Pompey, this man also was highly honoured, on account of his influence with his master. Upon this Cato's friends fell into such violent laughter, that they could not restrain themselves while they passed through the crowd; and he himself, ashamed and distressed, uttered the words, "Unfortunate city!" and said no more. Afterwards, however, it always made him laugh, when he either told the story or was otherwise reminded of it.

Pompey himself shortly after made the people ashamed of their ignorance and folly in thus neglecting him, for Cato, coming in his journey to Ephesus, went to pay his respects to him, who was the elder man, had gained much honour, and was then general of a great army. Yet Pompey would not receive him sitting, but as soon as he saw him, rose up, and going to meet him, as the more honourable person, gave him his hand, and embraced him with great show of kindness. He said much in commendation of his virtue both at that time when receiving him, and also yet more after he had withdrawn. So that now all men began at once to display their respect for Cato, and discovered in him the very same things for which they despised him before, an admirable mildness of temper and greatness of spirit. And indeed the civility that Pompey himself showed him appeared to come from one that rather respected than loved him; and the general opinion was, that while Cato was there he paid him

admiration, but was not sorry when he was gone. For when other young men came to see him he usually urged and entreated them to continue with him. Now he did not at all invite Cato to stay, but as if his own power were lessened by the other's presence, he very willingly allowed him to take his leave. Yet to Cato alone, of all those who went for Rome, he recommended his children and his wife, who was indeed connected by relationship with Cato.

After this, all the cities through which he passed strove and emulated each other in showing him respect and honour. Feasts and entertainments were made for his reception, so that he bade his friends keep strict watch and take care of him, lest he should end by making good what was said by Curio, who though he were his familiar friend, yet disliking the austerity of his temper, asked him one day if, when he left the army, he designed to see Asia, and Cato answering, "Yes, by all means." "You do well," replied Curio, "you will bring back with you a better temper and pleasanter manners;" pretty nearly the very words he used.

Deiotarus, being now an old man, had sent for Cato, to recommend his children and family to his protection; and as soon as he came, brought him presents of all sorts of things, which he begged and entreated him to accept. And his importunities displeased Cato so much, that though he came but in the evening, he stayed only that night, and went away early the next morning. After he was gone one day's journey, he found at Pessinus a yet greater quantity of presents provided for him there, and also letters from Deiotarus entreating him to receive them, or at least to permit his friends to take them, who for his sake deserved some gratification, and could not have much done for them out of Cato's own means. Yet he would not suffer it, though he saw some of them very willing to receive such gifts, and ready to complain of his severity; but he answered, that corruption would never want pretence, and his friends should share with him in whatever he should justly and honestly obtain, and so returned the presents to Deiotarus.

When he took ship for Brundusium, his friends would have persuaded him to put his brother's ashes into another vessel; but he said he would sooner part with his life than leave them, and so set sail. And as it chanced, he, we are told, had a very dangerous passage, though others at the same time went over safely enough.

After he was returned to Rome, he spent his time for the most part either at home, in conversation with Athenodorus, or at the forum, in the service of his friends. Though it was now the time that he should become quæstor, he would not stand for the place till he had studied the laws relating to it, and by inquiry from persons of experience, had attained a distinct understanding of the duty and authority belonging to it. With this knowledge, as soon as he came into the office, he made a great reformation among the clerks and under-officers of the treasury, people

who had long practice and familiarity in all the public records and the laws, and, when new magistrates came in year by year so ignorant and unskilful as to be in absolute need of others to teach them what to do, did not submit and give way, but kept the power in their own hands, and were in effect the treasurers themselves. Till Cato, applying himself roundly to the work, showed that he possessed not only the title and honour of a quæstor, but the knowledge and understanding and full authority of his office. So that he used the clerks and under-officers like servants as they were, exposing their corrupt practices, and instructing their ignorance. Being bold, impudent fellows, they flattered the other quæstors his colleagues, and by their means endeavoured to maintain an opposition against him. But he convicted the chiefest of them of a breach of trust in the charge of an inheritance, and turned him out of his place. A second he brought to trial for dishonesty, who was defended by Lutatius Catulus, at that time censor, a man very considerable for his office, but yet more for his characrer, as he was eminent above all the Romans of that age for his reputed wisdom and integrity. He was also intimate with Cato, and much commended his way of living. So perceiving he could not bring off his client, if he stood a fair trial, he openly began to beg him off. Cato objected to his doing this. And when he continued still to be importunate, "It would be shameful, Catulus," he said, "that the censor, the judge of all our lives, should incur the dishonour of removal by our officers." At this expression, Catulus looked as if he would have made some answer; but he said nothing, and either through anger or shame went away silent, and out of countenance. Nevertheless, the man was not found guilty, for the voices that acquitted him were but one in number less than those that condemned him, and Marcus Lollius, one of Cato's colleagues, who was absent by reason of sickness, was sent for by Catulus, and entreated to come and save the man. So Lollius was brought into court in a chair, and gave his voice also for acquitting him. Yet Cato never after made use of that clerk, and never paid him his salary, nor would he make any account of the vote given by Lollius. Having thus humbled the clerks, and brought them to be at command, he made use of the books and registers as he thought fit, and in a little while gained the treasury a higher name than the senate house itself; and all men said, Cato had made the office of a quæstor equal to the dignity of a consul. When he found many indebted to the state upon old accounts, and the state also in debt to many private persons, he took care that the public might no longer either do or suffer wrong; he strictly and punctually exacted what was due to the treasury, and as freely and speedily paid all those to whom it was indebted. So that the people were filled with sentiments of awe and respect, on seeing those made to pay, who thought to have escaped with their plunder, and others receiving all their due, who despaired of getting anything. And whereas usually those

who brought false bills and pretended orders of the senate, could through favour get them accepted, Cato would never be so imposed upon; and in the case of one particular order, on the question arising whether it had passed the senate, he would not believe a great many witnesses that attested it, nor would admit of it, till the consuls came and affirmed it upon oath.

There were at that time a great many whom Sylla had made use of as his agents in the proscription, and to whom he had for their service in putting men to death, given twelve thousand drachmas apiece. These men everybody hated as wicked and polluted wretches, but nobody durst be revenged upon them. Cato called every one to account, as wrongfully possessed of the public money, and exacted it of them, and at the same time sharply reproved them for their unlawful and impious actions. After these proceedings they were presently accused of murder, and being already in a manner prejudged as guilty, they were easily found so, and accordingly suffered; at which the whole people rejoiced and thought themselves now to see the old tyranny finally abolished, and Sylla himself, so to say, brought to punishment.

Cato's assiduity also, and indefatigable diligence, won very much upon the people. He always came first of any of his colleagues to the treasury, and went away the last. He never missed any assembly of the people, or sitting of the senate; being always anxious and on the watch for those who lightly, or as a matter of interest, passed votes in favour of this or that person, for remitting debts or granting away customs that were owing to the state. And at length, having kept the exchequer pure and clear from base informers, and yet having filled it with treasure, he made it appear that the state might be rich without oppressing the people. At first he excited feelings of dislike and irritation in some of his colleagues, but after a while they were well contented with him, since he was perfectly willing that they should cast all the odium on him, when they declined to gratify their friends with the public money, or to give dishonest judgments in passing their accounts; and when hard-pressed by suitors, they could readily answer it was impossible to do anything unless Cato would consent. On the last day of his office, he was honourably attended to his house by almost all the people; but on the way he was informed that several powerful friends were in the treasury with Marcellus, using all their interest with him to pass a certain debt to the public revenue, as if it had been a gift. Marcellus had been one of Cato's friends from his childhood, and so long as Cato was with him, was one of the best of his colleagues in this office, but when alone, was unable to resist the importunity of suitors, and prone to do anybody a kindness. So Cato immediately turned back, and finding that Marcellus had yielded to pass the thing, he took the book, and while Marcellus silently stood by and looked on, struck it out. This done, he brought Marcellus out of the treasury, and took him home with

him; who for all this, neither then, nor ever after, complained of him, but always continued his friendship and familiarity with him.

Cato, after he had laid down his office, yet did not cease to keep a watch upon the treasury. He had his servants who continually wrote out the details of the expenditure, and he himself kept always by him certain books, which contained the accounts of the revenue from Sylla's time to his own quæstorship, which he had bought for five talents.

He was always first at the senate, and went out last; and often, while the others were slowly collecting, he would sit and read by himself, holding his gown before his book. He was never once out of town when the senate was to meet. And when afterwards Pompey and his party, finding that he could never be either persuaded or compelled to favour their unjust designs, endeavoured to keep him from the senate, by engaging him in business for his friends, to plead their causes, or arbitrate in their differences, or the like, he quickly discovered the trick, and to defeat it, fairly told all his acquaintance that he would never meddle in any private business when the senate was assembled. Since it was not in the hope of gaining honour or riches, nor out of mere impulse, or by chance that he engaged himself in politics, but he undertook the service of the state as the proper business of an honest man, and therefore he thought himself obliged to be as constant to his public duty as the bee to the honeycomb. To this end, he took care to have his friends and correspondents everywhere, to send him reports of the edicts, decrees, judgments, and all the important proceedings that passed in any of the provinces. Once when Clodius, the seditious orator, to promote his violent and revolutionary projects, traduced to the people some of the priests and priestesses (among whom Fabia, sister to Cicero's wife, Terentia, ran great danger), Cato having boldly interfered, and having made Clodius appear so infamous that he was forced to leave the town, was addressed, when it was over, by Cicero, who came to thank him for what he had done. "You must thank the commonwealth," said he, for whose sake alone he professed to do everything. Thus he gained a great and wonderful reputation; so that an advocate in a cause, where there was only one witness against him, told the judges they ought not to rely upon a single witness, though it were Cato himself. And it was a sort of proverb with many people, if any very unlikely and incredible thing were asserted, to say, they would not believe it, though Cato himself should affirm it. One day a debauched and sumptuous liver talking in the senate about frugality and temperance, Anæus standing up, cried, "Who can endure this, sir, to have you feast like Crassus, build like Lucullus, and talk like Cato." So likewise those who were vicious and dissolute in their manners, yet affected to be grave and severe in their language, were in derision called Catos.

At first, when his friends would have persuaded him to stand to be tribune of the people, he thought it undesirable; for that the power of so

great an office ought to be reserved, as the strongest medicines, for occasions of the last necessity. But afterwards in a vacation time, as he was going, accompanied with his books and philosophers, to Lucania, where he had lands with a pleasant residence, they met by the way a great many horses, carriages, and attendants, of whom they understood, that Metellus Nepos was going to Rome, to stand to be tribune of the people. Hereupon Cato stopped, and after a little pause, gave orders to return back immediately; at which the company seeming to wonder, "Don't you know," said he, "how dangerous of itself the madness of Metellus is? and now that he comes armed with the support of Pompey, he will fall like lightning on the state, and bring it to utter disorder; therefore this is no time for idleness and diversion, but we must go and prevent this man in his designs, or bravely die in defence of our liberty." Nevertheless, by the persuasion of his friends, he went first to his country-house, where he stayed but a very little time, and then returned to town.

He arrived in the evening, and went straight the next morning to the forum, where he began to solicit for the tribuneship, in opposition to Metellus. The power of this office consists rather in controlling than performing any business; for though all the rest except any one tribune should be agreed, yet his denial or intercession could put a stop to the whole matter. Cato, at first, had not many that appeared for him; but as soon as his design was known, all the good and distinguished persons of the city quickly came forward to encourage and support him, looking upon him, not as one that desired a favour of them, but one that proposed to do a great favour to his country and all honest men; who had many times refused the same office, when he might have had it without trouble, but now sought it with danger, that he might defend their liberty and their government. It is reported that so great a number flocked about him that he was like to be stifled amidst the press, and could scarce get through the crowd. He was declared tribune, with several others, among whom was Metellus.

When Cato was chosen into this office, observing that the election of consuls was become a matter of purchase, he sharply rebuked the people for this corruption, and in the conclusion of his speech protested he would bring to trial whomever he should find giving money, making an exception only in the case of Silanus, on account of their near connection, he having married Servilia, Cato's sister. He therefore did not prosecute him, but accused Lucius Murena, who had been chosen consul by corrupt means with Silanus. There was a law that the party accused might appoint a person to keep watch upon his accuser, that he might know fairly what means he took in preparing the accusation. He that was set upon Cato by Murena, at first followed and observed him strictly, yet never found him dealing any way unfairly or insidiously, but always generously and candidly going on in the just and open methods of proceeding. And he so

admired Cato's great spirit, and so entirely trusted to his integrity, that meeting him in the forum, or going to his house, he would ask him if he designed to do anything that day in order to the accusation, and if Cato said no, he went away, relying on his word. When the cause was pleaded, Cicero, who was then consul and defended Murena, took occasion to be extremely witty and jocose, in reference to Cato, upon the Stoic philosophers, and their paradoxes, as they call them, and so excited great laughter among the judges; upon which Cato, smiling, said to the standers-by, "What a pleasant consul we have, my friends." Murena was acquitted, and afterwards showed himself a man of no ill-feeling or want of sense; for when he was consul, he always took Cato's advice in the most weighty affairs and, during all the time of his office, paid him much honour and respect. Of which not only Murena's prudence, but also Cato's own behaviour, was the cause; for though he were terrible and severe as to matters of justice, in the senate, and at the bar, yet after the thing was over his manner to all men was perfectly friendly and humane.

Before he entered on the office of tribune, he assisted Cicero, at that time consul, in many contests that concerned his office, but most especially in his great and noble acts at the time of Catiline's conspiracy; which owed their last successful issue to Cato. Catiline had plotted a dreadful and entire subversion of the Roman state by sedition and open war, but being convicted by Cicero, was forced to fly the city. Yet Lentulus and Cethegus remained, with several others, to carry on the same plot; and blaming Catiline, as one that wanted courage, and had been timid and petty in his designs, they themselves resolved to set the whole town on fire, and utterly to overthrow the empire, rousing whole nations to revolt and exciting foreign wars. But the design was discovered by Cicero (as we have written in his life), and the matter brought before the senate. Silanus, who spoke first, delivered his opinion, that the conspirators ought to suffer the last of punishments, and was therein followed by all who spoke after him; till it came to Cæsar, who being an excellent speaker, and looking upon all changes and commotions in the state as materials useful for his own purposes, desired rather to increase than extinguish them, and standing up, he made a very merciful and persuasive speech, that they ought not to suffer death without fair trial according to law, and moved that they might be kept in prison. Thus was the house almost wholly turned by Cæsar, apprehending also the anger of the people; insomuch that even Silanus retracted, and said he did not mean to propose death, but imprisonment, for that was the utmost a Roman could suffer.

Upon this they were all inclined to the milder and more merciful opinion, when Cato, standing up, began at once with great passion and vehemence to reproach Silanus for his change of opinion, and to attack Cæsar, who would, he said, ruin the commonwealth by soft words and

popular speeches, and was endeavouring to frighten the senate, when he himself ought to fear, and be thankful, if he escaped unpunished or unsuspected, who thus openly and boldly dared to protect the enemies of the state, and while finding no compassion for his own native country, brought, with all its glories, so near to utter ruin, could yet be full of pity for those men who had better never have been born, and whose death must deliver the commonwealth from bloodshed and destruction. This only of all Cato's speeches, it is said, was preserved; for Cicero, the consul, had disposed in various parts of the senate-house, several of the most expert and rapid writers, whom he had taught to make figures comprising numerous words in a few short strokes; as up to that time they had not used those we call shorthand writers, who then, as it is said, established the first example of the art. Thus Cato carried it, and so turned the house again, that it was decreed the conspirators should be put to death.

Not to omit any small matters that may serve to show Cato's temper, and add something to the portraiture of his mind, it is reported, that while Cæsar and he were in the very heat, and the whole senate regarding them two, a little note was brought in to Cæsar which Cato declared to be suspicious, and urging that some seditious act was going on, bade the letter be read. Upon which Cæsar handed the paper to Cato; who, discovering it to be a love-letter from his sister Servilia to Cæsar, by whom she had been corrupted, threw it to him again, saying, "Take it, drunkard," and so went on with his discourse. And, indeed, it seems Cato had but ill-fortune in women; for this lady was ill-spoken of for her familiarity with Cæsar, and the other Servilia, Cato's sister also, was yet more ill-conducted; for being married to Lucullus, one of the greatest men in Rome, and having brought him a son, she was afterwards divorced for incontinency. But what was worst of all, Cato's own wife Atilia was not free from the same fault; and after she had borne him two children, he was forced to put her away for her misconduct. After that, he married Marcia, the daughter of Philippus, a woman of good reputation, who yet has occasioned much discourse; and the life of Cato, like a dramatic piece, has this one scene or passage full of perplexity and doubtful meaning.

It is thus related by Thrasea, who refers to the authority of Munatius, Cato's friend and constant companion. Among many that loved and admired Cato, some were more remarkable and conspicuous than others. Of these was Quintus Hortensius, a man of high repute and approved virtue, who desired not only to live in friendship and familiarity with Cato, but also to unite his whole house and family with him by some sort or other of alliance in marriage. Therefore he set himself to persuade Cato that his daughter Porcia, who was already married to Bibulus, and had borne him two children, might nevertheless be given to him, as a fair plot of land, to bear fruit also for him. "For," said he, "though this in the opinion of men may seem strange, yet in nature it is honest, and profit-

able for the public that a woman in the prime of her youth should not lie useless, and lose the fruit of her womb, nor, on the other side, should burden and impoverish one man, by bringing him too many children. Also by this communication of families among worthy men, virtue would increase, and be diffused through their posterity; and the commonwealth would be united and cemented by their alliances." Yet if Bibulus would not part with his wife altogether, he would restore her as soon as she had brought him a child, whereby he might be united to both their families. Cato answered, that he loved Hortensius very well, and much approved of uniting their houses, but he thought it strange to speak of marrying his daughter, when she was already given to another. Then Hortensius, turning the discourse, did not hesitate to speak openly and ask for Cato's own wife, for she was young and fruitful, and he had already children enough. Neither can it be thought that Hortensius did this, as imagining Cato did not care for Marcia; for, it is said, she was then with child. Cato, perceiving his earnest desire, did not deny his request, but said that Philippus, the father of Marcia, ought also to be consulted. Philippus, therefore, being sent for, came; and finding they were well agreed, gave his daughter Marcia to Hortensius in the presence of Cato, who himself also assisted at the marriage. This was done at a later time, but since I was speaking of women, I thought it well to mention it now.

Lentulus and the rest of the conspirators were put to death; but Cæsar, finding so much insinuated and charged against him in the senate, betook himself to the people, and proceeded to stir up the most corrupt and dissolute elements of the state to form a party in his support. Cato, apprehensive of what might ensue, persuaded the senate to win over the poor and unprovided-for multitude by a distribution of corn, the annual charge of which amounted to twelve hundred and fifty talents. This act of humanity and kindness unquestionably dissipated the present danger. But Metellus, coming into his office of tribune, began to hold tumultuous assemblies, and had prepared a decree, that Pompey the Great should presently be called into Italy, with all his forces, to preserve the city from the danger of Catiline's conspiracy. This was the fair pretence; but the true design was to deliver all into the hands of Pompey, and to give him an absolute power. Upon this the senate was assembled, and Cato did not fall sharply upon Metellus, as he often did, but urged his advice in the most reasonable and moderate tone. At last he descended even to entreaty, and extolled the house of Metellus as having always taken part with the nobility. At this Metellus grew the more insolent, and despising Cato, as if he yielded and were afraid, let himself proceed to the most audacious menaces, openly threatening to do whatever he pleased in spite of the senate. Upon this Cato changed his countenance, his voice, and his language; and after many sharp expressions, boldly concluded that, while he lived, Pompey should never come armed into the city. The senate

thought them both extravagant, and not well in their safe senses; for the design of Metellus seemed to be mere rage and frenzy, out of excess of mischief bringing all things to ruin and confusion, and Cato's virtue looked like a kind of ecstasy of contention in the cause of what was good and just.

But when the day came for the people to give their voices for the passing this decree, and Metellus beforehand occupied the forum with armed men, strangers, gladiators, amd slaves, those that in hopes of change followed Pompey were known to be no small part of the people, and besides, they had great assistance from Cæsar, who was then prætor; and though the best and chiefest men of the city were no less offended at these proceedings than Cato, they seemed rather likely to suffer with him than able to assist him. In the meantime Cato's whole family were in extreme fear and apprehension for him; some of his friends neither ate nor slept all the night, passing the whole time in debating and perplexity; his wife and sisters also bewailed and lamented him. But he himself, void of all fear, and full of assurance, comforted and encouraged them by his own words and conversation with them. After supper he went to rest at his usual hour, and was the next day waked out of a profound sleep by Minucius Thermus, one of his colleagues. So soon as he was up, they two went together into the forum, accompanied by very few, but met by a great many, who bade them have a care of themselves. Cato, therefore, when he saw the temple of Castor and Pollux encompassed with armed men, and the steps guarded by gladiators, and at the top Metellus and Cæsar seated together, turning to his friends, "Behold," said he, "this audacious coward, who has levied a regiment of soldiers against one unarmed naked man;" and so he went on with Thermus. Those who kept the passages gave way to these two only, and would not let anybody else pass. Yet Cato taking Munatius by the hand, with much difficulty pulled him through along with him. Then going directly to Metellus and Cæsar, he sat himself down between them, to prevent their talking to one another, at which they were both amazed and confounded. And those of the honest party, observing the countenance, and admiring the high spirit and boldness of Cato, went nearer, and cried out to him to have courage, exhorting also one another to stand together, and not betray their liberty nor the defender of it.

Then the clerk took out the bill, but Cato forbade him to read it, whereupon Metellus took it, and would have read it himself, but Cato snatched the book away. Yet Metellus, having the decree by heart, began to recite it without book; but Thermus put his hand to his mouth, and stopped his speech. Metellus seeing them fully bent to withstand him, and the people cowed, and inclining to the better side, sent to his house for armed men. And on their rushing in with great noise and terror, all the rest dispersed and ran away, except Cato, who alone stood still, while

the other party threw sticks and stones at him from above, until Murena, whom he had formerly accused, came up to protect him, and holding his gown before him, cried out to them to leave off throwing; and, in fine, persuading and pulling him along, he forced him into the temple of Castor and Pollux. Metellus, now seeing the place clear, and all the adverse party fled out of the forum, thought he might easily carry his point; so he commanded the soldiers to retire, and recommencing in an orderly manner, began to proceed to passing the decree. But the other side having recovered themselves, returned very boldly, and with loud shouting, insomuch that Metellus's adherents were seized with a panic, supposing them to be coming with a reinforcement of armed men, fled every one out of the place. They being thus dispersed, Cato came in again, and confirmed the courage, and commended the resolution of the people; so that now the majority were, by all means, for deposing Metellus from his office. The senate also being assembled, gave orders once more for supporting Cato, and resisting the motion, as of a nature to excite sedition and perhaps civil war in the city.

But Metellus continued still very bold and resolute; and seeing his party stood greatly in fear of Cato, whom they looked upon as invincible, he hurried out of the senate into the forum, and assembled the people, to whom he made a bitter and invidious speech against Cato, crying out, he was forced to fly from his tyranny, and this conspiracy against Pompey; that the city would soon repent their having dishonoured so great a man. And from hence he started to go to Asia, with the intention, as would be supposed, of laying before Pompey all the injuries that were done him. Cato was highly extolled for having delivered the state from this dangerous tribuneship, and having in some measure defeated, in the person of Metellus, the power of Pompey; but he was yet more commended when, upon the senate proceeding to disgrace Metellus and depose him from his office, he altogether opposed and at length diverted the design. The common people admired his moderation and humanity, in not trampling wantonly on an enemy whom he had overthrown, and wiser men acknowledged his prudence and policy in not exasperating Pompey.

Lucullus soon after returned from the war in Asia, the finishing of which, and thereby the glory of the whole, was thus, in all appearance, taken out of his hands by Pompey. And he was also not far from losing his triumph, for Caius Memmius traduced him to the people, and threatened to accuse him; rather, however, out of love to Pompey, than for any particular enmity to him. But Cato, being allied to Lucullus, who had married his sister Servilia, and also thinking it a great injustice, opposed Memmius, thereby exposing himself to much slander and misrepresentation, insomuch that they would have turned him out of his office, pretending that he used his power tyrannically. Yet at length Cato so far prevailed against Memmius that he was forced to let fall the accusations, and abandon the con-

test. And Lucullus having thus obtained his triumph, yet more sedulously cultivated Cato's friendship, which he looked upon as a great guard and defence for him against Pompey's power.

And now Pompey also returning with glory from the war, and confiding in the good-will of the people, shown in their splendid reception of him, thought he should be denied nothing, and sent therefore to the senate to put off the assembly for the election of consuls, till he could be present to assist Piso, who stood for that office. To this most of the senators were disposed to yield; Cato only not so much thinking that this delay would be of great importance, but, desiring to cut down at once Pompey's high expectations and designs, withstood his request, and so overruled the senate that it was carried against him. And this not a little disturbed Pompey, who found he should very often fail in his projects unless he could bring over Cato to his interest. He sent, therefore, for Munatius, his friend; and Cato having two nieces that were marriageable, he offered to marry the eldest himself, and take the youngest for his son. Some say they were not his nieces, but his daughters. Munatius proposed the matter to Cato, in presence of his wife and sisters; the women were full of joy at the prospect of an alliance with so great and important a person. But Cato, without delay or balancing, forming his decision at once, answered, "Go, Munatius, go and tell Pompey that Cato is not assailable on the side of the women's chamber; I am grateful indeed for the intended kindness, and so long as his actions are upright, I promise him a friendship more sure than any marriage alliance, but I will not give hostages to Pompey's glory against my country's safety." This answer was very much against the wishes of the women, and to all his friends it seemed somewhat harsh and haughty. But afterwards, when Pompey, endeavouring to get the consulship for one of his friends, gave pay to the people for their votes, and the bribery was notorious, the money being counted out in Pompey's own gardens, Cato then said to the women, they must necessarily have been concerned in the contamination of these misdeeds of Pompey, if they had been allied to his family; and they acknowledged that he did best in refusing it. Yet if we may judge by the event, Cato was much to blame in rejecting that alliance, which thereby fell to Cæsar. And then that match was made, which, uniting his and Pompey's power, had well-nigh ruined the Roman empire, and did destroy the commonwealth. Nothing of which, perhaps, had come to pass, but that Cato was too apprehensive of Pompey's least faults, and did not consider how he forced him into conferring on another man the opportunity of committing the greatest.

These things, however, were yet to come. Lucullus and Pompey, meantime, had a great dispute concerning their orders and arrangements in Pontus, each endeavouring that his own ordinances might stand. Cato took part with Lucullus, who was manifestly suffering wrong; and Pom-

pey, finding himself the weaker in the senate, had recourse to the people, and to gain votes he proposed a law for dividing the lands among the soldiers. Cato opposing him in this also made the bill be rejected. Upon this he joined himself with Clodius, at that time the most violent of all the demagogues, and entered also into friendship with Cæsar, upon an occasion of which also Cato was the cause. For Cæsar, returning from his government in Spain, at the same time sued to be chosen consul, and yet desired not to lose his triumph. Now the law requiring that those who stood for any office should be present, and yet that whoever expected a triumph should continue without the walls, Cæsar requested the senate that his friends might be permitted to canvass for him in his absence. Many of the senators were willing to consent to it, but Cato opposed it, and perceiving them inclined to favour Cæsar, spent the whole day in speaking, and so prevented the senate from coming to any conclusion. Cæsar, therefore, resolving to let fall his pretensions to the triumph, came into the town, and immediately made a friendship with Pompey, and stood for the consulship. As soon as he was declared consul elect, he married his daughter Julia to Pompey. And having thus combined themselves together against the commonwealth, the one proposed laws for dividing the lands among the poor people, and the other was present to support the proposals. Lucullus, Cicero, and their friends, joined with Bibulus, the other consul, to hinder their passing, and, foremost of them all, Cato, who already looked upon the friendship and alliance of Pompey and Cæsar as very dangerous, declared he did not so much dislike the advantage the people should get by this division of the lands, as he feared the reward these men would gain, by thus courting and cozening the people. And in this he gained over the senate to his opinion, as likewise many who were not senators, who were offended at Caesar's ill conduct, that he, in the office of consul, should thus basely and dishonourably flatter the people; practising, to win their favour, the same means that were wont to be used only by the most rash and rebellious tribunes. Cæsar, therefore, and his party, fearing they should not carry it by fair dealing, fell to open force. First a basket of dung was thrown upon Bibulus as he was going to the forum; then they set upon his lictors and broke their rods; at length several darts were thrown, and many men wounded; so that all that were against those laws fled out of the forum, the rest with what haste they could, and Cato, last of all, walking out slowly, often turning back and calling down vengeance upon them.

Thus the other party not only carried their point of dividing the lands, but also ordained that all the senate should swear to confirm this law, and to defend it against whoever should attempt to alter it, inflicting great penalties on those that should refuse the oath. All these senators, seeing the necessity they were in, took the oath, remembering the example of Metellus in old time, who, refusing to swear upon the like occasion,

was forced to leave Italy. As for Cato, his wife and children with tears besought him, his friends and familiars persuaded and entreated him, to yield and take the oath; but he that principally prevailed with him was Cicero, the orator, who urged upon him that it was perhaps not even right in itself, that a private man should oppose what the public had decreed; that the thing being already past altering, it were folly and madness to throw himself into danger without the chance of doing his country any good; it would be the greatest of all evils to embrace, as it were, the opportunity to abandon the commonwealth, for whose sake he did everything, and to let it fall into the hands of those who designed nothing but its ruin, as if he were glad to be saved from the trouble of defending it. "For," said he, "though Cato have no need of Rome, yet Rome has need of Cato, and so likewise have all his friends." Of whom Cicero professed he himself was the chief, being at that time aimed at by Clodius, who openly threatened to fall upon him, as soon as ever he should get to be tribune. Thus Cato, they say, moved by the entreaties and the arguments of his friends, went unwillingly to take the oath, which he did the last of all, except only Favonius, one of his intimate acquaintance.

Cæsar, exalted with this success, proposed another law, for dividing almost all the country of Campania among the poor and needy citizens. Nobody durst speak against it but Cato, whom Cæsar therefore pulled from the rostra and dragged to prison: yet Cato did not even thus remit his freedom of speech, but as he went along continued to speak against the law, and advised the people to put down all legislators who proposed the like. The senate and the best of the citizens followed him with sad and dejected looks, showing their grief and indignation by their silence, so that Cæsar could not be ignorant how much they were offended; but for contention's sake he still persisted, expecting Cato should either supplicate him, or make an appeal. But when he saw that he did not so much as think of doing either, ashamed of what he was doing and of what people thought of it, he himself privately bade one of the tribunes interpose and procure his release. However, having won the multitude by these laws and gratifications, they decreed that Cæsar should have the government of Illyricum, and all Gaul, with an army of four legions, for the space of five years, though Cato still cried out they were, by their own vote, placing a tyrant in their citadel. Publius Clodius, a patrician, who illegally became a plebeian, was declared tribune of the people, as he had promised to do all things according to their pleasure, on condition he might banish Cicero. And for consuls, they set up Calpurnius Piso, the father of Cæsar's wife, and Aulus Gabinius, one of Pompey's creatures, as they tell us, who best knew his life and manners.

Yet when they had thus firmly established all things, having mastered one part of the city by favour, and the other by fear, they themselves were still afraid of Cato, and remembered with vexation what pains and

trouble their success over him had cost them, and indeed what shame and disgrace, when at last they were driven to use violence to him. This made Clodius despair of driving Cicero out of Italy while Cato stayed at home. Therefore, having first laid his design, as soon as he came into his office, he sent for Cato, and told him that he looked upon him as the most incorrupt of all the Romans, and was ready to show he did so. "For whereas," said he, "many have applied to be sent to Cyprus on the commission in the case of Ptolemy and have solicited to have the appointment, I think you alone are deserving of it, and I desire to give you the favour of the appointment." Cato at once cried out it was a mere design upon him, and no favour, but an injury. Then Clodius proudly and fiercely answered, "If you will not take it as a kindness, you shall go, though never so unwillingly;" and immediately going into the assembly of the people he made them pass a decree, that Cato should be sent to Cyprus. But they ordered him neither ship, nor soldier, nor any attendant, except two secretaries, one of whom was a thief and a rascal, and the other a retainer to Clodius. Besides, as if Cyprus and Ptolemy were not work sufficient, he was ordered also to restore the refugees of Byzantium. For Clodius was resolved to keep him far enough off whilst himself continued tribune.

Cato, being in this necessity of going away, advised Cicero, who was next to be set upon, to make no resistance, lest he should throw the state into civil war and confusion, but to give way to the times, and thus become once more the preserver of his country. He himself sent forward Canidius, one of his friends, to Cyprus, to persuade Ptolemy to yield, without being forced; which if he did, he should want neither riches nor honour, for the Romans would give him the priesthood of the goddess at Paphos. He himself stayed at Rhodes, making some preparations, and expecting an answer from Cyprus. In the meantime, Ptolemy, King of Egypt, who had left Alexandria, upon some quarrel between him and his subjects, and was sailing for Rome, in hopes that Pompey and Cæsar would send troops to restore him, in his way thither desired to see Cato, to whom he sent, supposing he would come to him. Cato had taken purging medicine at the time when the messenger came, and made answer, that Ptolemy had better come to him, if he thought fit. And when he came, he neither went forward to meet him, nor so much as rose up to him, but saluting him as an ordinary person, bade him sit down. This at once threw Ptolemy into some confusion, who was surprised to see such stern and haughty manners in one who made so plain and unpretending an appearance; but afterwards, when he began to talk about his affairs, he was no less astonished at the wisdom and freedom of his discourse. For Cato blamed his conduct, and pointed out to him what honour and happiness he was abandoning, and what humiliations and troubles he would run himself into; what bribery he must resort to, and what cupidity

he would have to satisfy when he came to the leading men at Rome, whom all Egypt turned into silver would scarcely content. He therefore advised him to return home, and be reconciled to his subjects, offering to go along with him, and assist him in composing the differences. And by this language Ptolemy being brought to himself, as it might be out of a fit of madness or delirium, and discerning the truth and wisdom of what Cato said, resolved to follow his advice; but he was again over-persuaded by his friends to the contrary, and so, according to his first design, went to Rome. When he came there, and was forced to wait at the gate of one of the magistrates, he began to lament his folly in having rejected, rather, as it seemed to him, the oracle of a god than the advice merely of a good and wise man.

In the meantime, the other Ptolemy, in Cyprus, very luckily for Cato, poisoned himself. It was reported he had left great riches; therefore, Cato designing to go first to Byzantium, sent his nephew Brutus to Cyprus, as he would not wholly trust Canidius. Then, having reconciled the refugees and the people of Byzantium, he left the city in peace and quietness; and so sailed to Cyprus, where he found a royal treasure of plate, tables, precious stones and purple, all which was to be turned into ready money. And being determined to do everything with the greatest exactness, and to raise the price of everything to the utmost, to this end he was always present at selling the things, and went carefully into all the accounts. Nor would he trust to the usual customs of the market, but looked doubtfully upon all alike, the officers, criers, purchasers, and even his own friends; and so in fine he himself talked with the buyers, and urged them to bid high, and conducted in this manner the greatest part of the sales.

This mistrustfulness offended most of his friends, and in particular, Munatius, the most intimate of them all, became almost irreconcilable. And this afforded Cæsar the subject of his severest censures in the book he wrote against Cato. Yet Munatius himself relates, that the quarrel was not so much occasioned by Cato's mistrust, as by his neglect of him, and by his own jealousy of Canidius. For Munatius also wrote a book concerning Cato, which is the chief authority followed by Thrasea. Munatius says, that coming to Cyprus after the other, and having a very poor lodging provided for him, he went to Cato's house, but was not admitted, because he was engaged in private with Canidius; of which he afterwards complained in very gentle terms to Cato, but received a very harsh answer, that too much love, according to Theophrastus, often causes hatred; "and you," he said, "because you bear me much love, think you receive too little honour, and presently grow angry. I employ Canidius on account of his industry and his fidelity; he has been with me from the first, and I have found him to be trusted." These things were said in private between them two; but Cato afterwards told Canidius what had passed, on being informed of which, Munatius would no more go to sup with him,

and when he was invited to give his counsel, refused to come. Then Cato threatened to seize his goods, as was the custom in the case of those who were disobedient; but Munatius not regarding his threats, returned to Rome, and continued a long time thus discontented. But afterwards, when Cato was come back also, Marcia, who as yet lived with him, contrived to have them both invited to sup together at the house of one Barca; Cato came in last of all, when the rest were laid down, and asked, where he should be. Barca answered him, where he pleased; then looking about, he said he would be near Munatius, and went and placed himself next to him; yet he showed him no other mark of kindness all the time they were at table together. But another time, at the entreaty of Marcia, Cato wrote to Munatius that he desired to speak with him. Munatius went to his house in the morning, and was kept by Marcia till all the company was gone; then Cato came, threw both his arms about him, and embraced him very kindly, and they were reconciled. I have the more fully related this passage, for that I think the manners and tempers of men are more clearly discovered by things of this nature, than by great and conspicuous actions.

Cato got together little less than seven thousand talents of silver; but apprehensive of what might happen in so long a voyage by sea, he provided a great many coffers that held two talents and five hundred drachmas apiece; to each of these he fastened a long rope, and to the other end of the rope a piece of cork, so that if the ship should miscarry, it might be discovered whereabout the chests lay under water. Thus all the money, except a very little, was safely transported. But he had made two books, in which all the accounts of his commission were carefully written out, and neither of these was preserved. For his freedman Philargyrus, who had the charge of one of them, setting sail from Cenchreæ, was lost, together with the ship and all her freight. And the other Cato himself kept safe till he came to Corcyra, but there he set up his tent in the marketplace, and the sailors, being very cold in the night, made a great many fires, some of which caught the tents, so that they were burnt, and the book lost. And though he had brought with him several of Ptolemy's stewards, who could testify to his integrity, and stop the mouths of enemies and false accusers, yet the loss annoyed him, and he was vexed with himself about the matter, as he had designed them not so much for a proof of his own fidelity, as for a pattern of exactness to others.

The news did not fail to reach Rome that he was coming up the river. All the magistrates, the priests, and the whole senate, with great part of the people, went out to meet him; both the banks of the Tiber were covered with people; so that his entrance was in solemnity and honour not inferior to a triumph. But it was thought somewhat strange, and looked like wilfulness and pride, that when the consuls and prætors ap-

peared, he did not disembark, nor stay to salute them, but rowed up the stream in a royal galley of six banks of oars, and stopped not till he brought his vessels to the dock. However, when the money was carried through the streets, the people much wondered at the vast quantity of it, and the senate being assembled, decreed him in honourable terms an extraordinary prætorship, and also the privilege of appearing at the public spectacles in a robe faced with purple. Cato declined all these honours, but declaring what diligence and fidelity he had found in Nicias, the steward of Ptolemy, he requested the senate to give him his freedom.

Philippus, the father of Marcia, was that year consul, and the authority and power of the office rested in a manner in Cato; for the other consul paid him no less regard for his virtue's sake than Philippus did on account of the connection between them. And Cicero, now being returned from his banishment, into which he was driven by Clodius, and having again obtained great credit among the people, went, in the absence of Clodius, and by force took away the records of his tribuneship, which had been laid up in the capitol. Hereupon the senate was assembled and Clodius complained of Cicero, who answered, that Clodius was never legally tribune, and therefore whatever he had done was void, and of no authority. But Cato interrupted him while he spoke, and at last standing up said, that indeed he in no way justified or approved of Clodius's proceedings: but if they questioned the validity of what had been done in his tribuneship, they might also question what himself had done at Cyprus, for the expedition was unlawful, if he that sent him had no lawful authority: for himself, he thought Clodius was legally made tribune, who, by permission of the law, was from a patrician adopted into a plebeian family; if he had done ill in his office, he ought to be called to account for it; but the authority of the magistracy ought not to suffer for the faults of the magistrate. Cicero took this ill, and for a long time discontinued his friendship with Cato; but they were afterwards reconciled.

Pompey and Crassus, by agreement with Cæsar, who crossed the Alps to see them, had formed a design, that they two should stand to be chosen consuls a second time, and when they should be in their office, they would continue to Cæsar his government for five years more, and take to themselves the greatest provinces, with armies and money to maintain them. This seemed a plain conspiracy to subvert the constitution and parcel out the empire. Several men of high character had intended to stand to be consuls that year, but upon the appearance of these great competitors, they all desisted, except only Lucius Domitius, who had married Porcia, the sister of Cato, and was by him persuaded to stand it out, and not abandon such an undertaking, which, he said, was not merely to gain the consulship, but to save the liberty of Rome. In the meantime, it was the common topic among the more prudent part of the citizens, that they ought not to suffer the power of Pompey and Crassus to be united, which

would then be carried beyond all bounds, and become dangerous to the state; that therefore one of them must be denied. For these reasons they took part with Domitius, whom they exhorted and encouraged to go on, assuring him that many who feared openly to appear for him, would privately assist him. Pompey's party fearing this, laid wait for Domitius, and set upon him as he was going before daylight, with torches, into the Field. First, he that bore the light next before Domitius was knocked down and killed; then several others being wounded, all the rest fled, except Cato and Domitius, whom Cato held, though himself were wounded in the arm, and crying out, conjured the others to stay, and not, while they had any breath, forsake the defence of their liberty against those tyrants, who plainly showed with what moderation they were likely to use the power which they endeavoured to gain by such violence. But at length Domitius, also, no longer willing to face the danger, fled to his own house, and so Pompey and Crassus were declared elected.

Nevertheless, Cato would not give over, but resolved to stand himself to be prætor that year, which he thought would be some help to him in his design of opposing them; that he might not act as a private man, when he was to contend with public magistrates. Pompey and Crassus apprehended this; and fearing that the office of prætor in the person of Cato might be equal in authority to that of consul, they assembled the senate unexpectedly, without giving notice to a great many of the senators, and made an order, that those who were chosen prætors should immediately enter upon their office, without attending the usual time, in which, according to law, they might be accused, if they had corrupted the people with gifts. When by this order they had got leave to bribe freely, without being called to account, they set up their own friends and dependants to stand for the prætorship, giving money, and watching the people as they voted. Yet the virtue and reputation of Cato was like to triumph over all these stratagems; for the people generally felt it to be shameful that a price should be paid for the rejection of Cato, who ought rather to be paid himself to take upon him the office. So he carried it by the voices of the first tribe. Hereupon Pompey immediately framed a lie, crying out, it thundered; and straight broke up the assembly, for the Romans religiously observed this as a bad omen, and never concluded any matter after it had thundered. Before the next time, they had distributed larger bribes, and driving also the best men out of the Field, by these foul means they procured Vatinius to be chosen prætor, instead of Cato. It is said, that those who had thus corruptly and dishonestly given their voices hurried, as if it were in flight, out of the Field. The others staying together, and exclaiming at the event, one of the tribunes continued the assembly, and Cato standing up, as it were by inspiration, foretold all the miseries that afterwards befell the state, exhorted them to beware of Pompey and Crassus, who were guilty of such things, and had laid such designs, that they

might well fear to have Cato prætor. When he had ended this speech, he was followed to his house by a greater number of people than all the new prætors elect put together.

Caius Trebonius now proposed the law for allotting provinces to the consuls, one of whom was to have Spain and Africa, the other Egypt and Syria, with full power of making war, and carrying it on both by sea and land, as they should think fit. When this was proposed, all others despaired of putting any stop to it, and neither did nor said anything against it. But Cato, before the voting began, went up into the place of speaking, and desiring to be heard, was with much difficulty allowed two hours to speak. Having spent that time in informing them and reasoning with them, and in foretelling to them much that was to come, he was not suffered to speak any longer; but as he was going on, a serjeant came and pulled him down; yet when he was down, he still continued speaking in a loud voice, and finding many to listen to him, and join in his indignation. Then the serjeant took him, and forced him out of the forum; but as soon as he got loose, he returned again to the place of speaking, crying out to the people to stand by him. When he had done thus several times, Trebonius grew very angry, and commanded him to be carried to prison; but the multitude followed him, and listened to the speech which he made to them as he went along; so that Trebonius began to be afraid again, and ordered him to be released. Thus that day was expended, and the business staved off by Cato. But in the days succeeding, many of the citizens being overawed by fears and threats, and others won by gifts and favours, Aquillius, one of the tribunes, they kept by an armed force within the senate-house; Cato, who cried it thundered, they drove out of the forum; many were wounded, and some slain; and at length by open force they passed the law. At this many were so incensed that they got together and were going to throw down the statues of Pompey; but Cato went and diverted them from that design.

Again, another law was proposed, concerning the provinces and legions of Cæsar. Upon this occasion Cato did not apply himself to the people, but appealed to Pompey himself; and told him, he did not consider now that he was setting Cæsar upon his own shoulders, who would shortly grow too weighty for him; and at length, not able to lay down the burden, not yet to bear it any longer, he would precipitate both it and himself with it upon the commonwealth; and then he would remember Cato's advice, which was no less advantageous to him than just and honest in itself. Thus was Pompey often warned, but still disregarded and slighted it, never mistrusting Cæsar's change, and always confiding in his own power and good fortune.

Cato was made prætor the following year; but, it seems, he did not do more honour and credit to the office by his signal integrity than he disgraced and diminished it by his strange behaviour. For he would often

come to the court without his shoes, and sit upon the bench without any undergarment, and in this attire would give judgment in capital causes, and upon persons of the highest rank. It is said, also, he used to drink wine after his morning meal, and then transact the business of his office; but this was wrongfully reported of him. The people were at that time extremely corrupted by the gifts of those who sought offices, and most made a constant trade of selling their voices. Cato was eager utterly to root this corruption out of the commonwealth; he therefore persuaded the senate to make an order, that those who were chosen into any office, though nobody should accuse them, should be obliged to come into the court, and give account upon oath of their proceedings in their election. This was extremely obnoxious to those who stood for the offices, and yet more to those vast numbers who took the bribes. Insomuch that one morning, as Cato was going to the tribunal, a great multitude of people flocked together, and with loud cries and maledictions reviled him, and threw stones at him. Those that were about the tribunal presently fled, and Cato himself being forced thence, and jostled about in the throng, very narrowly escaped the stones that were thrown at him, and with much difficulty got hold of the rostra; where, standing up with a bold and undaunted countenance, he at once mastered the tumult, and silenced the clamour; and addressing them in fit terms for the occasion, was heard with great attention, and perfectly quelled the sedition. Afterwards, on the senate commending him for this, "But I," said he, "do not commend you for abandoning your prætor in danger, and bringing him no assistance."

In the meantime, the candidates were in great perplexity; for every one dreaded to give money himself, and yet feared lest his competitors should. At length they agreed to lay down one hundred and twenty-five thousand drachmas apiece, and then all of them to canvass fairly and honestly, on condition, that if any one was found to make use of bribery he should forfeit the money. Being thus agreed, they chose Cato to keep the stakes, and arbitrate the matter; to him they brought the sum concluded on, and before him subscribed the agreement. The money he did not choose to have paid for them, but took their securities who stood bound for them. Upon the day of election, he placed himself by the tribune who took the votes, and very watchfully observing all that passed, he discovered one who had broken the agreement, and immediately ordered him to pay his money to the rest. They, however, commending his justice highly, remitted the penalty, as thinking the discovery a sufficient punishment. It raised, however, as much envy against Cato as it gained him reputation, and many were offended at his thus taking upon himself the whole authority of the senate, the courts of judicature, and the magistracies. For there is no virtue, the honour and credit for which procures a man more odium than that of justice; and this, because more than any other, it acquires a man power and authority among the common people. For they

only honour the valiant and admire the wise, while in addition they also love just men, and put entire trust and confidence in them. They fear the bold man, and mistrust the clever man, and moreover think them rather beholding to their natural complexion, than to any goodness of their will, for these excellences; they look upon valour as a certain natural strength of the mind, and wisdom as a constitutional acuteness; whereas a man has it in his power to be just, if he have but the will to be so, and therefore injustice is thought the most dishonourable, because it is least excusable.

Cato upon this account was opposed by all the great men, who thought themselves reproved by his virtue. Pompey especially looked upon the increase of Cato's credit as the ruin of his own power, and therefore continually set up men to rail against him. Among these was the seditious Clodius, now again united to Pompey, who declared openly, that Cato had conveyed away a great deal of the treasure that was found in Cyprus; and that he hated Pompey only because he refused to marry his daughter. Cato answered, that although they had allowed him neither horse nor man, he had brought more treasure from Cyprus alone, than Pompey had, after so many wars and triumphs, from the ransacked world; that he never sought the alliance of Pompey; not that he thought him unworthy of being related to him, but because he differed so much from him in things that concerned the commonwealth. "For," said he, "I laid down the province that was given me, when I went out of my prætorship; Pompey, on the contrary, retains many provinces for himself, and he bestows many on others; and but now he sent Cæsar a force of six thousand men into Gaul, which Cæsar never asked the people for, nor had Pompey obtained their consent to give. Men, and horse, and arms, in any number, are become the mutual gifts of private men to one another; and Pompey, keeping the titles of commander and general, hands over the armies and provinces to others to govern, while he himself stays at home to preside at the contests of the canvass, and to stir up tumults at elections; out of the anarchy he thus creates amongst us, seeking, we see well enough, a monarchy for himself." Thus he retorted on Pompey.

He had an intimate friend and admirer of the name of Marcus Favonius, much the same to Cato as we are told Apollodorus, the Phalerian, was in old time to Socrates, whose words used to throw him into perfect transports and ecstasies, getting into his head, like strong wine, and intoxicating him to a sort of frenzy. This Favonius stood to be chosen ædile, and was like to lose it; but Cato, who was there to assist him, observed that all the votes were written in one hand, and discovering the cheat, appealed to the tribunes, who stopped the election. Favonius was afterwards chosen ædile, and Cato, who assisted him in all things that belonged to his office, also undertook the care of the spectacles that were exhibited in the theatre; giving the actors crowns, not of gold, but of wild olive, such as used to be given at the Olympic games; and instead of the magnificent

presents that were usually made, he offered the Greeks beet root, lettuces, radishes, and pears; and to the Romans earthen pots of wine, pork, figs, cucumbers, and little faggots of wood. Some ridiculed Cato for his economy, others looked with respect on this gentle relaxation of his usual rigour and austerity. In fine, Favonius himself mingled with the crowd, and sitting among the spectators, clapped and applauded Cato, bade him bestow rewards on those who did well, and called on the people to pay their honours to him, as for himself he had placed his whole authority in Cato's hands. At the same time, Curio, the colleague of Favonius, gave very magnificent entertainments in another theatre; but the people left his, and went to those of Favonius, which they much applauded, and joined heartily in the diversion, seeing him act the private man, and Cato the master of the shows, who, in fact, did all this in derision of the great expenses that others incurred, and to teach them, that in amusements men ought to seek amusement only, and the display of a decent cheerfulness, not great preparations and costly magnificence, demanding the expenditure of endless care and trouble about things of little concern.

After this, Scipio, Hypsæus, and Milo, stood to be consuls, and that not only with the usual and now recognised disorders of bribery and corruption, but with arms and slaughter, and every appearance of carrying their audacity and desperation to the length of actual civil war. Whereupon it was proposed that Pompey might be empowered to preside over that election. This Cato at first opposed, saying that the laws ought not to seek protection from Pompey, but Pompey from the laws. Yet the confusion lasting a long time, the forum continually, as it were, besieged with three armies, and no possibility appearing of a stop being put to these disorders, Cato at length agreed that, rather than fall into the last extremity, the senate should freely confer all on Pompey; since it was necessary to make use of a lesser illegality as a remedy against the greatest of all, and better to set up a monarchy themselves than to suffer a sedition to continue that must certainly end in one. Bibulus, therefore, a friend of Cato's, moved the senate to create Pompey sole consul; for that either he would re-establish the lawful government, or they should serve under the best master. Cato stood up, and, contrary to all expectation, seconded this motion, concluding that any government was better than mere confusion, and that he did not question but Pompey would deal honourably, and take care of the commonwealth thus committed to his charge. Pompey being hereupon declared consul, invited Cato to see him in the suburbs. When he came, he saluted and embraced him very kindly, acknowledged the favour he had done him, and desired his counsel and assistance, in the management of this office. Cato made answer, that what he had spoken on any former occasion was not out of hate to Pompey, nor what he had now done out of love to him, but all for the good of the commonwealth; that in private, if he asked him, he would freely give his advice; and in

public, though he asked him not, he would always speak his opinion. And he did accordingly. For first, when Pompey made severe laws, for punishing and laying great fines on those who had corrupted the people with gifts, Cato advised him to let alone what was already passed, and to provide for the future; for if he should look up past misdemeanours, it would be difficult to know where to stop; and if he would ordain new penalties, it would be unreasonable to punish men by a law, which at that time they had not the opportunity of breaking. Afterwards, when many considerable men, and some of Pompey's own relations, were accused, and he grew remiss, and disinclined to the prosecution, Cato sharply reproved him, and urged him to proceed. Pompey had made a law, also, to forbid the custom of making commendatory orations in behalf of those that were accused; yet he himself wrote one for Munatius Plancus, and sent it while the cause was pleading; upon which Cato, who was sitting as one of the judges, stopped his ears with his hands, and would not hear it read. Whereupon Plancus, before sentence was given, excepted against him, but was condemned notwithstanding. And indeed Cato was a great trouble and perplexity to almost all that were accused of anything, as they feared to have him one of their judges, yet did not dare to demand his exclusion. And many had been condemned because, by refusing him, they seemed to show that they could not trust to their own innocence; and it was a reproach thrown in the teeth of some by their enemies, that they had not accepted Cato for their judge.

In the meanwhile, Cæsar kept close with his forces in Gaul, and continued in arms; and at the same time employed his gifts, his riches, and his friends above all things, to increase his power in the city. And now Cato's old admonitions began to rouse Pompey out of the negligent security in which he lay, into a sort of imagination of danger at hand; but seeing him slow and unwilling, and timorous to undertake any measures of prevention against Cæsar, Cato resolved himself to stand for the consulship, and presently force Cæsar either to lay down his arms or discover his intentions. Both Cato's competitors were persons of good position; Sulpicius, who was one, owed much to Cato's credit and authority in the city, and it was thought unhandsome and ungratefully done, to stand against him; not that Cato himself took it ill, "For it is no wonder," said he, "if a man will not yield to another, in that which he esteems the greatest good." He had persuaded the senate to make an order, that those who stood for offices should themselves ask the people for their votes, and not solicit by others, not take others about with them to speak for them, in their canvass. And this made the common people very hostile to him, if they were to lose not only the means of receiving money, but also the opportunity of obliging several persons, and so to become by his means both poor and less regarded. Besides this, Cato himself was by nature altogether unfit for the business of canvassing, as he was more anxious to

sustain the dignity of his life and character than to obtain the office. Thus by following his own way of soliciting, and not suffering his friends to do those things which take away the multitude, he was rejected and lost the consulship.

But whereas, upon such occasions, not only those who missed the office, but even their friends and relations, used to feel themselves disgraced and humiliated, and observed a sort of mourning for several days after, Cato took it so unconcernedly that he anointed himself, and played at ball in the field, and after breakfasting, went into the forum, as he used to do, without his shoes or his tunic, and there walked about with his acquaintance. Cicero blames him, for that when affairs required such a consul, he would not take more pains, nor condescend to pay some court to the people, as also because that he afterwards neglected to try again; whereas he had stood a second time to be chosen prætor. Cato answered that he lost the prætorship the first time, not by the voice of the people, but by the violence and corrupt dealing of his adversaries; whereas in the election of consuls there had been no foul play. So that he plainly saw the people did not like his manners, which an honest man ought not to alter for their sake; nor yet would a wise man attempt the same thing again, while liable to the same prejudices.

Cæsar was at this time engaged with many warlike nations, and was subduing them at great hazards. Among the rest, if was believed he had set upon the Germans, in a time of truce, and had thus slain three hundred thousand of them. Upon which, some of his friends moved the senate for a public thanksgiving; but Cato declared they ought to deliver Cæsar into the hands of those who had been thus unjustly treated, and so expiate the offence and not bring a curse upon the city; "Yet we have reason," said he, "to thank the gods, for that they spared the commonwealth, and did not take vengeance upon the army, for the madness and folly of the general." Hereupon Cæsar wrote a letter to the senate which was read openly, and was full of reproachful language and accusations against Cato; who, standing up, seemed not at all concerned, and without any heat or passion, but in a calm and, as it were, premeditated discourse, made all Cæsar's charges against him show like mere common scolding and abuse, and in fact a sort of pleasantry and play on Cæsar's part; and proceeding then to go into all Cæsar's political courses, and to explain and reveal (as though he had been not his constant opponent, but his fellow-conspirator) his whole conduct and purpose from its commencement, he concluded by telling the senate, it was not the sons of the Britons or the Gauls they need fear, but Cæsar himself, if they were wise. And this discourse so moved and awakened the senate, that Cæsar's friends repented they had had a letter read, which had given Cato an opportunity of saying so many reasonable things, and such severe truths against him. However, nothing was then decided upon; it was merely said,

that it would be well to send him a successor. Upon that, Cæsar's friends required that Pompey also should lay down his arms, and resign his provinces, or else that Cæsar might not be obliged to either. Then Cato cried out, what he had foretold was come to pass; now it was manifest he was using his forces to compel their judgment, and was turning against the state those armies he had got from it by imposture and trickery. But out of the senate-house Cato could do but little, as the people were ever ready to magnify Cæsar; and the senate, though convinced by Cato, were afraid of the people.

But when the news was brought that Cæsar had seized Ariminum, and was marching with his army toward Rome, then all men, even Pompey, and the common people too, cast their eyes on Cato, who had alone foreseen and first clearly declared Cæsar's intentions. He therefore told them, "If you had believed me, or regarded my advice, you would not now have been reduced to stand in fear of one man, or to put all your hopes in one alone." Pompey acknowledged that Cato indeed had spoken most like a prophet, while he himself had acted too much like a friend. And Cato advised the senate to put all into the hands of Pompey; "For those who can raise up great evils," said he, "can best allay them."

Pompey, finding he had not sufficient forces, and that those he could raise were not very resolute, forsook the city. Cato, resolving to follow Pompey into exile, sent his younger son to Munatius, who was then in the country of Brutium, and took his eldest son with him; but wanting somebody to keep his house and take care of his daughters, he took Marcia again, who was now a rich widow, Hortensius being dead, and having left her all his estate. Cæsar afterward made use of this action also, to reproach him with covetousness, and a mercenary design in his marriage. "For," said he, "if he had need of a wife why did he part with her? And if he had not, why did he take her again? Unless he gave her only as a bait to Hortensius; and lent her when she was young, to have her again when she was rich." But in answer to this, we might fairly apply the saying of Euripides —

"To speak of mysteries — the chief of these
Surely were cowardice in Hercules."

For it is much the same thing to reproach Hercules for cowardice, and to accuse Cato of covetousness; though otherwise, whether he did altogether right in this marriage, might be disputed. As soon, however, as he had again taken Marcia, he committed his house and his daughters to her, and himself followed Pompey. And it is said, that from that day he never cut his hair, nor shaved his beard, nor wore a garland, but was always full of sadness, grief, and dejectedness for the calamities of his country, and continually showed the same feeling to the last, whatever party had misfortune or success.

The government of Sicily being allotted to him, he passed over to Syracuse; where, understanding that Asinius Pollio was arrived at Messena, with forces from the enemy, Cato sent to him, to know the reason of his coming thither: Pollio, on the other side, called upon him to show reason for the present convulsions. And being at the same time informed how Pompey had quite abandoned Italy, and lay encamped at Dyrrhachium, he spoke of the strangeness and incomprehensibility of the divine government of things; "Pompey, when he did nothing wisely nor honestly, was always successful; and now that he would preserve his country, and defend her liberty, he is altogether unfortunate." As for Asinius, he said, he could drive him out of Sicily, but as there were larger forces coming to his assistance, he would not engage the island in a war. He therefore advised the Syracusans to join the conquering party and provide for their own safety; and so set sail from thence.

When he came to Pompey, he uniformly gave advice to protract the war; as he always hoped to compose matters, and was by no means desirous that they should come to action; for the commonwealth would suffer extremely, and be the certain cause of its own ruin, whoever were conqueror by the sword. In like manner, he persuaded Pompey and the council to ordain that no city should be sacked that was subject to the people of Rome; and that no Roman should be killed but in the heat of battle; and hereby he got himself great honour, and brought over many to Pompey's party, whom his moderation and humanity attracted. Afterwards being sent into Asia, to assist those who were raising men and preparing ships in those parts, he took with him his sister Servilia, and a little boy whom she had by Lucullus. For since her widowhood, she had lived with her brother, and much recovered her reputation, having put herself under his care, followed him in his voyages, and complied with his severe way of living. Yet Cæsar did not fail to asperse him upon her account also.

Pompey's officers in Asia, it seems, had no great need of Cato; but he brought over the people of Rhodes by his persuasions, and leaving his sister Servilia and her child there, he returned to Pompey, who had now collected very great forces both by sea and land. And here Pompey, more than in any other act, betrayed his intentions. For at first he designed to give Cato the command of the navy, which consisted of no less than five hundred ships of war, besides a vast number of light galleys, scouts, and open boats. But presently bethinking himself, or put in mind by his friends, that Cato's principal and only aim being to free his country from all usurpation, if he were master of such great forces, as soon as ever Cæsar should be conquered, he would certainly call upon Pompey, also, to lay down his arms, and be subject to the laws, he changed his mind, and though he had already mentioned it to Cato, nevertheless made Bibulus admiral. Notwithstanding this, he had no reason to suppose that

Cato's zeal in the cause was in any way diminished. For before one of the battles at Dyrrhachium, when Pompey himself, we are told, made an address to the soldiers and bade the officers do the like, the men listened to them but coldly and with silence, until Cato, last of all, came forward, and in the language of philosophy, spoke to them, as the occasion required, concerning liberty, manly virtue, death, and a good name; upon all which he delivered himself with strong natural passion, and concluded with calling in the aid of the gods, to whom he directed his speech, as if they were present to behold them fight for their country. And at this the army gave such a shout and showed such excitement that their officers led them on full of hope and confidence to the danger. Cæsar's party were routed and put to flight; but his presiding fortune used the advantage of Pompey's cautiousness and diffidence to render the victory incomplete. But of this we have spoken in the life of Pompey. While, however, all the rest rejoiced, and magnified their success, Cato alone bewailed his country, and cursed that fatal ambition which made so many brave Romans murder one another.

After this Pompey, following Cæsar into Thessaly, left at Dyrrhachium a quantity of munitions, money, and stores, and many of his domestics and relations; the charge of all which he gave to Cato, with the command only of fifteen cohorts. For though he trusted him much, yet he was afraid of him too, knowing full well, that if he had bad success, Cato would be the last to forsake him, but if he conquered, would never let him use his victory at his pleasure. There were, likewise, many persons of high rank that stayed with Cato at Dyrrhachium. When they heard of the overthrow at Pharsalia, Cato resolved with himself, that if Pompey were slain, he would conduct those that were with him into Italy, and then retire as far from the tyranny of Cæsar as he could, and live in exile; but if Pompey were safe, he would keep the army together for him. With this resolution he passed over to Corcyra, where the navy lay; there he would have resigned his command to Cicero, because he had been consul, and himself only a prætor: but Cicero refused it, and was going for Italy. At which Pompey's son being incensed, would rashly and in heat have punished all those who were going away, and in the first place have laid hands on Cicero; but Cato spoke with him in private, and diverted him from that design. And thus he clearly saved the life of Cicero, and rescued several others also from ill-treatment.

Conjecturing that Pompey the Great was fled toward Egypt or Africa, Cato resolved to hasten after him; and having taken all his men aboard, he set sail; but first to those who were not zealous to continue the contest, he gave free liberty to depart. When they came to the coast of Africa they met with Sextus, Pompey's younger son, who told them of the death of his father in Egypt; at which they were all exceedingly grieved, and declared that after Pompey they would follow no other leader but Cato.

Out of compassion, therefore, to so many worthy persons, who had given such testimonies of their fidelity, and whom he could not for shame leave in a desert country, amidst so many difficulties, he took upon him the command, and marched toward the city of Cyrene, which presently received him, though not long before they had shut their gates against Labienus. Here he was informed that Scipio, Pompey's father-in-law, was received by King Juba, and that Attius Varus, whom Pompey had made governor of Africa, had joined them with his forces. Cato therefore resolved to march toward them by land, it being now winter; and got together a number of asses to carry water, and furnished himself likewise with plenty of all other provision, and a number of carriages. He took also with him some of those they call Psylli, who cure the biting of serpents, by sucking out the poison with their mouths, and have likewise certain charms, by which they stupefy and lay asleep the serpents.

Thus they marched seven days together, Cato all the time going on foot at the head of his men, and never making use of any horse or chariot. Ever since the battle of Pharsalia, he used to sit at table, and added this to his other ways of mourning, that he never lay down but to sleep.

Having passed the winter in Africa, Cato drew out his army, which amounted to little less than ten thousand. The affairs of Scipio and Varus went very ill, by reason of their dissensions and quarrels among themselves, and their submissions and flatteries to King Juba, who was insupportable for his vanity, and the pride he took in his strength and riches. The first time he came to a conference with Cato, he had ordered his own seat to be placed in the middle, between Scipio and Cato; which Cato observing, took up his chair and set himself on the other side of Scipio, to whom he thus gave the honour of sitting in the middle, though he were his enemy, and had formerly published some scandalous writing against him. There are people who speak as if this were quite an insignificant matter, and who, nevertheless, find fault with Cato, because in Sicily, walking one day with Philostratus, he gave him the middle place, to show his respect for philosophy. However, he now succeeded both in humbling the pride of Juba, who was treating Scipio and Varus much like a pair of satraps under his orders, and also in reconciling them to each other. All the troops desired him to be their leader; Scipio, likewise, and Varus gave way to it, and offered him the command; but he said he would not break those laws which he sought to defend, and he, being but proprietor, ought not to command in the presence of a proconsul (for Scipio had been created proconsul), besides that people took it as a good omen to see a Scipio command in Africa, and the very name inspired the soldiers with hopes of success.

Scipio, having taken upon him the command, presently resolved, at the instigation of Juba, to put all the inhabitants of Utica to the sword, and to raze the city, for having, as they professed, taken part with Cæsar. Cato

would by no means suffer this; but invoking the gods, exclaiming and protesting against it in the council of war, he with much difficulty delivered the poor people from this cruelty. And afterwards, upon the entreaty of the inhabitants, and at the instance of Scipio, Cato took upon himself the government of Utica, lest, one way or the other, it should fall into Cæsar's hands; for it was a strong place, and very advantageous for either party. And it was yet better provided and more strongly fortified by Cato, who brought in great store of corn, repaired the walls, erected towers, and made deep trenches and palisades around the town. The young men of Utica he lodged among these works, having first taken their arms from them; the rest of the inhabitants he kept within the town, and took the greatest care that no injury should be done nor affront offered them by the Romans. From hence he sent great quantity of arms, money, and provision to the camp, and made this city their chief magazine.

He advised Scipio, as he had before done Pompey, by no means to hazard a battle against a man experienced in war, and formidable in the field, but to use delay; for time would gradually abate the violence of the crises, which is the strength of usurpation. But Scipio out of pride rejected this counsel, and wrote a letter to Cato, in which he reproached him with cowardice; and that he could not be content to lie secure himself within walls and trenches, but he must hinder others from boldly using their own good sense to seize the right opportunity. In answer to this, Cato wrote word again, that he would take the horse and foot which he had brought into Africa, and go over into Italy, to make a diversion there, and draw Cæsar off from them. But Scipio derided this proposition also. Then Cato openly let it be seen that he was sorry he had yielded the command to Scipio, who he saw would not carry on the war with any wisdom, and if, contrary to all appearance, he should succeed, he would use his success as unjustly at home. For Cato had then made up his mind, and so he told his friends, that he could have but slender hopes in those generals that had so much boldness and so little conduct; yet if anything should happen beyond expectation, and Cæsar should be overthrown, for his part he would not stay at Rome, but would retire from the cruelty and inhumanity of Scipio, who had already uttered fierce and proud threats against many.

But what Cato had looked for, fell out sooner than he expected. Late in the evening came one from the army, whence he had been three days coming, who brought word there had been a great battle near Thapsus; that all was utterly lost; Cæsar had taken the camps, Scipio and Juba were fled with a few only, and all the rest of the army was lost. This news arriving in time of war, and in the night, so alarmed the people, that they were almost out of their wits, and could scarce keep themselves within the walls of the city. But Cato came forward, and meeting the people in this hurry and clamour, did all he could to comfort and en-

courage them, and somewhat appeased the fear and amazement they were in, telling them that very likely things were not so bad in truth, but much exaggerated in the report. And so he pacified the tumult for the present. The next morning he sent for the three hundred, whom he used as his council; these were Romans, who were in Africa upon business, in commerce and money-lending; there were also several senators and their sons. They were summoned to meet in the temple of Jupiter. While they were coming together, Cato walked about very quietly and unconcerned, as if nothing new had happened. He had a book in his hand, which he was reading; in this book was an account of what provision he had for war, armour, corn, ammunition, and soldiers.

When they were assembled, he began his discourse; first, as regarded the three hundred themselves, and very much commended the courage and fidelity they had shown, and their having very well served their country with their persons, money, and counsel. Then he entreated them by no means to separate, as if each single man could hope for any safety in forsaking his companions; on the contrary, while they kept together, Cæsar would have less reason to despise them, if they fought against him, and be more forward to pardon them, if they submitted to him. Therefore he advised them to consult among themselves, not should he find fault whichever course they adopted. If they thought fit to submit to fortune, he would impute their change to necessity; but if they resolved to stand firm, and undertake the danger for the sake of liberty, he should not only commend, but admire their courage, and would himself be their leader and companion too, till they had put to the proof the utmost fortune of their country; which was not Utica or Adrumetum but Rome, and she had often, by her own greatness, raised herself after worse disasters. Besides, as there were many things that would conduce to their safety, so chiefly this, that they were to fight against one whose affairs urgently claimed his presence in various quarters. Spain was already revolted to the younger Pompey; Rome was unaccustomed to the bridle, and impatient of it, and would therefore be ready to rise in insurrection upon any turn of affairs. As for themselves, they ought not to shrink from the danger; and in this might take example from their enemy, who so freely exposes his life to effect the most unrighteous disigns, yet never can hope for so happy a conclusion as they may promise themselves; for notwithstanding the uncertainty of war, they will be sure of a most happy life if they succeed, or a most glorious death if they miscarry. However, he said, they ought to deliberate among themselves; and he joined with them in praying the gods that in recompense of their former courage and good-will, they would prosper their present determinations. When Cato had thus spoken, many were moved and encouraged by his arguments, but the greatest part were so animated by the sense of his intrepidity, generosity, and goodness, that they forgot the present danger, and as if he were the only

invincible leader, and above all fortune, they entreated him to employ their persons, arms, and estates, as he thought fit; for they esteemed it far better to meet death in following his counsel, than to find their safety in betraying one of so great virtue. One of the assembly proposed the making a decree to set the slaves at liberty; and most of the rest approved the motion. Cato said that it ought not to be done, for it was neither just nor lawful; but if any of their masters would willingly set them free, those that were fit for service should be received. Many promised so to do, whose names he ordered to be enrolled, and then withdrew.

Presently after this he received letters from Juba and Scipio. Juba, with some few of his men, was retired to a mountain, where he waited to hear what Cato would resolve upon; and intended to stay there for him, if he thought fit to leave Utica, or to come to his aid with his troops, if he were besieged. Scipio was on shipboard, near a certain promontory, not far from Utica, expecting an answer upon the same account. But Cato thought fit to retain the messengers till the three hundred should come to some resolution.

As for the senators that were there, they showed great forwardness, and at once set free their slaves, and furnished them with arms. But the three hundred being men occupied in merchandise and money-lending, much of their substance also consisting in slaves, the enthusiasm that Cato's speech had raised in them did not long continue. As there are substances that easily admit heat, and as suddenly lose it, when the fire is removed, so these men were heated and inflamed while Cato was present; but when they began to reason among themselves, the fear they had of Cæsar soon overcame their reverence for Cato and for virtue. "For who are we," said they, "and who is it we refuse to obey? Is it not that Cæsar who is now invested with all the power of Rome? and which of us is a Scipio, a Pompey, or a Cato? But now that all men make their honour give way to their fear, shall we alone engage for the liberty of Rome, and in Utica declare war against him, before whom Cato and Pompey the Great fled out of Italy? Shall we set free our slaves against Cæsar, who have ourselves no more liberty than he is pleased to allow? No, let us, poor creatures, know ourselves, submit to the victor, and send deputies to implore his mercy." Thus said the most moderate of them; but the greatest part were for seizing the senators, that by securing them they might appease Cæsar's anger. Cato, though he perceived the change, took no notice of it; but wrote to Juba and Scipio to keep away from Utica, because he mistrusted the three hundred.

A considerable body of horse, which had escaped from the late fight, riding up towards Utica, sent three men before to Cato, who yet did not all bring the same message; for one party was for going to Juba, another for joining with Cato, and some again were afraid to go into Utica. When Cato heard this, he ordered Marcus Rubrius to attend upon the three

hundred, and quietly take the names of those who, of their own accord, set their slaves at liberty, but by no means to force anybody. Then taking with him the senators, he went out of the town, and met the principal officers of these horsemen, whom he entreated not to abandon so many Roman senators, not to prefer Juba for their commander before Cato, but consult the common safety, and to come into the city, which was impregnable, and well furnished with corn and other provision, sufficient for many years. The senators likewise with tears besought them to stay. Hereupon the officers went to consult their soldiers, and Cato with the senators sat down upon an embankment, expecting their resolution. In the meantime comes Rubrius in great disorder, crying out, the three hundred were all in commotion, and exciting revolt and tumult in the city. At this all the rest fell into despair, lamenting and bewailing their condition. Cato endeavoured to comfort them, and sent to the three hundred, desiring them to have patience. Then the officers of the horse returned with no very reasonable demands. They said, they did not desire to serve Juba for his pay, nor should they fear Cæsar, while they followed Cato, but they dreaded to be shut up with the Uticans, men of traitorous temper, and Carthaginian blood; for though they were quiet at present, yet as soon as Cæsar should appear, without doubt they would conspire together, and betray the Romans. Therefore, if he expected they should join with him, he must drive out of the town or destroy all the Uticans, that he might receive them into a place clear both of enemies and barbarians. This Cato thought utterly cruel and barbarous; but he mildly answered, he would consult the three hundred.

Then he returned to the city, where he found the men, not framing excuses, or dissembling out of reverence to him, but openly declaring that no one should compel them to make war against Cæsar; which, they said, they were neither able nor willing to do. And some there were who muttered words about retaining the senators till Cæsar's coming; but Cato seemed not to hear this, as indeed he had the excuse of being a little deaf. At the same time came one to him and told him the horse were going away. And now, fearing lest the three hundred should take some desperate resolution concerning the senators, he presently went out with some of his friends, and seeing they were gone some way, he took horse, and rode after them. They, when they saw him coming, were very glad, and received him very kindly, entreating him to save himself with them. At this time, it is said, Cato shed tears, while entreating them on behalf of the senators, and stretching out his hands in supplication. He turned some of their horses' heads, and laid hold of the men by their armour, till in fine he prevailed with them out of compassion, to stay only that one day, to procure a safe retreat for the senators. Having thus persuaded them to go along with him, some he placed at the gates of the town, and to others gave the charge of the citadel. The three hundred began to fear they

should suffer for their inconstancy, and sent to Cato, entreating him by all means to come to them; but the senators flocking about him, would not suffer him to go, and said they would not trust their guardian and saviour to the hands of perfidious traitors.

For there had never, perhaps, been a time when Cato's virtue appeared more manifestly; and every class of men in Utica could clearly see, with sorrow and admiration, how entirely free was everything that he was doing from any secret motives or any mixture of self-regard; he, namely, who had long before resolved on his own death, was taking such extreme pains, toil, and care, only for the sake of others, that when he had secured their lives, he might put an end to his own. For it was easily perceived that he had determined to die, though he did not let it appear.

Therefore, having pacified the senators, he complied with the request of the three hundred, and went to them alone without any attendance. They gave him many thanks, and entreated him to employ and trust them for the future; and if they were not Catos, and could not aspire to his greatness of mind, they begged he would pity their weakness; and told him they had determined to send to Cæsar and entreat him, chiefly and in the first place, for Cato, and if they could not prevail for him, they would not accept of pardon for themselves, but as long as they had breath, would fight in his defence. Cato commended their good intentions, and advised them to send speedily, for their own safety, but by no means to ask anything in his behalf; for those who are conquered, entreat, and those who have done wrong, beg pardon; for himself, he did not confess to any defeat in all his life, but rather, so far as he had thought fit, he had got the victory, and had conquered Cæsar in all points of justice and honesty. It was Cæsar that ought to be looked upon as one surprised and vanquished; for he was now convicted and found guilty of those designs against his country, which he had so long practised and so constantly denied. When he had thus spoken, he went out of the assembly, and being informed that Cæsar was coming with his whole army, "Ah," said he, "he expects to find us brave men." Then he went to the senators, and urged them to make no delay, but hasten to be gone, while the horsemen were yet in the city. So ordering all the gates to be shut, except one towards the sea, he assigned their several ships to those that were to depart, and gave money and provision to those that wanted; all which he did with great order and exactness, taking care to suppress all tumults, and that no wrong should be done to the people.

Marcus Octavius, coming with two legions, now encamped near Utica, sent to Cato to arrange about the chief command. Cato returned him no answer; but said to his friends, "Can we wonder all has gone ill with us, when our love of office survives even in our very ruin?" In the meantime, word was brought him, that the horse were going away, and were beginning to spoil and plunder the citizens. Cato ran to them, and from the

first he met, snatched what they had taken; the rest threw down all they had gotten, and went away silent and ashamed of what they had done. Then he called together all the people of Utica, and requested them, upon the behalf of the three hundred, not to exasperate Cæsar against them, but all to seek their common safety together with them. After that, he went again to the port to see those who were about to embark; and there he embraced and dismissed those of his friends and acquaintance whom he had persuaded to go. As for his son, he did not counsel him to be gone, nor did he think fit to persuade him to forsake his father. But there was one Statyllius, a young man, in the flower of his age, of a brave spirit, and very desirous to imitate the constancy of Cato. Cato entreated him to go away, as he was a noted enemy to Cæsar, but without success. Then Cato looked at Apollonides, the stoic philosopher, and Demetrius, the peripatetic; "It belongs to you to cool the fever of this young man's spirit, and to make him know what is good for him." And thus, in setting his friends upon their way, and in despatching the business of any that applied to him, he spent that night and the greatest part of the next day.

Lucius Cæsar, a kinsman of Cæsar's, being appointed to go deputy for the three hundred, came to Cato, and desired he would assist him to prepare a persuasive speech for them; "And as to you yourself," said he, "it will be an honour for me to kiss the hands and fall at the knees of Cæsar, in your behalf." But Cato would by no means permit him to do any such thing; "For as to myself," said he, "if I would be preserved by Cæsar's favour, I should myself go to him; but I would not be beholden to a tyrant for his acts of tyranny. For it is but usurpation in him to save, as their rightful lord, the lives of men over whom he has no title to reign. But if you please, let us consider what you had best say for the three hundred." And when they had continued some time together, as Lucius was going away, Cato recommended to him his son and the rest of his friends; and taking him by the hand bade him farewell.

Then he retired to his house again, and called together his son and his friends, to whom he conversed on various subjects; among the rest he forbade his son to engage himself in the affairs of state. For to act therein as became him was now impossible; and to do otherwise, would be dishonourable. Toward evening he went into his bath. As he was bathing, he remembered Statyllius and called out aloud, "Apollonides, have you tamed the high spirit of Statyllius, and is he gone without bidding us farewell?" "No," said Apollonides, "I have said much to him, but to little purpose; he is still resolute and unalterable, and declares he is determined to follow your example." At this, it is said, Cato smiled, and answered, "That will soon be tried."

After he had bathed, he went to supper, with a great deal of company; at which he sat up, as he had always used to do ever since the battle of Pharsalia; for since that time he never lay down but when he went to

sleep. There supped with him all his own friends and the magistrates of Utica.

After supper, the wine produced a great deal of lively and agreeable discourse, and a whole series of philosophical questions was discussed. At length they came to the strange dogmas of the stoics, called their Paradoxes; and to this in particular, That the good man only is free, and that all wicked men are slaves. The peripatetic, as was to be expected, opposing this, Cato fell upon him very warmly; and somewhat raising his voice, he argued the matter at great length, and urged the point with such vehemence, that it was apparent to everybody he was resolved to put an end to his life, and set himself at liberty. And so, when he had done speaking, there was a great silence and evident dejection. Cato, therefore, to divert them from any suspicion of his design, turned the conversation, and began again to talk of matters of present interest and expectation, showing great concern for those that were at sea, as also for the others, who, travelling by land, were to pass through a dry and barbarous desert.

When the company was broke up, he walked with his friends, as he used to do after supper, gave the necessary orders to the officers of the watch, and going into his chamber, he embraced his son and every one of his friends with more than usual warmth, which again renewed their suspicion of his design. Then laying himself down, he took into his hand Plato's dialogue concerning the soul. Having read more than half the book, he looked up, and missing his sword, which his son had taken away while he was at supper, he called his servant, and asked who had taken away his sword. The servant making no answer, he fell to reading again; and a little after, not seeming importunate, or hasty for it, but as if he would only know what had become of it, he bade it be brought. But having waited some time, when he had read through the book, and still nobody brought the sword, he called up all his servants, and in a louder tone demanded his sword. To one of them he gave such a blow in the mouth, that he hurt his own hand; and now grew more angry, exclaiming that he was betrayed and delivered naked to the enemy by his son and his servants. Then his son, with the rest of his friends, came running into the room, and falling at his feet, began to lament and beseech him. But Cato raising himself, and looking fiercely, "When," said he, "and how did I become deranged, and out of my senses, that thus no one tries to persuade me by reason, or show me what is better, if I am supposed to be ill-advised? Must I be disarmed, and hindered from using my own reason? And you, young man, why do you not bind your father's hands behind him that, when Cæsar comes, he may find me unable to defend myself? To despatch myself I want no sword; I need but hold my breath awhile, or strike my head against the wall."

When he had thus spoken, his son went weeping out of the chamber,

and with him all the rest, except Demetrius and Apollonides, to whom, being left alone with him, he began to speak more calmly. "And you," said he, "do you also think to keep a man of my age alive by force, and to sit here and silently watch me? Or do you bring me some reasons to prove, that it will not be base and unworthy for Cato, when he can find his safety no other way, to seek it from his enemy? If so, adduce your arguments, and show cause why we should now unlearn what we formerly were taught, in order that rejecting all the convictions in which we lived, we may now by Cæsar's help grow wiser, and be yet more obliged to him than for life only. Not that I have determined aught concerning myself, but I would have it in my power to perform what I shall think fit to resolve; and I shall not fail to take you as my advisers, in holding counsel, as I shall do, with the doctrines which your philosophy teaches; in the meantime, do not trouble yourselves, but go tell my son that he should not compel his father to what he cannot persuade him to." They made him no answer, but went weeping out of the chamber. Then the sword being brought in by a little boy, Cato took it, drew it out, and looked at it; and when he saw the point was good, "Now," said he, "I am master of myself;" and laying down the sword, he took his book again, which, it is related, he read twice over. After this he slept so soundly that he was heard to snore by those that were without.

About midnight, he called up two of his freedmen, Cleanthes, his physician, and Butas, whom he chiefly employed in public business. Him he sent to the port, to see if all his friends had sailed; to the physician he gave his hand to be dressed, as it was swollen with the blow he had struck one of his servants. At this they all rejoiced, hoping that now he designed to live.

Butas, after a while, returned, and brought word they were all gone except Crassus, who had stayed about some business, but was just ready to depart; he said, also, that the wind was high, and the sea very rough. Cato, on hearing this, sighed, out of compassion to those who were at sea, and sent Butas again to see if any of them should happen to return for anything they wanted, and to acquaint him therewith.

Now the birds began to sing, and he again fell into a little slumber. At length Butas came back, and told him all was quiet in the port. Then Cato, laying himself down, as if he would sleep out the rest of the night, bade him shut the door after him. But as soon as Butas was gone out, he took his sword, and stabbed it into his breast; yet not being able to use his hand so well, on account of the swelling, he did not immediately die of the wound; but struggling, fell off the bed, and throwing down a little mathematical table that stood by, made such a noise that the servants, hearing it, cried out. And immediately his son and all his friends came into the chamber, where, seeing him lie weltering in his blood, great part of his bowels out of his body, but himself still alive and able to look

at them, they all stood in horror. The physician went to him, and would have put in his bowels, which were not pierced, and sewed up the wound; but Cato, recovering himself, and understanding the intention, thrust away the physician, plucked out his own bowels, and tearing open the wound, immediately expired.

In less time than one would think his own family could have known this accident, all the three hundred were at the door. And a little after, the people of Utica flocked thither, crying out with one voice, he was their benefactor and their saviour, the only free and only undefeated man. At the very same time, they had news that Cæsar was coming; yet neither fear of the present danger, nor desire to flatter the conqueror, nor the commotions and discord among themselves, could divert them from doing honour to Cato. For they sumptuously set out his body, made him a magnificent funeral, and buried him by the seaside, where now stands his statue, holding a sword. And only when this had been done, they returned to consider of preserving themselves and their city.

Cæsar had been informed that Cato stayed at Utica, and did not seek to fly; that he had sent away the rest of the Romans, but himself, with his son and a few of his friends, continued there very unconcernedly, so that he could not imagine what might be his design. But having a great consideration for the man, he hastened thither with his army. When he heard of his death, it is related he said these words, "Cato, I grudge you your death, as you have grudged me the preservation of your life." And, indeed, if Cato would have suffered himself to owe his life to Cæsar, he would not so much impaired his own honour, as augmented the other's glory. What would have been done, of course, we cannot know, but from Cæsar's usual clemency, we may guess what was most likely.

Cato was forty-eight years old when he died. His son suffered no injury from Cæsar; but, it is said, he grew idle, and was thought to be dissipated among women. In Cappadocia, he stayed at the house of Marphadates, one of the royal family there, who had a very handsome wife; and continuing his visit longer than was suitable, he made himself the subject of various epigrams; such as, for example —

> "*To-morrow* (*being the thirtieth day*)
> *Cato, 'tis thought, will go away;*"

> "*Porcius and Marphadates, friends so true,*
> *One* Soul, *they say, suffices for the two,*"

that being the name of the woman, and so again, —

> "*To Cato's greatness every one confesses,*
> *A royal Soul he certainly possesses.*"

But all these stains were entirely wiped off by the bravery of his death.

For in the battle of Philippi, where he fought for his country's liberty against Cæsar and Antony, when the ranks were breaking, he, scorning to fly, or to escape unknown, called out to the enemy, showed himself to them in front, and encouraged those of his party who stayed; and at length fell, and left his enemies full of admiration of his valour.

Nor was the daughter of Cato inferior to the rest of her family for sober-living and greatness of spirit. She was married to Brutus, who killed Cæsar; was acquainted with the conspiracy, and ended her life as became one of her birth and virtue. All which is related in the life of Brutus.

Statyllius, who said he would imitate Cato, was at that time hindered by the philosophers, when he would have put an end to his life. He afterwards followed Brutus, to whom he was very faithful and very serviceable, and died in the field of Philippi.

TITUS POMPONIUS ATTICUS

109–32 B.C.

By Cornelius Nepos [1] (*About* 94–24 B.C.)

Titus Pomponius Atticus descended from a most ancient Roman family, held the equestrian rank received in uninterrupted succession from his ancestors. His father was active, indulgent, and, as times then were, wealthy, as well as eminently devoted to literature; and, as he loved learning himself, he instructed his son in all branches of knowledge with which youth ought to be made acquainted. In the boy, too, besides docility of disposition, there was great sweetness of voice, so that he not only imbibed rapidly what was taught him, but repeated it extremely well. He was in consequence distinguished among his companions in his boyhood, and shone forth with more lustre than his noble fellow-students could patiently bear; hence he stirred them all to new exertions by his application. In the number of them were Lucius Torquatus, Caius Marius the younger, and Marcus Cicero, whom he so attached to himself by his intercourse with them, that no one was ever more dear to them.

His father died at an early age. He himself, in his youth, on account of his connexion with Publius Sulpicius, who was killed when tribune of the people, was not unapprehensive of sharing in his danger; for Anicia, Pomponius's cousin, was married to Marcus Servius, the brother of Sulpicius. When he saw that the state, therefore, after the death of Sulpicius, was thrown into confusion by the disturbances of Cinna, and that no facility was allowed him of living suitably to his dignity without offending one side or the other (the feelings of the citizens being divided, as some favoured the party of Sylla and others that of Cinna) he thought it a proper time for devoting himself to his studies, and betook himself to Athens. He nevertheless, however, assisted young Marius, when declared an enemy, by such means as he could, and relieved him in his exile with money. And, lest his sojourn in a foreign country should cause any detriment to his estate, he transported thither a great portion of his fortune. Here he lived in such a manner, that he was deservedly much beloved by

[1] Reprinted from *Justin, Cornelius Nepos, and Eutropius*, translated by J. S. Watson, London, 1853.

Of the collection of *Lives* attributed to Nepos, the biography of his friend Atticus is beyond doubt his work. Part of it was published before the death of Atticus. The *Lives* were published before 32 B.C.

The translator's footnotes and paragraph numbers are here omitted.

all the Athenians; for, in addition to his interest, which was great for so young a man, he relieved their public exigencies from his own property; since, when the government was obliged to borrow money, and had no fair offer of it, he always came to their aid, and in such a way, that he never received any interest of them, and never allowed them to be indebted to him longer than had been agreed upon; both which modes of acting were for their advantage, for he neither suffered their debt to grow old upon them, nor to be increased by an accumulation of interest. He enhanced this kindness also by other instances of liberality; for he presented the whole of the people with such a supply of corn, that seven *modii* of wheat (a kind of measure which is called a *medimnus* at Athens) were allotted to each person.

He also conducted himself in such a way, that he appeared familiar with the lowest, though on a level with the highest. Hence it happened that they publicly bestowed upon him all the honours that they could, and offered to make him a citizen of Athens; an offer which he would not accept, because some are of opinion that the citizenship of Rome is forfeited by taking that of another city. As long as he was among them, he prevented any statue from being erected to him; but when absent, he could not hinder it; and they accordingly raised several statues both to him and Phidias, in the most sacred places, for, in their whole management of the state, they took him for their agent and adviser. It was the gift of fortune, then, in the first place, that he was born in that city, above all others, in which was the seat of the empire of the world, and had it not only for his native place but for his home; and, in the next, it was a proof of his wisdom, that when he betook himself to a city which excelled all others in antiquity, politeness, and learning, he became individually dear to it beyond other men.

When Sylla arrived at Athens in his journey from Asia, he kept Pomponius in his company as long as he remained there, being charmed with the young man's politeness and knowledge; for he spoke Greek so well that he might have been thought to have been born at Athens; while there was such agreeableness in his Latin style, as to make it evident that the graces of it were natural, not acquired. He also recited verses, both in Greek and Latin, in so pleasing a manner that nothing could have been added to its attractions. It was in consequence of these accomplishments that Sylla would never suffer him to be out of his company, and wanted to take him away with him to Rome. But when he tried to persuade him to go, "Do not desire, I entreat you," replied Pomponius, "to lead me with you *against those*, with whom, that I might not bear arms *against you*, I quitted Italy." Sylla, commending the good feeling of the young man, directed, at his departure, that all the presents which he had received at Athens should be carried to his house.

Though he resided at Athens many years, paying such attention to his

property as a not unthrifty father of a family ought to pay, and devoting all the rest of his time either to literature or to the public affairs of the Athenians, he nevertheless afforded his services to his friends at Rome; for he used to come to their elections, and whatever important business of theirs was brought forward, he was never found wanting on the occasion. Thus he showed a singular fidelity to Cicero in all his perils; and presented him, when he was banished from his country, with the sum of two hundred and fifty sestertia. And when the affairs of the Romans became tranquil, he returned to Rome, in the consulship, as I believe, of Lucius Cotta and Lucius Torquatus; and the whole city of Athens observed the day of his departure in such a manner, that they testified by their tears the regret which they would afterwards feel for him.

He had an uncle, Quintus Cæcilius, a Roman knight, an intimate friend of Lucius Lucullus, a rich man, but of a very morose temper, whose peevishness he bore so meekly, that he retained without interruption, to the extremity of old age, the good will of a person whom no one else could endure. In consequence, he reaped the fruit of his respectful conduct; for Cæcilius, at his death, adopted him by his will, and made him heir to three-fourths of his estate, from which bequest he received about ten thousand sestertia.

A sister of Atticus was married to Quintus Tullius Cicero; and Marcus Cicero had been the means of forming the connexion, a man with whom Atticus had lived in the closest intimacy from the time that they were fellow-students, in much greater intimacy, indeed, than with Quintus; whence it may be concluded that, in establishing friendship, similarity of manners has more influence than affinity. He was likewise so intimate with Quintus Hortensius, who, in those times, had the highest reputation for eloquence, that it could not be decided which of the two had the greater love for him, Cicero or Hortensius; and he succeeded in effecting what was most difficult, namely, that no enmity should occur between those between whom there was emulation for such eminence, and that he himself should be the bond of union between such great men.

He conducted himself in such a manner in political affairs, that he always was, and always was thought to be, on the best side; yet he did not mingle in civil tumults, because he thought that those who had plunged into them were not more under their own control than those who were tossed by the waves of the sea. He aimed at no offices (though they were open to him as well through his influence as through his high standing), since they could neither be sought in the ancient method, nor be gained without violating the laws in the midst of such unrestrained extravagance of bribery, nor be exercised for the good of the country without danger in so corrupt a state of the public morals. He never went to a public sale nor ever became surety or farmer in any department of the public revenue. He accused no one, either in his own name or as a subscriber to an accusa-

tion. He never went to law about property of his own, nor was ever concerned in a trial. Offers of places, under several consuls and prætors, he received in such a way as never to follow any one into his province, being content with the honour, and not solicitous to make any addition to his property; for he would not even go into Asia with Quintus Cicero, when he might have held the office of legate under him; for he did not think it became him, after he had declined to take the prætorship, to become the attendant on a prætor. In such conduct he consulted not only his dignity but his quiet; since he avoided even the suspicion of evil practices. Hence it happened that attentions received from him were more valued by all, as they saw that they were attributable to kindness, not to fear or hope.

When he was about sixty years old, the civil war with Cæsar broke out; but he availed himself of the privilege of his age, and went nowhere out of the city. Whatever was needful for his friends when going to Pompey, he supplied for them out of his own property. To Pompey himself, who was his intimate friend, he gave no offence; for he had accepted no distinction from him like others, who had gained honours or wealth by his means, and of whom some followed his camp most unwillingly, and some remained at home to his great disgust. But to Cæsar the neutrality of Atticus was so pleasing, that when he became conqueror, and desired money from several private persons by letter, he not only forebore to trouble Atticus, but even released, at his request, his sister's son and Quintus Cicero from Pompey's camp. Thus, by adhering to his old course of life, he avoided new dangers.

Then followed the time, when, on the assassination of Cæsar, the commonwealth seemed to be in the hands of the Bruti and Cassius, and the whole state turned towards them. Atticus, at that period, conducted himself towards Brutus in such a way, that that young man was not in more familiar intercourse with any one of his own age, than with him who was so advanced in years, and not only paid him the highest honour at the council, but also at his table. It was projected by some that a private fund should be formed by the Roman knights for the assassins of Cæsar; a scheme which they thought might easily be accomplished if even only the leading men of that order would furnish contributions. Atticus was accordingly solicited by Caius Flavius, an intimate friend of Brutus, to consent to become a promoter of the plan. But Atticus, who thought that services were to be done to friends without regard to party, and had always kept himself aloof from such schemes, replied that, "If Brutus wished to make use of any of his property, he might avail himself of it as far as it would allow; but that about that project he would never confer or join with any man." Thus that combination of a party was broken by his dissent alone. Not long after, Antony began to get the advantage; so that Brutus and Cassius, despairing of their fortune, went into exile, into

the provinces which had been given them for form's sake by the consuls. Atticus, who had refused to contribute with others to that party when it was prosperous, sent to Brutus, when he was cast down and retiring from Italy, a hundred sestertia as a present; and, when he was parted from him, he ordered three hundred to be sent to him in Epirus. Thus he neither paid greater court to Antony when in power, nor deserted those that were in desperate circumstances.

Next followed the war that was carried on at Mutina in which, if I were only to say that he was *wise*, I should say less of him than I ought; for he rather proved himself *divine*, if a constant goodness of nature, which is neither increased nor diminished by the events of fortune, may be called divinity. Antony, being declared an enemy, had quitted Italy, nor was there any hope of bringing him back. Not only his open enemies, who were then very powerful and numerous, but also such as had lent themselves to the party opposed to him, and hoped to gain some share of praise by doing him injury, persecuted his friends, sought to spoil his wife Fulvia of all her property, and endeavoured even to get his children put to death. Atticus, though he lived in intimate friendship with Cicero, and was very warmly attached to Brutus, yet would not only never give them his consent to act against Antony, but, on the contrary, protected, as much as he could, such of his friends as fled from the city, and supplied them with whatever they wanted. On Publius Volumnius, indeed, he conferred such obligations, that more could not have proceeded from a father. To Fulvia herself, too, when she was distracted with lawsuits, and troubled with great alarms, he gave his services with such constancy, that she never appeared to answer to bail without the attendance of Atticus. He was her surety in all cases, and even when she had bought an estate, in her prosperous circumstances, to be paid for by a certain day, and was unable after her reverse of fortune to borrow money to discharge the debt, he came to her aid, and lent her the money without interest, and without requiring any security for the repayment, thinking it the greatest gain to be found grateful and obliging, and to show, at the same time, that it was his practice to be a friend, not to fortune but to men; and when he acted in such a manner, no one could imagine that he acted for the sake of time-serving, for it entered into nobody's thoughts that Antony could regain his authority. But he gradually incurred blame from some of the nobles, because he did not seem to have sufficient hatred towards bad citizens.

Being under the guidance of his own judgment, however, he considered rather what it was right for him to do, than what others would commend. On a sudden fortune was changed. When Antony returned into Italy, every one thought that Atticus would be in great peril, on account of his close intercourse with Cicero and Brutus. He accordingly withdrew from the forum on the approach of the leaders, from dread of the proscription,

and lived in retirement at the house of Publius Volumnius, to whom, as we have said, he had not long before given assistance; (such were the vicissitudes of fortune in those days, that sometimes one party, and sometimes the other, was in the greatest exaltation or in the greatest peril;) and he had with him Quintus Gellius Canus, a man of the same age, and of a character very similar to his own; and this also may be given as an instance of the goodness of Atticus's disposition, that he lived in such close intimacy with him whom he had known when a boy at school, that their friendship increased even to the end of their lives. But Antony, though he was moved with such hatred towards Cicero, that he showed his enmity, not only to him, but to all his friends, and resolved to proscribe them, yet, at the instance of many, was mindful of the obliging conduct of Atticus; and, after ascertaining where he was, wrote to him with his own hand, that he need be under no apprehension, but might come to him immediately; as he had excepted him and Gellius Canus, for his sake, from the number of the proscribed; and that he might not fall into any danger, as the message was sent at night, he appointed him a guard. Thus Atticus, in a time of the greatest alarm, was able to save, not only himself, but him whom he held most dear; for he did not seek aid from any one for the sake of his own security only, but in conjunction with his friend; so that it might appear that he wished to endure no kind of fortune apart from him. But if a pilot is extolled with the greatest praise, who saves a ship from a tempest in the midst of a rocky sea, why should not his prudence be thought of the highest character, who arrives at safety through so many and so violent civil tumults?

When he had delivered himself from these troubles, he had no other care than to assist as many persons as possible, by whatever means he could. When the common people, in consequence of the rewards offered by the triumvirs, were searching for the proscribed, no one went into Epirus without finding a supply of everything; and to every one was given permission to reside there constantly. After the battle of Philippi, too, and the death of Caius Cassius and Marcus Brutus, he resolved on protecting Lucius Julius Mocilla, a man of prætorian rank, and his son, as well as Aulus Torquatus, and others involved in the same ill fortune, and caused supplies of everything to be sent them from Epirus to Samothrace.

To enumerate all such acts of his would be difficult; nor are they necessary to be particularized. One point we would wish to be understood, that his generosity was not time-serving or artful, as may be judged from the circumstances and period in which it was shown; for he did not make his court to the prosperous, but was always ready to succour the distressed. Servilia, for instance, the mother of Brutus, he treated with no less consideration after Brutus's death than when she was in the height of good fortune. Indulging his liberality in such a manner, he incurred no enmities, since he neither injured any one, nor was he, if he received any injury,

more willing to resent than to forget it. Kindnesses that he received he kept in perpetual remembrance; but such as he himself conferred, he remembered only so long as he who had received them was grateful. He accordingly made it appear to have been truly said, that "Every man's manners make his fortune." Yet he did not study his fortune before he formed himself, taking care that he might not justly suffer for any part of his conduct.

By such conduct, therefore, he brought it to pass, that Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, who was united in the closest intimacy with young Cæsar, though, through his own interest and Cæsar's influence, he had power to choose a wife from any rank whatever, fixed on a connexion with him rather than with any other, and preferred a marriage with the daughter of a Roman knight to an alliance with the most noble of women. The promoter of this match (for it is not to be concealed) was Mark Antony, when triumvir for settling the state; but though Atticus might have increased his property by the interest of Antony, he was so far from coveting money, that he never made use of that interest except to save his friends from danger or trouble; a fact which was eminently remarkable at the time of the proscription; for when the triumviri, according to the way in which things were then managed, had sold the property of Lucius Saufeius, a Roman knight, who was of the same age as Atticus, and who, induced by a love for the study of philosophy, had lived with him several years at Athens, and had valuable estates in Italy, it was effected by the efforts and perseverance of Atticus, that Saufeius was made acquainted by the same messenger, that "he had lost his property and had recovered it." He also bought off Lucius Julius Calidus, whom I think I may truly assert to have been the most elegant poet that our age has produced since the death of Lucretius and Catullus, as well as a man of high character, and distinguished by the best intellectual accomplishments, who, in his absence, after the proscription of the knights, had been enrolled in the number of the proscribed by Publius Volumnius, the captain of Antony's engineers, on account of his great possessions in Africa; an act on the part of Atticus, of which it was hard to judge at the time, whether it were more onerous or honourable. But it was well known that the friends of Atticus, in times of danger, were not less his care in their absence than when they were present.

Nor was he considered less deserving as a master of a family than as a member of the state; for though he was very rich, no man was less addicted to buying or building than he. Yet he lived in very good style, and had everything of the best; for he occupied the house that had belonged to Tamphilus on the Quirinal hill, which was bequeathed to him by his uncle, and the attractions of which consisted, not in the building itself, but in the wood by which it was surrounded; for the edifice, constructed after the ancient fashion, showed more regard to convenience than expense, and At-

ticus made no alteration in it except such as he was obliged to make by the effects of time. He kept an establishment of slaves of the best kind, if we were to judge of it by its utility, but if by its external show, scarcely coming up to mediocrity; for there were in it well-taught youths, excellent readers, and numerous transcribers of books, insomuch that there was not even a footman that could not act in either of those capacities extremely well. Other kinds of artificers, also, such as domestic necessities require, were very good there, yet he had no one among them that was not born and instructed in his house; all which particulars are proofs, not only of his self-restraint, but of his attention to his affairs; for not to desire inordinately what he sees desired by many, gives proof of a man's moderation; and to procure what he requires by labour rather than by purchase, manifests no small exertion. Atticus was elegant, not magnificent; polished, not extravagant; he studied, with all possible care, neatness, and not profusion. His household furniture was moderate, not superabundant, but so that it could not be considered as remarkable in either respect. Nor will I omit the following particular, though I may suppose that it will be unimportant to some: that though he was a hospitable Roman knight, and invited, with no want of liberality, men of all ranks to his house, we know that he was accustomed to reckon from his day-book, as laid out in current expenses, not more than three thousand asses a month, one month with another; and we relate this, not as hearsay, but as what we know, for we were often present, by reason of the intimacy between us, at his domestic arrangements.

At his banquets no one ever heard any other entertainment for the ears than a reader; an entertainment which we, for our parts, think in the highest degree pleasing; nor was there ever a supper at his house without reading of some kind, that the guests might find their intellect gratified no less than their appetite, for he used to invite people whose tastes were not at variance with his own. After a large addition, too, was made to his property, he made no change in his daily arrangements, or usual way of life, and exhibited such moderation, that he neither lived unhandsomely, with a fortune of two thousand sestertia, which he had inherited from his father, nor did he, when he had a fortune of a hundred thousand sestertia, adopt a more splendid mode of living than that with which he had commenced, but kept himself at an equal elevation in both states. He had no gardens, no expensive suburban or maritime villa, nor any farm except those at Ardea and Nomentum; and his whole revenue arose from his property in Epirus and at Rome. Hence it may be seen that he was accustomed to estimate the worth of money, not by the quantity of it, but by the mode in which it was used.

He would neither utter a falsehood himself, nor could he endure it in others. His courtesies, accordingly, were paid with a strict regard to veracity, just as his gravity was mingled with affability; so that it is hard

to determine whether his friends' reverence or love for him were the greater. Whatever he was asked to do, he did not promise without solemnity for he thought it the part, not of a liberal, but of a light-minded man, to promise what he would be unable to perform. But in striving to effect what he had once engaged to do, he used to take so much pains, that he seemed to be engaged, not in an affair entrusted to him, but in his own. Of a matter which he had once taken in hand, he was never weary; for he thought his reputation, than which he held nothing more dear, concerned in the accomplishment of it. Hence it happened that he managed all the commissions of the Ciceros, Cato, Marius, Quintus Hortensius, Aulus Torquatus, and of many Roman knights besides. It may therefore be thought certain that he declined business of state, not from indolence, but from judgment.

Of his kindness of disposition, I can give no greater proof than that, when he was young, he was greatly liked by Sylla, who was then old, and when he was old, he was much beloved by Marcus Brutus, then but young; and that with those friends of the same age as himself, Quintus Hortensius and Marcus Cicero, he lived in such a manner that it is hard to determine to which age his disposition was best adapted, though Marcus Cicero loved him above all men, so that not even his brother Quintus was dearer or more closely united to him. In testimony of this fact (besides the books in which Cicero mentions him, and which have been published to the world), there are sixteen books of letters, written to Atticus, which extend from his consulship to his latter days, and which he that reads will not much require a regular history of those times; for all particulars concerning the inclinations of leading men, the faults of the generals, and the revolutions in the government, are so fully stated in them that every thing is made clear; and it may be easily concluded that wisdom is in some degree divination, as Cicero not only predicted that those things would happen which took place during his life, but foretold, like a prophet, the things which are coming to pass at present.

Of the affectionate disposition of Atticus towards his relatives, why should I say much, since I myself heard him proudly assert, and with truth, at the funeral of his mother, whom he buried at the age of ninety, that "he had never had occasion to be reconciled to his mother," and that "he had never been at all at variance with his sister," who was nearly of the same age with himself; a proof that either no cause of complaint had happened between them, or that he was a person of such kind feelings towards his relatives, as to think it an impiety to be offended with those whom he ought to love. Nor did he act thus from nature alone, though we all obey her, but from knowledge; for he had fixed in his mind the precepts of the greatest philosophers, so as to use them for the direction of his life, and not merely for ostentation.

He was also a strict imitator of the customs of our ancestors, and a

lover of antiquity, of which he had so exact a knowledge, that he has illustrated it throughout in the book in which he has characterized the Roman magistrates; for there is no law, or peace, or war, or illustrious action of the Roman people, which is not recorded in it at its proper period, and, what was extremely difficult, he has so interwoven in it the origin of families, that we may ascertain from it the pedigrees of eminent men. He has given similar accounts too, separately, in other books; as, at the request of Marcus Brutus, he specified in order the members of the Junian family, from its origin to the present age, stating who each was, from whom sprung, what offices he held, and at what time. In like manner, at the request of Marcellus Claudius, he gave an account of the family of the Marcelli; at the request of Scipio Cornelius and Fabius Maximus, of that of the Fabii and Æmilii; than which books nothing can be more agreeable to those who have any desire for a knowledge of the actions of illustrious men.

He attempted also poetry, in order, we suppose, that he might not be without experience of the pleasure of writing it; for he has characterized in verse such men as excelled the rest of the Roman people in honour and the greatness of their achievements, so that he has narrated, under each of their effigies, their actions and offices, in not more than four or five lines; and it is almost inconceivable that such important matters could have been told in so small a space. There is also a book of his, written in Greek, on the consulship of Cicero.

These particulars, so far, were published by me whilst Atticus was alive.

Since fortune has chosen that we should outlive him, we will now proceed with the sequel, and will show our readers by example, as far as we can, that (as we have intimated above) "it is in general a man's manners that bring him his fortune." For Atticus, though content in the equestrian rank in which he was born, became united by marriage with the emperor Julius's son, whose friendship he had previously obtained by nothing else but his elegant mode of living, by which he had charmed also other eminent men in the state, of equal birth, but of lower fortune; for such prosperity attended Cæsar, that fortune gave him everything that she had previously bestowed upon any one, and secured for him what no citizen of Rome had ever been able to attain. Atticus had a granddaughter, the daughter of Agrippa, to whom he had married his daughter in her maidenhood; and Cæsar betrothed her, when she was scarcely a year old, to Tiberius Claudius Nero, son of Drusilla, and step-son to himself; an alliance which established their friendship, and rendered their intercourse more frequent.

Even before this connexion, however, Cæsar not only, when he was absent from the city, never despatched letters to any one of his friends without writing to Atticus what he was doing, what, above all, he was reading, in what place he was, and how long he was going to stay in it,

but even when he was in Rome, and through his numberless occupations enjoyed the society of Atticus less frequently than he wished, scarcely any day passed in which he did not write to him, sometimes asking him something relating to antiquity, sometimes proposing to him some poetical question, and sometimes, by a jest, drawing from him a longer letter than ordinary. Hence it was, that when the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, built in the Capitol by Romulus, was unroofed and falling down through age and neglect, Cæsar, on the suggestion of Atticus, took care that it should be repaired.

Nor was he less frequently, when absent, addressed in letters by Mark Antony; so that, from the remotest parts of the earth, he gave Atticus precise information what he was doing, and what cares he had upon him. How strong such attachment is, he will be easily able to judge, who can understand how much prudence is required to preserve the friendship and favour of those between whom there existed not only emulation in the highest matters, but such a mutual struggle to lessen one another as was sure to happen between Cæsar and Antony, when each of them desired to be chief, not merely of the city of Rome, but of the whole world.

After he had completed, in such a course of life, seventy-seven years, and had advanced, not less in dignity, than in favour and fortune (for he obtained many legacies on no other account than his goodness of disposition), and had also been in the enjoyment of so happy a state of health, that he had wanted no medicine for thirty years, he contracted a disorder of which at first both himself and the physicians thought lightly, for they supposed it to be a tenesmus, and speedy and easy remedies were proposed for it; but after he had passed three months under it without any pain, except what he suffered from the means adopted for his cure, such force of the disease fell into the one intestine, that at last a putrid ulcer broke out through his loins. Before this took place, and when he found that the pain was daily increasing, and that fever was superadded, he caused his son-in-law Agrippa to be called to him, and with him Lucius Cornelius Balbus and Sextus Peducæus. When he saw that they were come, he said, as he supported himself on his elbow, "How much care and diligence I have employed to restore my health on this occasion, there is no necessity for me to state at large, since I have yourselves as witnesses; and since I have, as I hope, satisfied you, that I have left nothing undone that seemed likely to cure me, it remains that I consult for myself. Of this feeling on my part I had no wish that you should be ignorant; for I have determined on ceasing to feed the disease; as, by the food and drink that I have taken during the last few days, I have prolonged life only so as to increase my pains, without hope of recovery. I therefore entreat you, in the first place, to give your approbation of my resolution, and in the next, not to labour in vain by endeavouring to dissuade me from executing it."

Having delivered this address with so much steadiness of voice and

countenance, that he seemed to be removing, not out of life, but out of one house into another, — when Agrippa, weeping over him and kissing him, entreated and conjured him "not to accelerate that which nature herself would bring, and, since he might live some time longer, to preserve his life for himself and his friends," — he put a stop to his prayers, by an obstinate silence. After he had accordingly abstained from food for two days, the fever suddenly left him, and the disease began to be less oppressive. He persisted, nevertheless, in executing his purpose; and in consequence, on the fifth day after he had fixed his resolution, and on the last day of February, in the consulship of Cnæus Domitius and Caius Sosius, he died. His body was carried out of his house on a small couch, as he himself had directed, without any funereal pomp, all the respectable portion of the people attending, and a vast crowd of the populace. He was buried close by the Appian way, at the fifth milestone from the city, in the sepulchre of his uncle Quintus Cæcilius.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR
[Octavius Cæsar Augustus]

(63 B.C.–14 A.D.)

By C. SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS [1] (*About* 75 A.D.–*Middle 2nd Century*)

THAT the family of the Octavii was of the first distinction in Velitræ, is rendered evident by many circumstances. For in the most frequented part of the town, there was, not long since, a street named The Octavian; and an altar was to be seen, consecrated to one Octavius, who being chosen general in a war with some neighbouring people, the enemy making a sudden attack, while he was sacrificing to Mars, he immediately snatched the entrails of the victim from off the fire, and offered them half raw upon the altar; after which, marching out to battle, he returned victorious. This incident gave rise to a law, by which it was enacted, that in all future times the entrails should be offered to Mars in the same manner; and the rest of the victim be carried to the Octavii.

This family, as well as several in Rome, was admitted into the senate by Tarquinius Priscus, and soon afterwards placed by Servius Tullius among the patricians; but in process of time it transferred itself to the plebeian order, and, after the lapse of a long interval, was restored by Julius Cæsar to the rank of patricians. The first person of the family raised by the suffrages of the people to the magistracy, was Caius Rufus. He obtained the quaestorship, and had two sons, Cneius and Caius; from whom are descended the two branches of the Octavian family, which have had very different fortunes. For Cneius, and his descendants in uninterrupted succession, held all the highest offices of the state; whilst Caius and his posterity, whether from their circumstances or their choice, remained in the equestrian order until the father of Augustus. The great-grandfather of Augustus served as a military tribune in the second Punic was in Sicily, under the command of Æmilius Pappus. His grandfather contented himself with bearing the public offices of his own municipality, and grew old in the tranquil enjoyment of an ample patrimony. Such is the account given by different authors. Augustus himself, however, tells us nothing more than that he was descended of an equestrian family, both

[1] Reprinted from *The Lives of the Twelve Cæsars by C. Suetonius Tranquillus*, etc., translated by Alexander Thomson, and revised by T. Forester, London, no date. The *Lives* of Suetonius were written in Latin:
The translator's footnotes and paragraph numbers are here omitted.

ancient and rich, of which his father was the first who obtained the rank of senator. Mark Antony upbraidingly tells him that his great-grandfather was a freedman of the territory of Thurium, and a rope-maker, and his grandfather a usurer. This is all the information I have anywhere met with, respecting the ancestors of Augustus by the father's side.

His father Caius Octavius was, from his earliest years, a person both of opulence and distinction: for which reason I am surprised at those who say that he was a money-dealer, and was employed in scattering bribes, and canvassing for the candidates at elections, in the Campus Martius. For being bred up in all the affluence of a great estate, he attained with ease to honourable posts, and discharged the duties of them with much distinction. After his praetorship, he obtained by lot the province of Macedonia; in his way to which he cut off some banditti, the relics of the armies of Spartacus and Catiline, who had possessed themselves of the territory of Thurium; having received from the senate an extraordinary commission for that purpose. In his government of the province, he conducted himself with equal justice and resolution; for he defeated the Bessians and Thracians in a great battle, and treated the allies of the republic in such a manner, that there are extant letters from M. Tullius Cicero, in which he advises and exhorts his brother Quintus, who then held the proconsulship of Asia with no great reputation, to imitate the example of his neighbour Octavius, in gaining the affections of the allies of Rome.

After quitting Macedonia, before he could declare himself a candidate for the consulship, he died suddenly, leaving behind him a daughter, the elder Octavia, by Ancharia; and another daughter, Octavia the younger, as well as Augustus, by Atia, who was the daughter of Marcus Atius Balbus, and Julia, sister to Caius Julius Cæsar. Balbus was, by the father's side, of a family who were natives of Aricia, and many of whom had been in the senate. By the mother's side he was nearly related to Pompey the Great; and after he had borne the office of praetor, was one of the twenty commissioners appointed by the Julian law to divide the land in Campania among the people. But Mark Antony, treating with contempt Augustus's descent even by the mother's side, says that his great-grandfather was of African descent, and at one time kept a perfumer's shop, and at another, a bake-house, in Aricia. And Cassius of Parma, in a letter, taxes Augustus with being the son not only of a baker, but a usurer. These are his words: "Thou art a lump of thy mother's meal, which a money-changer of Nerulum, taking from the newest bake-house of Aricia, kneaded into some shape, with his hands all discoloured by the fingering of money."

Augustus was born in the consulship of Marcus Tullius Cicero and Caius Antonius, upon the ninth of the calends of October, a little before sunrise, in the quarter of the Palatine Hill, and the street called The Ox-Heads, where now stands a chapel dedicated to him, and built a little after his death. For, as it is recorded in the proceedings of the senate, when Caius

Lætorius, a young man of a patrician family, in pleading before the senators for a lighter sentence, upon his being convicted of adultery, alleged, besides his youth and quality, that he was the possessor, and as it were the guardian, of the ground which the Divine Augustus first touched upon his coming into the world; and entreated that he might find favour, for the sake of that deity, who was in a peculiar manner his; an act of the senate was passed, for the consecration of that part of his house in which Augustus was born.

His nursery is shown to this day, in a villa belonging to the family, in the suburbs of Velitræ; being a very small place, and much like a pantry. An opinion prevails in the neighbourhood, that he was also born there. Into this place no person presumes to enter, unless upon necessity, and with great devotion, from a belief, for a long time prevalent, that such as rashly enter it are seized with great horror and consternation, which a short while since was confirmed by a remarkable incident. For when a new inhabitant of the house had, either by mere chance, or to try the truth of the report, taken up his lodging in that apartment, in the course of the night, a few hours afterwards, he was thrown out by some sudden violence, he knew not how, and was found in a state of stupefaction, with the coverlid of his bed, before the door of the chamber.

While he was yet an infant, the surname of Thurinus was given him, in memory of the birth-place of his family, or because, soon after he was born, his father Octavius had been successful against the fugitive slaves, in the country near Thurium. That he was surnamed Thurinus, I can affirm upon good foundation, for when a boy, I had a small bronze statue of him, with that name upon it in iron letters, nearly effaced by age, which I presented to the emperor, by whom it is now revered amongst the other tutelary deities in his chamber. He is also often called Thurinus contemptuously, by Mark Antony in his letters; to which he makes only this reply: "I am surprised that my former name should be made a subject of reproach." He afterwards assumed the name of Caius Cæsar, and then of Augustus; the former in compliance with the will of his great-uncle, and the latter upon a motion of Munatius Plancus in the senate. For when some proposed to confer upon him the name of Romulus, as being, in a manner, a second founder of the city, it was resolved that he should rather be called Augustus, a surname not only new, but of more dignity, because places devoted to religion, and those in which anything is consecrated by augury, are denominated august, either from the word *auctus*, signifying augmentation, or *ab avium gestu, gustuve*, from the flight and feeding of birds; as appears from this verse of Ennius:

When glorious Rome by august augury was built.

He lost his father when he was only four years of age; and, in his twelfth year, pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother Julia. Four years afterwards, having assumed the robe of manhood, he was

honoured with several military rewards by Cæsar in his African triumph, although he took no part in the war, on account of his youth. Upon his uncle's expedition to Spain against the sons of Pompey, he was followed by his nephew, although he was scarcely recovered from a dangerous sickness; and after being shipwrecked at sea, and travelling with very few attendants through roads that were infested with the enemy, he at last came up with him. This activity gave great satisfaction to his uncle, who soon conceived an increasing affection for him, on account of such indications of character. After the subjugation of Spain, while Cæsar was meditating an expedition against the Dacians and Parthians, he was sent before him to Apollonia, where he applied himself to his studies; until receiving intelligence that his uncle was murdered, and that he was appointed his heir, he hesitated for some time whether he should call to his aid the legions stationed in the neighbourhood; but he abandoned the design as rash and premature. However, returning to Rome, he took possession of his inheritance, although his mother was apprehensive that such a measure might be attended with danger, and his step-father, Marcius Philippus, a man of consular rank, very earnestly dissuaded him from it. From this time, collecting together a strong military force, he first held the government in conjunction with Mark Antony and Marcus Lepidus, then with Antony only, for nearly twelve years, and at last in his own hands during a period of four and forty.

Having thus given a very short summary of his life, I shall prosecute the several parts of it, not in order of time, but arranging his acts into distinct classes, for the sake of perspicuity. He was engaged in five civil wars, namely, those of Modena, Philippi, Perugia, Sicily, and Actium; the first and last of which were against Antony, and the second against Brutus and Cassius; the third against Lucius Antonius, the triumvir's brother, and the fourth against Sextus Pompeius, the son of Cneius Pompeius.

The motive which gave rise to all these wars was the opinion he entertained that both his honour and interest were concerned in revenging the murder of his uncle, and maintaining the state of affairs he had established. Immediately after his return from Apollonia, he formed the design of taking forcible and unexpected measures against Brutus and Cassius; but they having foreseen the danger and made their escape, he resolved to proceed against them by an appeal to the laws in their absence, and impeach them for the murder. In the mean time, those whose province it was to prepare the sports in honour of Cæsar's last victory in the civil war, not daring to do it, he undertook it himself. And that he might carry into effect his other designs with greater authority, he declared himself a candidate in the room of a tribune of the people who happened to die at that time, although he was of a patrician family, and had not yet been in the senate. But the consul, Mark Antony, from whom he had expected the greatest assistance, opposing him in his suit, and even refusing to do him

so much as common justice, unless gratified with a large bribe, he went over to the party of the nobles, to whom he perceived Sylla to be odious, chiefly for endeavouring to drive Decius Brutus, whom he besieged in the town of Modena, out of the province, which had been given him by Cæsar, and confirmed to him by the senate. At the instigation of persons about him, he engaged some ruffians to murder his antagonist; but the plot being discovered, and dreading a similar attempt upon himself, he gained over Cæsar's veteran soldiers, by distributing among them all the money he could collect. Being now commissioned by the senate to command the troops he had gathered, with the rank of praetor, and in conjunction with Hirtius and Pansa, who had accepted the consulship, to carry assistance to Decius Brutus, he put an end to the war by two battles in three months. Antony writes, that in the former of these he ran away, and two days afterwards made his appearance without his general's cloak and his horse. In the last battle, however, it is certain that he performed the part not only of a general, but a soldier; for, in the heat of the battle, when the standard-bearer of his legion was severely wounded, he took the eagle upon his shoulders, and carried it a long time.

In this war, Hirtius being slain in battle, and Pansa dying a short time afterwards of a wound, a report was circulated that they both were killed through his means, in order that, when Antony fled, the republic having lost its consuls, he might have the victorious armies entirely at his own command. The death of Pansa was so fully believed to have been caused by undue means, that Glyco, his surgeon, was placed in custody, on a suspicion of having poisoned his wound. And to this, Aquilius Niger adds, that he killed Hirtius, the other consul, in the confusion of the battle, with his own hands.

But upon intelligence that Antony, after his defeat, had been received by Marcus Lepidus, and that the rest of the generals and armies had all declared for the senate, he, without any hesitation, deserted from the party of the nobles; alleging as an excuse for his conduct, the actions and sayings of several amongst them; for some said, " he was a mere boy," and others threw out, " that he ought to be promoted to honours, and cut off," to avoid the making any suitable acknowledgment either to him or the veteran legions. And the more to testify his regret for having before attached himself to the other faction, he fined the Nursini in a large sum of money, which they were unable to pay, and then expelled them from the town, for having inscribed upon a monument, erected at the public charge to their countrymen who were slain in the battle of Modena, " That they fell in the cause of liberty."

Having entered into a confederacy with Antony and Lepidus, he brought the war at Philippi to an end in two battles, although he was at that time weak, and suffering from sickness. In the first battle he was driven from his camp, and with some difficulty made his escape to the wing of the army

commanded by Antony. And now, intoxicated with success, he sent the head of Brutus to be cast at the foot of Cæsar's statue, and treated the most illustrious of the prisoners not only with cruelty, but with abusive language; insomuch that he is said to have answered one of them who humbly entreated that at least he might not remain unburied, "That will be in the power of the birds." Two others, father and son, who begged for their lives, he ordered to cast lots which of them should live, or settle it between themselves by the sword; and was a spectator of both their deaths: for the father offering his life to save his son, and being accordingly executed, the son likewise killed himself upon the spot. On this account, the rest of the prisoners, and amongst them Marcus Favonius, Cato's rival, being led up in fetters, after they had saluted Antony, the general, with much respect, reviled Octavius in the foulest language. After this victory, dividing between them the offices of the state, Mark Antony undertook to restore order in the east, while Cæsar conducted the veteran soldiers back to Italy, and settled them in colonies on the lands belonging to the municipalities. But he had the misfortune to please neither the soldiers nor the owners of the lands; one party complaining of the injustice done them, in being violently ejected from their possessions, and the other, that they were not rewarded according to their merit.

At this time he obliged Lucius Antony, who, presuming upon his own authority as consul, and his brother's power, was raising new commotions, to fly to Perugia, and forced him, by famine, to surrender at last, although not without having been exposed to great hazards, both before the war and during its continuance. For a common soldier having got into the seats of the equestrian order in the theatre, at the public spectacles, Cæsar ordered him to be removed by an officer; and a rumour being thence spread by his enemies that he had put the man to death by torture, the soldiers flocked together so much enraged, that he narrowly escaped with his life. The only thing that saved him, was the sudden appearance of the man, safe and sound, no violence having been offered him. And whilst he was sacrificing under the walls of Perugia, he nearly fell into the hands of a body of gladiators, who sallied out of the town.

After the taking of Perugia, he sentenced a great number of the prisoners to death, making only one reply to all who implored pardon, or endeavoured to excuse themselves, "You must die." Some authors write, that three hundred of the two orders, selected from the rest, were slaughtered, like victims, before an altar raised to Julius Cæsar, upon the ides of March. Nay, there are some who relate, that he entered upon the war with no other view, than that his secret enemies, and those whom fear more than affection kept quiet, might be detected, by declaring themselves, now they had an opportunity, with Lucius Antony at their head; and that having defeated them, and confiscated their estates, he might be enabled to fulfil his promises to the veteran soldiers.

He soon commenced the Sicilian war, but it was protracted by various delays during a long period; at one time for the purpose of repairing his fleets, which he lost twice by storm, even in the summer; at another, while patching up a peace, to which he was forced by the clamours of the people, in consequence of a famine occasioned by Pompey's cutting off the supply of corn by sea. But at last, having built a new fleet, and obtained twenty thousand manumitted slaves, who were given him for the oar, he formed the Julian harbour at Baiæ, by letting the sea into the Lucrine and Avernian lakes; and having exercised his forces there during the whole winter, he defeated Pompey betwixt Mylæ and Naulochus; although just as the engagement commenced, he suddenly fell into such a profound sleep, that his friends were obliged to wake him to give the signal. This, I suppose, gave occasion for Antony's reproach: "You were not able to take a clear view of the fleet, when drawn up in line of battle, but lay stupidly upon your back, gazing at the sky; nor did you get up and let your men see you, until Marcus Agrippa had forced the enemies' ships to sheer off." Others imputed to him both a saying and an action which were indefensible; for, upon the loss of his fleets by storm, he is reported to have said: "I will conquer in spite of Neptune;" and at the next Circensian games, he would not suffer the statue of that god to be carried in procession as usual. Indeed he scarcely ever ran more or greater risks in any of his wars than in this. Having transported part of his army to Sicily, and being on his return for the rest, he was unexpectedly attacked by Democharcs and Apollophanes, Pompey's admirals, from whom he escaped with great difficulty, and with one ship only. Likewise, as he was travelling on foot through the Locrian territory to Rhegium, seeing two of Pompey's vessels passing by that coast, and supposing them to be his own, he went down to the shore, and was very nearly taken prisoner. On this occasion, as he was making his escape by some by-ways, a slave belonging to Æmilius Paulus, who accompanied him, owing him a grudge for the proscription of Paulus, the father of Æmilius, and thinking he had now an opportunity of revenging it, attempted to assassinate him. After the defeat of Pompey, one of his colleagues, Marcus Lepidus, whom he had summoned to his aid from Africa, affecting great superiority, because he was at the head of twenty legions, and claiming for himself the principal management of affairs in a threatening manner, he divested him of his command, but, upon his humble submission, granted him his life, but banished him for life to Circeii.

The alliance between him and Antony, which had always been precarious, often interrupted, and ill cemented by repeated reconciliations, he at last entirely dissolved. And to make it known to the world how far Antony had degenerated from patriotic feelings, he caused a will of his, which had been left at Rome, and in which he had nominated Cleopatra's children, amongst others, as his heirs, to be opened and read in an assembly of the people. Yet upon his being declared an enemy, he sent to him all his relations and

friends, among whom were Caius Sosius and Titus Domitius, at that time consuls. He likewise spoke favourably in public of the people of Bologna, for joining in the association with the rest of Italy to support his cause, because they had, in former times, been under the protection of the family of the Antonii. And not long afterwards he defeated him in a naval engagement near Actium, which was prolonged to so late an hour, that, after the victory, he was obliged to sleep on board his ship. From Actium he went to the isle of Samos to winter; but being alarmed with the accounts of a mutiny amongst the soldiers he had selected from the main body of his army sent to Brundisium after the victory, who insisted on their being rewarded for their service and discharged, he returned to Italy. In his passage thither, he encountered two violent storms, the first between the promontories of Peloponnesus and Ætolia, and the other about the Ceraunian mountains; in both which a part of his Liburnian squadron was sunk, the spars and rigging of his own ship carried away, and the rudder broken in pieces. He remained only twenty-seven days at Brundisium, until the demands of the soldiers were settled, and then went, by way of Asia and Syria, to Egypt, where laying siege to Alexandria, whither Antony had fled with Cleopatra, he made himself master of it in a short time. He drove Antony to kill himself, after he had used every effort to obtain conditions of peace, and he saw his corpse. Cleopatra he anxiously wished to save for his triumph; and when she was supposed to have been bit to death by an asp, he sent for the Psylli to endeavour to suck out the poison. He allowed them to be buried together in the same grave, and ordered a mausoleum, begun by themselves, to be completed. The eldest of Antony's two sons by Fulvia he commanded to be taken by force from the statue of Julius Cæsar, to which he had fled, after many fruitless supplications for his life, and put him to death. The same fate attended Cæsario, Cleopatra's son by Cæsar, as he pretended, who had fled for his life, but was retaken. The children which Antony had by Cleopatra he saved, and brought up and cherished in a manner suitable to their rank, just as if they had been his own relations.

At this time he had a desire to see the sarcophagus and body of Alexander the Great, which, for that purpose, were taken out of the cell in which they rested; and after viewing them for some time, he paid honours to the memory of that prince, by offering a golden crown, and scattering flowers upon the body. Being asked if he wished to see the tombs of the Ptolemies also; he replied, "I wish to see a king, not dead men." He reduced Egypt into the form of a province; and to render it more fertile, and more capable of supplying Rome with corn, he employed his army to scour the canals, into which the Nile, upon its rise, discharges itself; but which during a long series of years had become nearly choked up with mud. To perpetuate the glory of his victory at Actium, he built the city of Nicopolis on that part of the coast, and established games to be celebrated

there every five years; enlarging likewise an old temple of Apollo, he ornamented with naval trophies the spot on which he had pitched his camp, and consecrated it to Neptune and Mars.

He afterwards quashed several tumults and insurrections, as well as several conspiracies against his life, which were discovered, by the confession of accomplices, before they were ripe for execution; and others subsequently. Such were those of the younger Lepidus, of Varro Muræna, and Fannius Cæpio; then that of Marcus Egnatius, afterwards that of Plautius Rufus, and of Lucius Paulus, his grand-daughter's husband; and besides these, another of Lucius Audasius, an old feeble man, who was under prosecution for forgery; as also of Asinius Epicadus, a Parthinian mongrel, and at last that of Telephus, a lady's prompter; for he was in danger of his life from the plots and conspiracies of some of the lowest of the people against him. Audasius and Epicadus had formed the design of carrying off to the armies his daughter Julia, and his grandson, Agrippa, from the islands in which they were confined. Telephus, wildly dreaming that the government was destined to him by the fates, proposed to fall both upon Octavius and the senate. Nay, once, a soldier's servant belonging to the army in Illyricum, having passed the porters unobserved, was found in the night-time standing before his chamber door, armed with a hunting-dagger. Whether the person was really disordered in the head, or only counterfeited madness, is uncertain; for no confession was obtained from him by torture.

He conducted in person only two foreign wars; the Dalmatian, whilst he was yet but a youth; and, after Antony's final defeat, the Cantabrian. He was wounded in the former of these wars; in one battle he received a contusion in the right knee from a stone — and in another, he was much hurt in one leg and both arms, by the fall of a bridge. His other wars he carried on by his lieutenants; but occasionally visited the army, in some of the wars of Pannonia and Germany, or remained at no great distance, proceeding from Rome as far as Ravenna, Milan, or Aquileia.

He conquered, however, partly in person, and partly by his lieutenants, Cantabria, Aquitania and Pannonia, Dalmatia, with all Illyricum and Rhætia, besides the two Alpine nations, the Vindelici and the Salassii. He also checked the incursions of the Dacians, by cutting off three of their generals with vast armies, and drove the Germans beyond the river Elbe; removing two other tribes who submitted, the Ubii and Sicambri, into Gaul, and settling them in the country bordering on the Rhine. Other nations also, which broke into revolt, he reduced to submission. But he never made war upon any nation without just and necessary cause; and was so far from being ambitious either to extend the empire, or advance his own military glory, that he obliged the chiefs of some barbarous tribes to swear in the temple of Mars the Avenger, that they would faithfully observe their engagements. and not violate the peace which they had

implored. Of some he demanded a new description of hostages, their women, having found from experience that they cared little for their men when given as hostages; but he always afforded them the means of getting back their hostages whenever they wished it. Even those who engaged most frequently and with the greatest perfidy in their rebellion, he never punished more severely than by selling their captives, on the terms of their not serving in any neighbouring country, nor being released from their slavery before the expiration of thirty years. By the character which he thus acquired, for virtue and moderation, he induced even the Indians and Scythians, nations before known to the Romans by report only, to solicit his friendship, and that of the Roman people, by ambassadors. The Parthians readily allowed his claim to Armenia; restoring at his demand, the standards which they had taken from Marcus Crassus and Mark Antony, and offering him hostages besides. Afterwards, when a contest arose between several pretenders to the crown of that kingdom, they refused to acknowledge any one who was not chosen by him.

The temple of Janus Quirinus, which had been shut twice only, from the era of the building of the city to his own time, he closed thrice in a much shorter period, having established universal peace both by sea and land. He twice entered the city with the honours of an Ovation, namely, after the war of Philippi, and again after that of Sicily. He had also three curule triumphs for his several victories in Dalmatia, at Actium, and Alexandria; each of which lasted three days.

In all his wars, he never received any signal or ignominious defeat, except twice in Germany, under his lieutenants Lollius and Varus. The former indeed had in it more of dishonour than disaster; but that of Varus threatened the security of the empire itself; three legions, with the commander, his lieutenants, and all the auxiliaries, being cut off. Upon receiving intelligence of this disaster, he gave orders for keeping a strict watch over the city, to prevent any public disturbance, and prolonged the appointments of the prefects in the provinces, that the allies might be kept in order by experience of persons to whom they were used. He made a vow to celebrate the great games in honour of Jupiter, Optimus, Maximus, "if he would be pleased to restore the state to more prosperous circumstances." This had formerly been resorted to in the Cimbrian and Marsian wars. In short, we are informed that he was in such consternation at this event, that he let the hair of his head and beard grow for several months, and sometimes knocked his head against the door-posts, crying out, "O, Quintilius Varus! Give me back my legions!" And ever after, he observed the anniversary of this calamity, as a day of sorrow and mourning.

In military affairs he made many alterations, introducing some practices entirely new, and reviving others, which had become obsolete. He maintained the strictest discipline among the troops; and would not allow even

his lieutenants the liberty to visit their wives, except reluctantly, and in the winter season only. A Roman knight having cut off the thumbs of his two young sons, to render them incapable of serving in the wars, he exposed both him and his estate to public sale. But upon observing the farmers of the revenue very greedy for the purchase, he assigned him to a freedman of his own, that he might send him into the country, and suffer him to retain his freedom. The tenth legion becoming mutinous, he disbanded it with ignominy; and did the same by some others which petulantly demanded their discharge; withholding from them the rewards usually bestowed on those who had served their stated time in the wars. The cohorts which yielded their ground in time of action, he decimated, and fed with barley. Centurions, as well as common sentinels, who deserted their posts when on guard, he punished with death. For other misdemeanors he inflicted upon them various kinds of disgrace; such as obliging them to stand all day before the praetorium, sometimes in their tunics only, and without their belts, sometimes to carry poles ten feet long, or sods of turf.

After the conclusion of the civil wars, he never, in any of his military harangues, or proclamations, addressed them by the title of "Fellow-soldiers," but as "Soldiers" only. Nor would he suffer them to be otherwise called by his sons or step-sons, when they were in command; judging the former epithet to convey the idea of a degree of condescension inconsistent with military discipline, the maintenance of order, and his own majesty, and that of his house. Unless at Rome, in case of incendiary fires, or under the apprehension of public disturbances during a scarcity of provisions, he never employed in his army slaves who had been made freedmen, except upon two occasions; on one, for the security of the colonies bordering upon Illyricum, and on the other, to guard the banks of the river Rhine. Although he obliged persons of fortune, both male and female, to give up their slaves, and they received their manumission at once, yet he kept them together under their own standard, unmixed with soldiers who were better born, and armed likewise after different fashion. Military rewards, such as trappings, collars, and other decorations of gold and silver, he distributed more readily than camp or mural crowns, which were reckoned more honourable than the former. These he bestowed sparingly, without partiality, and frequently even on common soldiers. He presented M. Agrippa, after the naval engagement in the Sicilian war, with a sea-green banner. Those who shared in the honours of a triumph, although they had attended him in his expeditions, and taken part in his victories, he judged it improper to distinguish by the usual rewards for service, because they had a right themselves to grant such rewards to whom they pleased. He thought nothing more derogatory to the character of an accomplished general than precipitancy and rashness; on which account he had frequently in his mouth those proverbs:

Σπεῦδε βραδέως,

Hasten slowly,

And

Ἀσφαλὴς γὰρ ἐστ' ἀμείνων, ἡ θράσυς στρατηλάτης.

The cautious captain's better than the bold.

And "That is done fast enough, which is done well enough."

He was wont to say also, that "a battle or a war ought never to be undertaken, unless the prospect of gain overbalanced the fear of loss. For," said he, "men who pursue small advantages with no small hazard, resemble those who fish with a golden hook, the loss of which, if the line should happen to break, could never be compensated by all the fish they might take."

He was advanced to public offices before the age at which he was legally qualified for them; and to some, also, of a new kind, and for life. He seized the consulship in the twentieth year of his age, quartering his legions in a threatening manner near the city, and sending deputies to demand it for him in the name of the army. When the senate demurred, a centurion, named Cornelius, who was at the head of the chief deputation, throwing back his cloak, and showing the hilt of his sword, had the presumption to say in the senate-house, "This will make him consul, if ye will not." His second consulship he filled nine years afterwards; his third, after the interval of only one year, and held the same office every year successively until the eleventh. From this period, although the consulship was frequently offered him, he always declined it, until, after a long interval, not less than seventeen years, he voluntarily stood for the twelfth, and two years after that, for a thirteenth; that he might successively introduce into the forum, on their entering public life, his two sons, Caius and Lucius, while he was invested with the highest office in the state. In his five consulships from the sixth to the eleventh, he continued in office throughout the year; but in the rest, during only nine, six, four, or three months, and in his second no more than a few hours. For having sat for a short time in the morning, upon the calends of January, in his curule chair, before the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, he abdicated the office, and substituted another in his room. Nor did he enter upon them all at Rome, but upon the fourth in Asia, the fifth in the Isle of Samos, and the eighth and ninth at Tarragona.

During ten years he acted as one of the triumvirate for settling the commonwealth, in which office he for some time opposed his colleagues in their design of a proscription; but after it was begun, he prosecuted it with more determined rigour than either of them. For whilst they were often prevailed upon, by the interest and intercession of friends, to show mercy, he alone strongly insisted that no one should be spared, and even

proscribed Caius Toranius, his guardian, who had been formerly the colleague of his father Octavius in the edileship. Junius Saturnius adds this further account of him: that when, after the proscription was over, Marcus Lepidus made an apology in the senate for their past proceedings, and gave them hopes of a more mild administration for the future, because they had now sufficiently crushed their enemies; he, on the other hand, declared that the only limit he had fixed to the proscription was, that he should be free to act as he pleased. Afterwards, however, repenting of his severity, he advanced T. Vinius Philopœmen to the equestrian rank, for having concealed his patron at the time he was proscribed. In this same office he incurred great odium upon many accounts. For as he was one day making an harangue, observing among the soldiers Pinarius, a Roman knight, admit some private citizens, and engaged in taking notes, he ordered him to be stabbed before his eyes, as a busy-body and a spy upon him. He so terrified with his menaces Tedius Afer, the consul elect, for having reflected upon some action of his, that he threw himself from a great height, and died on the spot. And when Quintus Gallius, the praetor, came to compliment him with a double tablet under his cloak, suspecting that it was a sword he had concealed, and yet not venturing to make a search, lest it should be found to be something else, he caused him to be dragged from his tribunal by centurions and soldiers, and tortured like a slave: and although he made no confession, ordered him to be put to death, after he had, with his own hands, plucked out his eyes. His own account of the matter, however, is, that Quintus Gallius sought a private conference with him, for the purpose of assassinating him; that he therefore put him in prison, but afterwards released him, and banished him the city; when he perished either in a storm at sea, or by falling into the hands of robbers.

He accepted of the tribunitian power for life, but more than once chose a colleague in that office for two *lustra* successively. He also had the supervision of morality and observance of the laws, for life, but without the title of censor; yet he thrice took a census of the people, the first and third time with a colleague, but the second by himself.

He twice entertained thoughts of restoring the republic; first, immediately after he had crushed Antony, remembering that he had often charged him with being the obstacle to its restoration. The second time was in consequence of a long illness, when he sent for the magistrates and the senate to his own house, and delivered them a particular account of the state of the empire. But reflecting at the same time that it would be both hazardous to himself to return to the condition of a private person, and might be dangerous to the public to have the government placed again under the control of the people, he resolved to keep it in his own hands, whether with the better event or intention, is hard to say. His good intentions he often affirmed in private discourse, and also published

an edict, in which it was declared in the following terms: "May it be permitted me to have the happiness of establishing the commonwealth on a safe and sound basis, and thus enjoy the reward of which I am ambitious, that of being celebrated for moulding it into the form best adapted to present circumstances; so that, on my leaving the world, I may carry with me the hope that the foundations which I have laid for its future government, will stand firm and stable."

The city, which was not built in a manner suitable to the grandeur of the empire, and was liable to inundations of the Tiber, as well as to fires, was so much improved under his administration, that he boasted, not without reason, that he "found it of brick, but left it of marble." He also rendered it secure for the time to come against such disasters, as far as could be effected by human foresight. A great number of public buildings were erected by him, the most considerable of which were a forum, containing the temple of Mars the Avenger, the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill, and the temple of Jupiter Tonans in the capitol. The reason of his building a new forum was the vast increase in the population, and the number of causes to be tried in the courts, for which, the two already existing not affording sufficient space, it was thought necessary to have a third. It was therefore opened for public use before the temple of Mars was completely finished; and a law was passed, that causes should be tried, and judges chosen by lot, in that place. The temple of Mars was built in fulfilment of a vow made during the war of Philippi, undertaken by him to avenge his father's murder. He ordained that the senate should always assemble there when they met to deliberate respecting wars and triumphs; that thence should be despatched all those who were sent into the provinces in the command of armies; and that in it those who returned victorious from the wars, should lodge the trophies of their triumphs. He erected the temple of Apollo in that part of his house on the Palatine hill which had been struck with lightning, and which, on that account, the soothsayers declared the God to have chosen. He added porticos to it, with a library of Latin and Greek authors; and when advanced in years, used frequently there to hold the senate, and examine the rolls of the judges.

He dedicated the temple of Apollo Tonans, in acknowledgment of his escape from a great danger in his Cantabrian expedition; when, as he was travelling in the night, his litter was struck by lightning, which killed the slave who carried a torch before him. He likewise constructed some public buildings in the name of others; for instance, his grandsons, his wife, and sister. Thus he built the portico and basilica of Lucius and Caius, and the porticos of Livia and Octavia, and the theatre of Marcellus. He also often exhorted other persons of rank to embellish the city by new buildings, or repairing and improving the old, according to their means. In consequence of this recommendation, many were raised; such as the temple of Hercules and the Muses, by Marcius Philippus; a temple of

Diana by Lucius Cornificius; the Court of Freedom by Asinius Pollio; a temple of Saturn by Munatius Plancus; a theatre by Cornelius Balbus; an amphitheatre by Statilius Taurus; and several other noble edifices by Marcus Agrippa.

He divided the city into regions and districts, ordaining that the annual magistrates should take by lot the charge of the former; and that the latter should be superintended by wardens chosen out of the people of each neighbourhood. He appointed a nightly watch to be on their guard against accidents from fire; and, to prevent the frequent inundations, he widened and cleansed the bed of the Tiber, which had in the course of years been almost dammed up with rubbish, and the channel narrowed by the ruins of houses. To render the approaches to the city more commodious, he took upon himself the charge of repairing the Flaminian way as far as Ariminum, and distributed the repairs of the other roads amongst several persons who had obtained the honour of a triumph; to be defrayed out of the money arising from the spoils of war. Temples decayed by time, or destroyed by fire, he either repaired or rebuilt; and enriched them, as well as many others, with splendid offerings. On a single occasion, he deposited in the cell of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, sixteen thousand pounds of gold, with jewels and pearls to the amount of fifty millions of sesterces.

The office of Pontifex Maximus, of which he could not decently deprive Lepidus as long as he lived, he assumed as soon as he was dead. He then caused all prophetical books, both in Latin and Greek, the authors of which were either unknown, or of no great authority, to be brought in; and the whole collection, amounting to upwards of two thousand volumes, he committed to the flames, preserving only the Sibylline oracles; but not even those without a strict examination, to ascertain which were genuine. This being done, he deposited them in two gilt coffers, under the pedestal of the statue of the Palatine Apollo. He restored the calendar which had been corrected by Julius Cæsar, but through negligence was again fallen into confusion, to its former regularity; and upon that occasion, called the month Sextilis, by his own name, August, rather than September, in which he was born; because in it he had obtained his first consulship, and all his most considerable victories. He increased the number, dignity, and revenues of the priests, and especially those of the Vestal Virgins. And when, upon the death of one of them, a new one was to be taken, and many persons made interest that their daughters' names might be omitted in the lists for election, he replied with an oath, "If either of my own granddaughters were old enough, I would have proposed her."

He likewise revived some old religious customs, which had become obsolete; as the augury of public health, the office of high priest of Jupiter, the religious solemnity of the Lupercalia, with the Secular, and Compitalian games. He prohibited young boys from running in the Lupercalia;

and, in respect of the Secular Games, issued an order that no young persons of either sex should appear at any public diversions in the night-time, unless in the company of some elderly relation. He ordered the household gods to be decked twice a year with spring and summer flowers, in the Compitalian festival.

Next to the immortal gods, he paid the highest honours to the memory of those generals who had raised the Roman state from its low origin to the highest pitch of grandeur. He accordingly repaired or rebuilt the public edifices erected by them; preserving the former inscriptions, and placing statues of them all, with triumphal emblems, in both the porticos of his forum, issuing an edict on the occasion, in which he made the following declaration: "My design in so doing is, that the Roman people may require from me, and all succeeding princes, a conformity to those illustrious examples." He likewise removed the statue of Pompey from the senate-house, in which Caius Cæsar had been killed, and placed it under a marble arch, fronting the palace attached to Pompey's theatre.

He corrected many ill practices, which, to the detriment of the public, had either survived the licentious habits of the late civil wars, or else originated in the long peace. Bands of robbers showed themselves openly, completely armed, under colour of self-defense; and in different parts of the country, travellers, freemen and slaves without distinction, were forcibly carried off, and kept to work in the houses of correction. Several associations were formed under the specious name of a new college, which banded together for the perpetration of all kinds of villainy. The banditti he quelled by establishing posts of soldiers in suitable stations for the purpose; the houses of correction were subjected to a strict superintendence; all associations, those only excepted which were of ancient standing, and recognized by the laws, were dissolved. He burnt all the notes of those who had been a long time in arrear with the treasury, as being the principal source of vexatious suits and prosecutions. Places in the city claimed by the public, where the right was doubtful, he adjudged to the actual possessors. He struck out of the list of criminals the names of those over whom prosecutions had been long impending, where nothing further was intended by the informers than to gratify their own malice, by seeing their enemies humiliated; laying it down as a rule, that if any one chose to renew a prosecution, he should incur the risk of the punishment which he sought to inflict. And that crimes might not escape punishment, nor business be neglected by delay, he ordered the courts to sit during the thirty days which were spent in celebrating honorary games. To the three classes of judges then existing, he added a fourth, consisting of persons of inferior order, who were called *Ducenarii,* and decided all litigations about trifling sums. He chose judges from the age of thirty years and upwards; that is five years younger than had been usual before. And a great many declining the office, he was with much difficulty prevailed upon to allow each class of

judges a twelve-month's vacation in turn; and the courts to be shut during the months of November and December.

He was himself assiduous in his functions as a judge, and would sometimes prolong his sittings even into the night: if he were indisposed, his litter was placed before the tribunal, or he administered justice reclining on his couch at home; displaying always not only the greatest attention, but extreme lenity. To save a culprit, who evidently appeared guilty of parricide, from the extreme penalty of being sewn up in a sack, because none were punished in that manner but such as confessed the fact, he is said to have interrogated him thus: "Surely you did not kill your father, did you?" And when, in a trial of a cause about a forged will, all those who had signed it were liable to the penalty of the Cornelian law, he ordered that his colleagues on the tribunal should not only be furnished with the two tablets by which they decided, "guilty or not guilty," but with a third likewise, ignoring the offense of those who should appear to have given their signatures through any deception or mistake. All appeals in causes between inhabitants of Rome, he assigned every year to the praetor of the city; and where provincials were concerned, to men of consular rank, to one of whom the business of each province was referred.

Some laws he abrogated, and he made some new ones; such as the sumptuary law, that relating to adultery and the violation of chastity, the law against bribery in elections, and likewise that for the encouragement of marriage. Having been more severe in his reform of this law than the rest, he found the people utterly averse to submit to it, unless the penalties were abolished or mitigated, besides allowing an interval of three years after a wife's death, and increasing the premiums on marriage. The equestrian order clamoured loudly, at a spectacle in the theatre, for its total repeal; whereupon he sent for the children of Germanicus, and showed them partly sitting upon his own lap, and partly on their father's; intimating by his looks and gestures, that they ought not to think it a grievance to follow the example of that young man. But finding that the force of the law was eluded, by marrying girls under the age of puberty, and by frequent change of wives, he limited the time for consummation after espousals, and imposed restrictions on divorce.

By two separate scrutinies he reduced to their former number and splendour the senate, which had been swamped by a disorderly crowd; for they were now more than a thousand and some of them very mean persons, who, after Cæsar's death, had been chosen by dint of interest and bribery, so that they had the nickname of Orcini among the people. The first of these scrutinies was left to themselves, each senator naming another; but the last was conducted by himself and Agrippa. On this occasion he is believed to have taken his seat as he presided, with a coat of mail under his tunic, and a sword by his side, and with ten of the stoutest men of senatorial rank. who were his friends, standing round his chair. Cordus

Cremutius relates that no senator was suffered to approach him, except singly, and after having his bosom searched [for secreted daggers]. Some he obliged to have the grace of declining the office; these he allowed to retain the privileges of wearing the distinguishing dress, occupying the seats at the solemn spectacles, and of feasting publicly, reserved to the senatorial order. That those who were chosen and approved of might perform their functions under more solemn obligations, and with less inconvenience, he ordered that every senator, before he took his seat in the house, should pay his devotions, with an offering of frankincense and wine, at the altar of that God in whose temple the senate then assembled, and that their stated meetings should be only twice in the month, namely, on the calends and ides; and that in the months of September and October, a certain number only, chosen by lot, such as the law required to give validity to a decree, should be required to attend. For himself, he resolved to choose every six months a new council, with whom he might consult previously upon such affairs as he judged proper at any time to lay before the full senate. He also took the votes of the senators upon any subject of importance, not according to custom, nor in regular order, but as he pleased; that every one might hold himself ready to give his opinion, rather than a mere vote of assent.

He also made several other alterations in the management of public affairs, among which were these following: that the acts of the senate should not be published; that the magistrates should not be sent into the provinces immediately after the expiration of their office; that the proconsuls should have a certain sum assigned them out of the treasury for mules and tents, which used before to be contracted for by the government with private persons; that the management of the treasury should be transferred from the city-quaestors to the praetors, or those who had already served in the latter office; and that the decemviri should call together the court of One Hundred, which had been formerly summoned by those who had filled the office of quaestor.

To augment the number of persons employed in the administration of the state, he devised several new offices; such as surveyors of the public buildings, of the roads, the aqueducts, and the bed of the Tiber; for the distribution of corn to the people; the praefecture of the city; a triumvirate for the election of the senators; and another for inspecting the several troops of the equestrian order, as often as it was necessary. He revived the office of censor, which had been long disused, and increased the number of praetors. He likewise required that whenever the consulship was conferred on him, he should have two colleagues instead of one; but his proposal was rejected, all the senators declaring by acclamation that he abated his high majesty quite enough in not filling the office alone, and consenting to share it with another.

He was unsparing in the reward of military merit, having granted to

above thirty generals the honour of the greater triumph; besides which, he took care to have triumphal decorations voted by the senate for more than that number. That the sons of senators might become early acquainted with the administration of affairs, he permitted them, at the age when they took the garb of manhood, to assume also the distinction of the senatorian robe, with its broad border, and to be present at the debates in the senate-house. When they entered the military service, he not only gave them the rank of military tribunes in the legions, but likewise the command of the auxiliary horse. And that all might have an opportunity of acquiring military experience, he commonly joined two sons of senators in command of each troop of horse. He frequently reviewed the troops of the equestrian order, reviving the ancient custom of a cavalcade, which had been long laid aside. But he did not suffer any one to be obliged by an accuser to dismount while he passed in review, as had formerly been the practice. As for such as were infirm with age, or any way deformed, he allowed them to send their horses before them, coming on foot to answer to their names, when the muster roll was called over soon afterwards. He permitted those who had attained the age of thirty-five years, and desired not to keep their horse any longer, to have the privilege of giving it up.

With the assistance of ten senators, he obliged each of the Roman knights to give an account of his life: in regard to those who fell under his displeasure, some were punished; others had a mark of infamy set against their names. The most part he only reprimanded, but not in the same terms. The mildest mode of reproof was by delivering them tablets, the contents of which, confined to themselves, they were to read on the spot. Some he disgraced for borrowing money at low interest, and letting it out again upon usurious profit.

In the election of tribunes of the people, if there was not a sufficient number of senatorian candidates, he nominated others from the equestrian order; granting them the liberty, after the expiration of their office, to continue in whichsoever of the two orders they pleased. As most of the knights had been much reduced in their estates by the civil wars, and therefore durst not sit to see the public games in the theatre in the seats allotted to their order, for fear of the penalty provided by the law in that case, he enacted, that none were liable to it, who had themselves, or whose parents had ever, possessed a knight's estate. He took the census of the Roman people street by street: and that the people might not be too often taken from their business to receive the distribution of corn, it was his intention to deliver tickets three times a year for four months respectively; but at their request, he continued the former regulation, that they should receive their share monthly. He revived the former law of elections, endeavouring, by various penalties, to suppress the practice of bribery. Upon the day of election, he distributed to the freemen of the Fabian and Scaptian tribes, in which he himself was enrolled, a thousand sesterces each, that they might

look for nothing from any of the candidates. Considering it of extreme importance to preserve the Roman people pure, and untainted with a mixture of foreign or servile blood, he not only bestowed the freedom of the city with a sparing hand, but laid some restriction upon the practice of manumitting slaves. When Tiberius interceded with him for the freedom of Rome in behalf of a Greek client of his, he wrote to him for answer, "I shall not grant it, unless he comes himself, and satisfies me that he has just grounds for the application." And when Livia begged the freedom of the city for a tributary Gaul, he refused it, but offered to release him from payment of taxes, saying, "I shall sooner suffer some loss in my exchequer, than that the citizenship of Rome be rendered too common." Not content with interposing many obstacles to either the partial or complete emancipation of slaves, by quibbles respecting the number, condition and difference of those who were to be manumitted; he likewise enacted that none who had been put in chains or tortured, should ever obtain the freedom of the city in any degree. He endeavoured also to restore the old habit and dress of the Romans; and upon seeing once, in an assembly of the people, a crowd in grey cloaks, he exclaimed with indignation, "See there,

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatem."

Rome's conquering sons, lords of the wide-spread globe,
Stalk proudly in the toga's graceful robe.

And he gave orders to the ediles not to permit, in future, any Roman to be present in the forum or circus unless they took off their short coats, and wore the toga.

He displayed his munificence to all ranks of the people on various occasions. Moreover, upon his bringing the treasure belonging to the kings of Egypt into the city, in his Alexandrian triumph, he made money so plentiful, that interest fell, and the price of land rose considerably. And afterwards, as often as large sums of money came into his possession by means of confiscations, he would lend it free of interest, for a fixed term, to such as could give security for the double of what was borrowed. The estate necessary to qualify a senator, instead of eight hundred thousand sesterces, the former standard, he ordered, for the future, to be twelve hundred thousand; and to those who had not so much, he made good the deficiency. He often made donations to the people, but generally of different sums; sometimes four hundred, sometimes three hundred, or two hundred and fifty sesterces: upon which occasions, he extended his bounty even to young boys, who before were not used to receive anything, until they arrived at eleven years of age. In a scarcity of corn, he would frequently let them have it at a very low price, or none at all; and doubled the number of the money tickets.

But to show that he was a prince who regarded more the good of his people than their applause, he reprimanded them very severely, upon

their complaining of the scarcity and dearness of wine. "My son-in-law, Agrippa," he said, "has sufficiently provided for quenching your thirst, by the great plenty of water with which he has supplied the town." Upon their demanding a gift which he had promised them, he said, "I am a man of my word." But upon their importuning him for one which he had not promised, he issued a proclamation upbraiding them for their scandalous impudence; at the same time telling them, "I shall now give you nothing, whatever I may have intended to do." With the same strict firmness, when, upon a promise he had made of a donative, he found many slaves had been emancipated and enrolled amongst the citizens, he declared that no one should receive anything who was not included in the promise, and he gave the rest less than he had promised them, in order that the amount he had set apart might hold out. On one occasion, in a season of great scarcity, which it was difficult to remedy, he ordered out of the city the troops of slaves brought for sale, the gladiators belonging to the masters of defense, and all foreigners, excepting physicians and the teachers of the liberal sciences. Part of the domestic slaves were likewise ordered to be dismissed. When, at last, plenty was restored, he writes thus: "I was much inclined to abolish for ever the practice of allowing the people corn at the public expense, because they trust so much to it, that they are too lazy to till their lands; but I did not persevere in my design, as I felt sure that the practice would some time or other be revived by some one ambitious of popular favour." However, he so managed the affair ever afterwards, that as much account was taken of husbandmen and traders, as of the idle populace.

In the number, variety, and magnificence of his public spectacles, he surpassed all former example. Four-and-twenty times, he says, he treated the people with games upon his own account, and three-and-twenty times for such magistrates as were either absent, or not able to afford the expense. The performances took place sometimes in the different streets of the city and upon several stages, by players in all languages. The same he did not only in the forum and amphitheatre, but in the circus likewise, and in the septa; and sometimes he exhibited only the hunting of wild beasts. He entertained the people with wrestlers in the Campus Martius, where wooden seats were erected for the purpose; and also with a naval fight, for which he excavated the ground near the Tiber, where there is now the grove of the Cæsars. During these two entertainments he stationed guards in the city, lest, by robbers taking advantage of the small number of people left at home, it might be exposed to depredations. In the circus he exhibited chariot and foot races, and combats with wild beasts, in which the performers were often youths of the highest rank. His favourite spectacle was the Trojan game, acted by a select number of boys, in parties differing in age and station; thinking that it was a practice both excellent in itself, and sanctioned by ancient usage, that the spirit of the young nobles should

be displayed in such exercises. Caius Nonius Asprenas, who was lamed by a fall in this diversion, he presented with a gold collar, and allowed him and his posterity to bear the surname of Torquati. But soon afterwards he gave up the exhibition of this game, in consequence of a severe and bitter speech made in the senate by Asinius Pollio, the orator, in which he complained bitterly of the misfortune of Æserninus, his grandson, who likewise broke his leg in the same diversion.

Sometimes he engaged Roman knights to act upon the stage, or to fight as gladiators; but only before the practice was prohibited by a decree of the senate. Thenceforth, the only exhibition he made of that kind, was that of a young man named Lucius, of a good family, who was not quite two feet in height, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but had a stentorian voice. In one of his public spectacles, he brought the hostages of the Parthians, the first ever sent to Rome from that nation, through the middle of the amphitheatre, and placed them in the second tier of seats above him. He used likewise, at times when there were no public entertainments, if any thing was brought to Rome which was uncommon, and might gratify curiosity, to expose it to public view, in any place whatever; as he did a rhinoceros in the Septa, a tiger upon a stage, and a snake fifty cubits long in the Comitium. It happened in the Circensian games, which he performed in consequence of a vow, that he was taken ill, and obliged to attend the Thensæ, reclining on a litter. Another time, in the games celebrated for the opening of the theatre of Marcellus, the joints of his curule chair happening to give way, he fell on his back. And in the games exhibited by his grandsons, when the people were in such consternation, by an alarm raised that the theatre was falling, that all his efforts to reassure them and keep them quiet, failed, he moved from his place, and seated himself in that part of the theatre which was thought to be exposed to most danger.

He corrected the confusion and disorder with which the spectators took their seats at the public games, after an affront which was offered to a senator at Puteoli, for whom, in a crowded theatre, no one would make room. He therefore procured a decree of the senate, that in all public spectacles of any sort, and in any place whatever, the first tier of benches should be left empty for the accommodation of senators. He would not even permit the ambassadors of free nations, nor of those which were allies of Rome, to sit in the orchestra; having found that some manumitted slaves had been sent under that character. He separated the soldiery from the rest of the people, and assigned to married plebeians their particular rows of seats. To the boys he assigned their own benches, and to their tutors the seats which were nearest it; ordering that none clothed in black should sit in the centre of the circle. Nor would he allow any women to witness the combats of gladiators, except from the upper part of the theatre, although they formerly used to take their places promiscuously with the rest of the spectators. To the Vestal Virgins he granted seats in the theatre, reserved

for them only, opposite the praetor's bench. He excluded, however, the whole female sex from seeing the wrestlers: so that in the games which he exhibited upon his accession to the office of high-priest, he deferred producing a pair of combatants which the people called for, until the next morning; and intimated by proclamation, "his pleasure that no woman should appear in the theatre before five o'clock."

He generally viewed the Circensian games himself, from the upper rooms of the houses of his friends or freedmen; sometimes from the place appointed for the statues of the gods, and sitting in company with his wife and children. He occasionally absented himself from the spectacles for several hours, and sometimes for whole days; but not without first making an apology, and appointing substitutes to preside in his stead. When present, he never attended to anything else; either to avoid the reflections which he used to say were commonly made upon his father, Cæsar, for perusing letters and memorials, and making rescripts during the spectacles; or from the real pleasure he took in attending those exhibitions; of which he made no secret, he often candidly owning it. This he manifested frequently by presenting honorary crowns and handsome rewards to the best performers, in the games exhibited by others; and he never was present at any performance of the Greeks, without rewarding the most deserving, according to their merit. He took particular pleasure in witnessing pugilistic contests, especially those of the Latins, not only between combatants who had been trained scientifically, whom he used often to match with the Greek champions; but even between mobs of the lower classes fighting in streets, and tilting at random, without any knowledge of the art. In short, he honoured with his patronage all sorts of people who contributed in any way to the success of the public entertainments. He not only maintained, but enlarged, the privileges of the wrestlers. He prohibited combats of gladiators where no quarter was given. He deprived the magistrates of the power of correcting the stage-players, which by an ancient law was allowed them at all times, and in all places; restricting their jurisdiction entirely to the time of performance and misdemeanours in the theatres. He would, however, admit of no abatement, and exacted with the utmost rigour the greatest exertions of the wrestlers and gladiators in their several encounters. He went so far in restraining the licentiousness of stage-players, that upon discovering that Stephanio, a performer of the highest class, had a married woman with her hair cropped, and dressed in boy's clothes, to wait upon him at table, he ordered him to be whipped through all the three theatres, and then banished him. Hylas, an actor of pantomimes, upon a complaint against him by the praetor, he commanded to be scourged in the court of his own house, which, however, was open to the public. And Pylades he not only banished from the city, but from Italy also, for pointing with his finger at a spectator by whom he was hissed, and turning the eyes of the audience upon him.

Having thus regulated the city and its concerns, he augmented the population of Italy by planting in it no less than twenty-eight colonies, and greatly improved it by public works, and a beneficial application of the revenues. In rights and privileges, he rendered it in a measure equal to the city itself, by inventing a new kind of suffrage, which the principal officers and magistrates of the colonies might take at home, and forward under seal to the city, against the time of the elections. To increase the number of persons of condition, and of children among the lower ranks, he granted the petitions of all those who requested the honour of doing military service on horseback as knights, provided their demands were seconded by the recommendation of the town in which they lived; and when he visited the several districts of Italy, he distributed a thousand sesterces a head to such of the lower class as presented him with sons or daughters.

The more important provinces, which could not with ease or safety be entrusted to the government of annual magistrates, he reserved for his own administration: the rest he distributed by lot amongst the proconsuls; but sometimes he made exchanges, and frequently visited most of both kinds in person. Some cities in alliance with Rome, but which by their great licentiousness were hastening to ruin, he deprived of their independence. Others, which were much in debt, he relieved, and rebuilt such as had been destroyed by earthquakes. To those that could produce any instance of their having deserved well of the Roman people, he presented the freedom of Latium, or even that of the City. There is not, I believe, a province, except Africa and Sardinia, which he did not visit. After forcing Sextus Pompeius to take refuge in those provinces, he was indeed preparing to cross over from Sicily to them, but was prevented by continual and violent storms, and afterwards there was no occasion or call for such a voyage.

Kingdoms, of which he had made himself master by the right of conquest, a few only excepted, he either restored to their former possessors, or conferred upon aliens. Between kings in alliance with Rome, he encouraged most intimate union; being always ready to promote or favour any proposal of marriage or friendship amongst them; and, indeed, treated them all with the same consideration, as if they were members and parts of the empire. To such of them as were minors or lunatics he appointed guardians, until they arrived at age, or recovered their senses; and the sons of many of them he brought up and educated with his own.

With respect to the army, he distributed the legions and auxiliary troops throughout the several provinces. He stationed a fleet at Misenum, and another at Ravenna, for the protection of the Upper and Lower Seas. A certain number of the forces were selected, to occupy the posts in the city, and partly for his own bodyguard; but he dismissed the Spanish guard, which he retained about him till the fall of Antony; and also the Germans, whom he had amongst his guards, until the defeat of Varus. Yet he never permitted a greater force than three cohorts in the city, and had no

(praetorian) camps. The rest he quartered in the neighbourhood of the nearest towns, in winter and summer camps. All the troops throughout the empire he reduced to one fixed model with regard to their pay and their pensions; determining these according to their rank in the army, the time they had served, and their private means; so that after their discharge, they might not be tempted by age or necessities to join the agitators for a revolution. For the purpose of providing a fund always ready to meet their pay and pensions, he instituted a military exchequer, and appropriated new taxes to that object. In order to obtain the earliest intelligence of what was passing in the provinces, he established posts, consisting at first of young men stationed at moderate distances along the military roads, and afterwards of regular couriers with fast vehicles; which appeared to him the most commodious, because the persons who were the bearers of dispatches, written on the spot, might then be questioned about the business, as occasion occurred.

In sealing letters-patent, rescripts, or epistles, he at first used the figure of a sphinx, afterwards the head of Alexander the Great, and at last his own, engraved by the hand of Dioscorides; which practice was retained by the succeeding emperors. He was extremely precise in dating his letters, putting down exactly the time of the day or night at which they were dispatched.

Of his clemency and moderation there are abundant and signal instances. For, not to enumerate how many and what persons of the adverse party he pardoned, received into favour, and suffered to rise to the highest eminence in the state; he thought it sufficient to punish Junius Novatus and Cassius Patavinus, who were both plebeians, one of them with a fine, and the other with an easy banishment; although the former had published, in the name of young Agrippa, a very scurrilous letter against him, and the other declared openly, at an entertainment where there was a great deal of company, "that he neither wanted inclination nor courage to stab him." In the trial of Æmilius Ælianus, of Cordova, when, among other charges exhibited against him, it was particularly insisted upon, that he used to calumniate Cæsar, he turned round to the accuser, and said, with an air and tone of passion, "I wish you could make that appear; I shall let Ælianus know that I have a tongue too, and shall speak sharper of him than he ever did of me." Nor did he, either then or afterwards, make any further inquiry into the affair. And when Tiberius, in a letter, complained of the affront with great earnestness, he returned him an answer in the following terms: "Do not, my dear Tiberius, give way to the ardour of youth in this affair; nor be so indignant that any person should speak ill of me. It is enough, for us, if we can prevent any one from really doing us mischief."

Although he knew that it had been customary to decree temples in honour of the proconsuls, yet he would not permit them to be erected in

any of the provinces, unless in the joint names of himself and Rome. Within the limits of the city, he positively refused any honour of that kind. He melted down all the silver statues which had been erected to him, and converted the whole into tripods, which he consecrated to the Palatine Apollo. And when the people importuned him to accept the dictatorship, he bent down on one knee, with his toga thrown over his shoulders, and his breast exposed to view, begging to be excused.

He always abhorred the title of *Lord,* as ill-omened and offensive. And when, in a play, performed at the theatre, at which he was present, these words were introduced, "O just and gracious lord," and the whole company, with joyful acclamations, testified their approbation of them, as applied to him, he instantly put a stop to their indecent flattery, by waving his hand, and frowning sternly, and next day publicly declared his displeasure, in a proclamation. He never afterwards would suffer himself to be addressed in that manner, even by his own children or grand-children, either in jest or earnest and forbad them the use of all such complimentary expressions to one another. He rarely entered any city or town, or departed from it, except in the evening or the night, to avoid giving any person the trouble of complimenting him. During his consulships, he commonly walked the streets on foot; but at other times, rode in a close carriage. He admitted to court even plebeians, in common with people of the higher ranks; receiving the petitions of those who approached him with so much affability, that he once jocosely rebuked a man, by telling him, "You present your memorial with as much hesitation as if you were offering money to an elephant." On senate days, he used to pay his respects to the Conscript Fathers only in the house, addressing them each by name as they sat, without any prompter; and on his departure, he bade each of them farewell, while they retained their seats. In the same manner, he maintained with many of them a constant intercourse of mutual civilities, giving them his company upon occasions of any particular festivity in their families; until he became advanced in years, and was incommoded by the crowd at a wedding. Being informed that Gallus Terrinius, a senator, with whom he had only a slight acquaintance, had suddenly lost his sight, and under that privation had resolved to starve himself to death, he paid him a visit, and by his consolatory admonitions diverted him from his purpose.

On his speaking in the senate, he has been told by one of the members, "I did not understand you," and by another, "I would contradict you, could I do it with safety." And sometimes, upon his being so much offended at the heat with which the debates were conducted in the senate, as to quit the house in anger, some of the members have repeatedly exclaimed: "Surely, the senators ought to have liberty of speech on matters of government." Antistius Labeo, in the election of a new senate, when each, as he was named, chose another, nominated Marcus Lepidus, who had formerly been Augustus's enemy, and was then in banishment; and being asked by

the latter, " Is there no other person more deserving? " he replied, " Every man has his own opinion." Nor was any one ever molested for his freedom of speech, although it was carried to the extent of insolence.

Even when some infamous libels against him were dispersed in the senate-house, he was neither disturbed, nor did he give himself much trouble to refute them. He would not so much as order an enquiry to be made after the authors; but only proposed, that, for the future, those who published libels or lampoons, in a borrowed name, against any person, should be called to account.

Being provoked by some petulant jests, which were designed to render him odious, he answered them by a proclamation; and yet he prevented the senate from passing an act, to restrain the liberties which were taken with others in people's wills. Whenever he attended at the election of magistrates, he went round the tribes, with the candidates of his nomination, and begged the votes of the people in the usual manner. He likewise gave his own vote in his tribe, as one of the people. He suffered himself to be summoned as a witness upon trials, and not only to be questioned, but to be cross-examined, with the utmost patience. In building his Forum, he restricted himself in the site, not presuming to compel the owners of the neighbouring houses to give up their property. He never recommended his sons to the people, without adding these words, " If they deserve it." And upon the audience rising on their entering the theatre, while they were yet minors, and giving them applause in a standing position, he made it a matter of serious complaint.

He was desirous that his friends should be great and powerful in the state, but have no exclusive privileges, or be exempt from the laws which governed others. When Asprenas Nonius, an intimate friend of his, was tried upon a charge of administering poison at the instance of Cassius Severus, he consulted the senate for their opinion what was his duty under the circumstances: " For," said he, " I am afraid, lest, if I should stand by him in the cause, I may be supposed to screen a guilty man; and if I do not, to desert and prejudge a friend." With the unanimous concurrence, therefore, of the senate, he took his seat amongst his advocates for several hours, but without giving him the benefit of speaking to character, as was usual. He likewise appeared for his clients; as on behalf of Scutarius, an old soldier of his, who brought an action for slander. He never relieved any one from prosecution but in a single instance, in the case of a man who had given information of the conspiracy of Muræna; and that he did only by prevailing upon the accuser, in open court, to drop his prosecution.

How much he was beloved for his worthy conduct in all these respects, it is easy to imagine. I say nothing of the decrees of the senate in his honour, which may seem to have resulted from compulsion or deference. The Roman knights voluntarily, and with one accord, always celebrated his birth for two days together; and all ranks of the people, yearly, in per-

formance of a vow they had made, threw a piece of money into the Curtian lake, as an offering for his welfare. They likewise, on the calends [first] of January, presented for his acceptance new-year's gifts in the capitol, though he was not present: with which donations he purchased some costly images of the Gods, which he erected in several streets of the city; as that of Apollo Sandaliarius, Jupiter Tragœdus, and others. When his house on the Palatine hill was accidentally destroyed by fire, the veteran soldiers, the judges, the tribes, and even the people, individually, contributed, according to the ability of each, for rebuilding it; but he would accept only of some small portion out of the several sums collected, and refused to take from any one person more than a single denarius. Upon his return home from any of the provinces, they attended him not only with joyful acclamations, but with songs. It is also remarked, that as often as he entered the city, the infliction of punishment was suspended for the time.

The whole body of the people, upon a sudden impulse, and with unanimous consent, offered him the title of FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. It was announced to him first at Antium, by a deputation from the people, and upon his declining the honour, they repeated their offer on his return to Rome, in a full theatre, when they were crowned with laurel. The senate soon afterwards adopted the proposal, not in the way of acclamation or decree, but by commissioning M. Messala, in an unanimous vote, to compliment him with it in the following terms: "With hearty wishes for the happiness and prosperity of yourself and your family, Cæsar Augustus, (for we think we thus most effectually pray for the lasting welfare of the state), the senate, in agreement with the Roman people, salute you by the title of FATHER OF YOUR COUNTRY." To this compliment Augustus replied, with tears in his eyes, in these words (for I give them exactly as I have done those of Messala): "Having now arrived at the summit of my wishes, O Conscript Fathers, what else have I to beg of the Immortal Gods, but the continuance of this your affection for me to the last moments of my life?"

To the physician Antonius Musa, who had cured him of a dangerous illness, they erected a statue near that of Æsculapius, by a general subscription. Some heads of families ordered in their wills, that their heirs should lead victims to the capitol, with a tablet carried before them, and pay their vows, "Because Augustus still survived." Some Italian cities appointed the day upon which he first visited them, to be thenceforth the beginning of their year. And most of the provinces, besides erecting temples and altars, instituted games, to be celebrated to his honour, in most towns, every five years.

The kings, his friends and allies, built cities in their respective kingdoms, to which they gave the name of Cæsarea; and all with one consent resolved to finish, at their common expense, the temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, which had been begun long before, and consecrate it to his Genius. They frequently also left their kingdoms, laid aside the badges of royalty,

and assuming the toga, attended and paid their respects to him daily, in the manner of clients to their patrons; not only at Rome, but when he was travelling through the provinces.

Having thus given an account of the manner in which he filled his public offices both civil and military, and his conduct in the government of the empire, both in peace and war; I shall now describe his private and domestic life, his habits at home and among his friends and dependents, and the fortune attending him in those scenes of retirement, from his youth to the day of his death. He lost his mother in his first consulship, and his sister Octavia, when he was in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He behaved towards them both with the utmost kindness whilst living, and after their decease paid the highest honours to their memory.

He was contracted when very young to the daughter of Publius Servilius Isauricus; but upon his reconciliation with Antony after their first rupture, the armies on both sides insisting on a family alliance between them, he married Antony's step-daughter Claudia, the daughter of Fulvia by Publius Claudius, although at that time she was scarcely marriageable; and upon a difference arising with his mother-in-law Fulvia, he divorced her untouched, and a pure virgin. Soon afterwards he took to wife Scribonia, who had before been twice married to men of consular rank, and was a mother by one of them. With her likewise he parted, being quite tired out, as he himself writes, with the perverseness of her temper; and immediately took Livia Drusilla, though then pregnant, from her husband Tiberius Nero; and she had never any rival in his love and esteem.

By Scribonia he had a daughter named Julia, but no children by Livia, although extremely desirous of issue. She, indeed, conceived once, but miscarried. He gave his daughter Julia in the first instance to Marcellus, his sister's son, who had just completed his minority; and, after his death, to Marcus Agrippa, having prevailed with his sister to yield her son-in-law to his wishes; for at that time Agrippa was married to one of the Marcellas, and had children by her. Agrippa dying also, he for a long time thought of several matches for Julia in even the equestrian order, and at last resolved upon selecting Tiberius for his step-son; and he obliged him to part with his wife at that time pregnant, and who had already brought him a child. Mark Antony writes, "That he first contracted Julia to his son, and afterwards to Cotiso, king of the Getæ, demanding at the same time the king's daughter in marriage for himself."

He had three grandsons by Agrippa and Julia, namely, Caius, Lucius, and Agrippa; and two grand-daughters, Julia and Agrippina. Julia he married to Lucius Paulus, the censor's son, and Agrippina to Germanicus, his sister's grandson. Caius and Lucius he adopted at home, by the ceremony of purchase from their father, advanced them, while yet very young, to offices in the state, and when they were consuls-elect, sent them to visit the provinces and armies. In bringing up his daughter and grand-

daughters, he accustomed them to domestic employments, and even spinning, and obliged them to speak and act every thing openly before the family, that it might be put down in the diary. He so strictly prohibited them from all converse with strangers, that he once wrote a letter to Lucius Vinicius, a handsome young man of a good family, in which he told him, "You have not behaved very modestly, in making a visit to my daughter at Baiæ." He usually instructed his grandsons himself in reading, swimming, and other rudiments of knowledge; and he laboured nothing more than to perfect them in the imitation of his handwriting. He never supped but he had them sitting at the foot of his couch; nor ever travelled but with them in a chariot before him, or riding beside him.

But in the midst of all his joy and hopes in his numerous and well-regulated family, his fortune failed him. The two Julias, his daughter and grand-daughter, abandoned themselves to such courses of lewdness and debauchery, that he banished them both. Caius and Lucius he lost within the space of eighteen months; the former dying in Lycia, and the latter at Marseilles. His third grandson Agrippa, with his step-son Tiberius, he adopted in the forum, by a law passed for the purpose by the sections; but he soon afterwards discarded Agrippa for his coarse and unruly temper, and confined him at Surrentum. He bore the death of his relations with more patience than he did their disgrace; for he was not overwhelmed by the loss of Caius and Lucius; but in the case of his daughter, he stated the facts to the senate in a message read to them by the quaestor, not having the heart to be present himself; indeed, he was so much ashamed of her infamous conduct, that for some time he avoided all company, and had thoughts of putting her to death. It is certain that when one Phœbe, a freed-woman and confidante of hers, hanged herself about the same time, he said, "I had rather be the father of Phœbe than of Julia." In her banishment he would not allow her the use of wine, nor any luxury in dress; nor would he suffer her to be waited upon by any male servant, either freeman or slave, without his permission, and having received an exact account of his age, stature, complexion, and what marks or scars he had about him. At the end of five years he removed her from the island [where she was confined] to the continent, and treated her with less severity, but could never be prevailed upon to recall her. When the Roman people interposed on her behalf several times with much importunity, all the reply he gave was: "I wish you had all such daughters and wives as she is." He likewise forbad a child, of which his grand-daughter Julia was delivered after sentence had passed against her, to be either owned as a relation, or brought up. Agrippa, who was equally intractable, and whose folly increased every day, he transported to an island, and placed a guard of soldiers about him; procuring at the same time an act of the senate for his confinement there during life. Upon any mention of him and the two Julias, he would say, with a heavy sigh,

"Αιθ' ὄφελον ἄγαμός τ'ἔμεναι, ἄγονος τ' ἀπολέθαι.
Would I were wifeless, or had childless died!

nor did he usually call them by any other name than that of his "three imposthumes or cancers."

He was cautious in forming friendships, but clung to them with great constancy; not only rewarding the virtues and merits of his friends according to their deserts, but bearing likewise with their faults and vices, provided that they were of a venial kind. For amongst all his friends, we scarcely find any who fell into disgrace with him, except Salvidienus Rufus, whom he raised to the consulship, and Cornelius Gallus, whom he made prefect of Egypt; both of them men of the lowest extraction. One of these, being engaged in plotting a rebellion, he delivered over to the senate, for condemnation; and the other, on account of his ungrateful and malicious temper, he forbad his house, and his living in any of the provinces. When, however, Gallus, being denounced by his accusers, and sentenced by the senate, was driven to the desperate extremity of laying violent hands upon himself, he commended, indeed, the attachment to his person of those who manifested so much indignation, but he shed tears, and lamented his unhappy condition, "That I alone," said he, "cannot be allowed to resent the misconduct of my friends in such a way only as I would wish." The rest of his friends of all orders flourished during their whole lives, both in power and wealth, in the highest ranks of their several orders, notwithstanding some occasional lapses. For, to say nothing of others, he sometimes complained that Agrippa was hasty, and Mecænas a tattler; the former having thrown up all his employments and retired to Mitylene, on suspicion of some slight coolness, and from jealousy that Marcellus received greater marks of favour; and the latter having confidentially imparted to his wife Terentia the discovery of Muræna's conspiracy.

He likewise expected from his friends, at their deaths as well as during their lives, some proofs of their reciprocal attachment. For though he was far from coveting their property, and indeed would never accept of any legacy left him by a stranger, yet he pondered in a melancholy mood over their last words; not being able to conceal his chagrin, if in their wills they made but a slight, or no very honourable mention of him, nor his joy, on the other hand, if they expressed a grateful sense of his favours, and a hearty affection for him. And whatever legacies or shares of their property were left him by such as were parents, he used to restore to their children, either immediately, or if they were under age, upon the day of their assuming the manly dress, or of their marriage; with interest.

As a patron and master, his behaviour in general was mild and conciliating; but when occasion required it, he could be severe. He advanced many of his freedmen to posts of honour and great importance, as Licinus, Enceladus, and others; and when his slave, Cosmus, had reflected bitterly

upon him, he resented the injury no further than by putting him in fetters. When his steward, Diomedes, left him to the mercy of a wild boar, which suddenly attacked them while they were walking together, he considered it rather a cowardice than a breach of duty; and turned an occurrence of no small hazard into a jest, because there was no knavery in his steward's conduct. He put to death Proculus, one of his most favourite freedmen, for maintaining a criminal commerce with other men's wives. He broke the legs of his secretary, Thallus, for taking a bribe of five hundred denarii to discover the contents of one of his letters. And the tutor and other attendants of his son Caius, having taken advantage of his sickness and death, to give loose to their insolence and rapacity in the province he governed, he caused heavy weights to be tied about their necks, and had them thrown into a river.

In his early youth various aspersions of an infamous character were heaped upon him. Sextus Pompey reproached him with being an effeminate fellow; and M. Antony, with earning his adoption from his uncle by prostitution. Lucius Antony, likewise Mark's brother, charges him with pollution by Cæsar; and that, for a gratification of three hundred thousand sesterces, he had submitted to Aulus Hirtius in the same way, in Spain; adding, that he used to singe his legs with burnt nutshells, to make the hair become softer. Nay, the whole concourse of the people, at some public diversions in the theatre, when the following sentence was recited, alluding to the Gallic priest of the mother of the gods, beating a drum,

Videsne ut cinædus orbem digito temperet?
See with his orb the wanton's finger play!

applied the passage to him, with great applause.

That he was guilty of various acts of adultery, is not denied even by his friends; but they allege in excuse for it, that he engaged in those intrigues not from lewdness, but from policy, in order to discover more easily the designs of his enemies, through their wives. Mark Antony, besides the precipitate marriage of Livia, charges him with taking the wife of a man of consular rank from table, in the presence of her husband, into a bed-chamber, and bringing her again to the entertainment, with her ears very red, and her hair in great disorder: that he had divorced Scribonia, for resenting too freely the excessive influence which one of his mistresses had gained over him: that his friends were employed to pimp for him, and accordingly obliged both matrons and ripe virgins to strip, for a complete examination of their persons, in the same manner as if Thoranius, the dealer in slaves, had them under sale. And before they came to an open rupture, he writes to him in a familiar manner, thus: "Why are you changed towards me? Because I lie with a queen? She is my wife. Is this a new thing with me, or have I not done so for these nine years? And do you take freedoms with Drusilla only? May health and happiness so attend

you, as when you read this letter, you are not in dalliance with Tertulla, Terentilla, Rufilla, or Salvia Titiscenia, or all of them. What matters it to you where, or upon whom, you spend your manly vigour? "

A private entertainment which he gave, commonly called the Supper of the Twelve Gods, and at which the guests were dressed in the habit of gods and goddesses, while he personated Apollo himself, afforded subject of much conversation, and was imputed to him not only by Antony in his letters, who likewise names all the parties concerned, but in the following well-known anonymous verses: —

Cum primum istorum conduxit mensa choragum,
Sexque deos vidit Mallia, sexque deas
Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,
Dum nova divorum cœnat adulteria:
Omnia se a terris tunc numina declinârunt:
Fugit et auratos Jupiter ipse thronos.

When Mallia late beheld, in mingled train,
Twelve mortals ape twelve deities in vain;
Cæsar assumed what was Apollo's due,
And wine and lust inflamed the motley crew.
At the foul sight the gods avert their eyes,
And from his throne great Jove indignant flies.

What rendered this supper more obnoxious to public censure, was, that it happened at a time when there was a great scarcity, and almost a famine, in the city. The day after, there was a cry current among the people, " that the gods had eaten up all the corn; and that Cæsar was indeed Apollo, but Apollo the Tormentor "; under which title that god was worshipped in some quarter of the city. He was likewise charged with being excessively fond of fine furniture, and Corinthian vessels, as well as with being addicted to gaming. For, during the time of the proscription, the following line was written upon his statue: —

Pater argentarius, ego Corinthiarius;

My father was a silversmith, my dealings are in brass;

because it was believed, that he had put some persons upon the list of the proscribed, only to obtain the Corinthian vessels in their possession. And afterwards, in the Sicilian war, the following epigram was published: —

Postquam bis classe victus naves perdidit,
Aliquando ut vincat, ludit assidue aleam.

Twice having lost a fleet in luckless fight,
To win at last, he games both day and night.

With respect to the charge or imputation of loathsome impurity beforementioned, he very easily refuted it by the chastity of his life, at the very

time when it was made, as well as ever afterwards. His conduct likewise gave the lie to that of luxurious extravagance in his furniture, when, upon the taking of Alexandria, he reserved for himself nothing of the royal treasures but a porcelain cup, and soon afterwards melted down all the vessels of gold, even such as were intended for common use. But his amorous propensities never left him, and, as he grew older, as is reported, he was in the habit of debauching young girls, who were procured for him, from all quarters, even by his own wife. To the observations on his gaming, he paid not the smallest regard; but played in public, but purely for his diversion, even when he was advanced in years; and not only in the month of December, but at other times, and upon all days, whether festivals or not. This evidently appears from a letter under his own hand, in which he says, "I supped, my dear Tiberius, with the same company. We had, besides, Vinicius, and Silvius the father. We gamed at supper like old fellows, both yesterday and today. And as any one threw upon the *tali* aces or sixes, he put down for every *talus* a denarius; all which was gained by him who threw a Venus." In another letter, he says, "We had, my dear Tiberius, a pleasant time of it during the festival of Minerva: for we played every day, and kept the gaming-board warm. Your brother uttered many exclamations at a desperate run of ill-fortune; but recovering by degrees, and unexpectedly, he in the end lost not much. I lost twenty thousand sesterces for my part; but then I was profusely generous in my play, as I commonly am; for had I insisted upon the stakes which I declined, or kept what I gave away, I should have won about fifty thousand. But this I like better: for it will raise my character for generosity to the skies." In a letter to his daughter, he writes thus: "I have sent you two hundred and fifty denarii, which I gave to every one of my guests; in case they were inclined at supper to divert themselves with the *Tali,* or at the game of Even-or-Odd."

In other matters, it appears that he was moderate in his habits, and free from suspicion of any kind of vice. He lived at first near the Roman Forum, above the Ring-maker's Stairs, in a house which had once been occupied by Calvus the orator. He afterwards moved to the Palatine Hill, where he resided in a small house belonging to Hortensius, no way remarkable either for size or ornament; the piazzas being but small, the pillars of Alban stone, and the rooms without any thing of marble, or fine paving. He continued to use the same bed-chamber, both winter and summer, during forty years: for though he was sensible that the city did not agree with his health in the winter, he nevertheless resided constantly in it during that season. If at any time he wished to be perfectly retired, and secure from interruption, he shut himself up in an apartment at the top of this house, which he called his Syracuse or Τεχνόφυον, or he went to some villa belonging to his freedmen near the city. But when he was indisposed, he commonly took up his residence in the house of Mecænas. Of all

the places of retirement from the city, he chiefly frequented those upon the sea coast, and the islands of Campania, or the towns nearest the city, such as Lanuvium, Præneste, and Tibur, where he often used to sit for the administration of justice, in the porticos of the temple of Hercules. He had a particular aversion to large and sumptuous palaces; and some which had been raised at a vast expense by his grand-daughter, Julia, he levelled to the ground. Those of his own, which were far from being spacious, he adorned, not so much with statues and pictures, as with walks and groves, and things which were curious either for their antiquity or rarity; such as, at Capri, the huge limbs of sea-monsters and wild beasts, which some affect to call the bones of giants; and also the arms of ancient heroes.

His frugality in the furniture of his house appears even at this day, from some beds and tables still remaining, most of which are scarcely elegant enough for a private family. It is reported that he never lay upon a bed, but such as was low, and meanly furnished. He seldom wore any garment but what was made by the hands of his wife, sister, daughter, and grand-daughters. His togas were neither scanty nor full; and the *clavus* was neither remarkably broad or narrow. His shoes were a little higher than common, to make him appear taller than he was. He had always clothes and shoes, fit to appear in public, ready in his bed-chamber for any sudden occasion.

At his table, which was always plentiful and elegant, he constantly entertained company; but was very scrupulous in the choice of them, both as to rank and character. Valerius Messala informs us, that he never admitted any freedman to his table, except Menas, when rewarded with the privilege of citizenship, for betraying Pompey's fleet. He writes, himself, that he invited to his table a person in whose villa he lodged, and who had formerly been employed by him as a spy. He often came late to table, and withdrew early; so that the company began supper before his arrival, and continued at table after his departure. His entertainments consisted of three entries, or at most of only six. But if his fare was moderate, his courtesy was extreme. For those who were silent, or talked in whispers, he encouraged to join in the general conversation; and introduced buffoons and stage players, or even low performers from the circus, and very often itinerant humourists, to enliven the company.

Festivals and holidays he usually celebrated very expensively, but sometimes only with merriment. In the Saturnalia, or at any other time when the fancy took him, he distributed to his company clothes, gold, and silver; sometimes coins of all sorts, even of the ancient kings of Rome and of foreign nations; sometimes nothing but towels, sponges, rakes, and tweezers, and other things of that kind, with tickets on them, which were enigmatical, and had a double meaning. He used likewise to sell by lot among his guests articles of very unequal value, and pictures with their fronts reversed; and so, by the unknown quality of the lot, disappoint or

gratify the expectation of the purchasers. This sort of traffic went round the whole company, every one being obliged to buy something, and to run the chance of loss or gain with the rest.

He ate sparingly (for I must not omit even this), and commonly used a plain diet. He was particularly fond of coarse bread, small fishes, new cheese made of cow's milk, and green figs of the sort which bear fruit twice a year. He did not wait for supper, but took food at any time, and in any place, when he had an appetite. The following passages relative to this subject, I have transcribed from his letters. "I ate a little bread and some small dates, in my carriage." Again. "In returning home from the palace in my litter, I ate an ounce of bread, and a few raisins." Again. "No Jew, my dear Tiberius, ever keeps such strict fast upon the Sabbath, as I have today; for while in the bath, and after the first hour of the night, I only ate two biscuits, before I began to be rubbed with oil." From this great indifference about his diet, he sometimes supped by himself, before his company began, or after they had finished, and would not touch a morsel at the table with his guests.

He was by nature extremely sparing in the use of wine. Cornelius Nepos says that he used to drink only three times at supper in the camp at Modena; and when he indulged himself the most, he never exceeded a pint; or if he did, his stomach rejected it. Of all wines, he gave the preference to the Rhætian, but scarcely ever drank any in the day-time. Instead of drinking, he used to take a piece of bread dipped in cold water, or a slice of cucumber, or some leaves of lettuce, or a green, sharp, juicy apple.

After a slight repast at noon, he used to seek repose, dressed as he was, and with his shoes on, his feet covered, and his hand held before his eyes. After supper he commonly withdrew to his study, a small closet, where he sat late, until he had put down in his diary all or most of the remaining transactions of the day, which he had not before registered. He would then go to bed, but never slept above seven hours at most, and that not without interruption; for he would wake three or four times during that time. If he could not again fall asleep, as sometimes happened, he called for some one to read or tell stories to him, until he became drowsy, and then his sleep was usually protracted till after day-break. He never liked to lie awake in the dark, without somebody to sit by him. Very early rising was apt to disagree with him. On which account, if he was obliged to rise betimes, for any civil or religious functions, in order to guard as much as possible against the inconvenience resulting from it, he used to lodge in some apartment near the spot, belonging to any of his attendants. If at any time a fit of drowsiness seized him in passing along the streets, his litter was set down while he snatched a few moments' sleep.

In person he was handsome and graceful, through every period of his life. But he was negligent in his dress; and so careless about dressing his hair, that he usually had it done in great haste, by several barbers at a time.

His beard he sometimes clipped, and sometimes shaved; and either read or wrote during the operation. His countenance, either when discoursing or silent, was so calm and serene, that a Gaul of the first rank declared amongst his friends, that he was so softened by it, as to be restrained from throwing him down a precipice, in his passage over the Alps, when he had been admitted to approach him, under pretence of conferring with him. His eyes were bright and piercing; and he was willing it should be thought that there was something of a divine vigour in them. He was likewise not a little pleased to see people, upon his looking steadfastly at them, lower their countenances, as if the sun shone in their eyes. But in his old age, he saw very imperfectly with his left eye. His teeth were thin set, small and scaly, his hair a little curled, and inclining to a yellow colour. His eyebrows met; his ears were small, and he had an aquiline nose. His complexion was betwixt brown and fair; his stature but low; though Julius Marathus, his freedman, says he was five feet and nine inches in height. This, however, was so much concealed by the just proportion of his limbs, that it was only perceivable upon comparison with some taller person standing by him.

He is said to have been born with many spots upon his breast and belly, answering to the figure, order, and number of the stars in the constellation of the Bear. He had besides several callosities resembling scars, occasioned by an itching in his body, and the constant and violent use of the strigil in being rubbed. He had a weakness in his left hip, thigh, and leg, insomuch that he often halted on that side; but he received much benefit from the use of sand and reeds. He likewise sometimes found the forefinger of his right hand so weak, that when it was benumbed and contracted with cold, to use it in writing, he was obliged to have recourse to a circular piece of horn. He had occasionally a complaint in the bladder; but upon voiding some stones in his urine, he was relieved from that pain.

During the whole course of his life, he suffered, at times, dangerous fits of sickness, especially after the conquest of Cantabria; when his liver being injured by a defluxion upon it, he was reduced to such a condition, that he was obliged to undergo a desperate and doubtful method of cure: for warm applications having no effect, Antonius Musa directed the use of those which were cold. He was likewise subject to fits of sickness at stated times every year; for about his birthday he was commonly a little indisposed. In the beginning of spring, he was attacked with an inflation of the midriff; and when the wind was southerly, with a cold in his head. By all these complaints, his constitution was so shattered, that he could not easily bear either heat or cold.

In winter, he was protected against the inclemency of the weather by a thick toga, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and swathings upon his legs and thighs. In summer, he lay with the doors of his bed-chamber open, and frequently in a piazza, refreshed by a bubbling fountain, and a

person standing by to fan him. He could not bear even the winter's sun; and at home, never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head. He usually travelled in a litter, and by night; and so slow, that he was two days in going to Præneste or Tibur. And if he could go to any place by sea, he preferred that mode of travelling. He carefully nourished his health against his many infirmities, avoiding chiefly the free use of the bath; but he was often rubbed with oil, and sweated in a stove; after which he was washed with tepid water, warmed either by a fire, or by being exposed to the heat of the sun. When, upon account of his nerves, he was obliged to have recourse to sea-water, or the waters of Albula, he was contented with sitting over a wooden tub, which he called by a Spanish name, *Dureta*, and plunging his hands and feet in the water by turns.

As soon as the civil war was ended, he gave up riding and other military exercises in the Campus Martius, and took to playing at ball, or football; but soon afterwards used no other exercise than that of going abroad in his litter, or walking. Towards the end of his walk, he would run leaping, wrapped up in a short cloak or cape. For amusement he would sometimes angle, or play with dice, pebbles, or nuts, with little boys, collected from various countries, and particularly Moors and Syrians, for their beauty or amusing talk. But dwarfs, and such as were in any way deformed, he held in abhorrence, as *lusus naturæ* (nature's abortions), and of evil omen.

From early youth he devoted himself with great diligence and application to the study of eloquence, and the other liberal arts. In the war of Modena, notwithstanding the weighty affairs in which he was engaged, he is said to have read, written, and declaimed every day. He never addressed the senate, the people, or the army, but in a premeditated speech, though he did not want the talent of speaking extempore on the spur of the occasion. And lest his memory should fail him, as well as to prevent the loss of time in getting up his speeches, it was his general practice to recite them. In his intercourse with individuals, and even with his wife Livia, upon subjects of importance he wrote on his tablets all he wished to express, lest, if he spoke extempore, he should say more or less than was proper. He delivered himself in a sweet and peculiar tone, in which he was diligently instructed by a master of elocution. But when he had a cold, he sometimes employed a herald to deliver his speeches to the people.

He composed many tracts in prose on various subjects, some of which he read occasionally in the circle of his friends, as to an auditory. Among these was his "Rescript to Brutus respecting Cato." Most of the pages he read himself, although he was advanced in years, but becoming fatigued, he gave the rest to Tiberius to finish. He likewise read over to his friends his "Exhortations to Philosophy," and the "History of his own Life," which he continued in thirteen books, as far as the Cantabrian war, but no farther. He likewise made some attempts at poetry. There is extant one book written by him in hexameter verse, of which both the subject and

title is " Sicily." There is also a book of Epigrams, no larger than the last, which he composed almost entirely while he was in the bath. These are all his poetical compositions; for though he begun a tragedy with great zest, becoming dissatisfied with the style, he obliterated the whole; and his friends saying to him, " What is your Ajax doing? " he answered, " My Ajax has met with a sponge."

He cultivated a style which was neat and chaste, avoiding frivolous or harsh language, as well as obsolete words, which he calls disgusting. His chief object was to deliver his thoughts with all possible perspicuity. To attain this end, and that he might nowhere perplex, or retard the reader or hearer, he made no scruple to add prepositions to his verbs, or to repeat the same conjunction several times; which, when omitted, occasion some little obscurity, but give a grace to the style. Those who used affected language, or adopted obsolete words, he despised, as equally faulty, though in different ways. He sometimes indulged himself in jesting, particularly with his friend Mecænas, whom he rallied upon all occasions for his fine phrases, and bantered by imitating his way of talking. Nor did he spare Tiberius, who was fond of obsolete and far-fetched expressions. He charges Mark Antony with insanity, writing rather to make men stare, than to be understood; and by way of sarcasm upon his depraved and fickle taste in the choice of words, he writes to him thus: " And are you yet in doubt, whether Cimber Annius or Veranius Flaccus be more proper for your imitation? Whether you will adopt words which Sallustius Crispus has borrowed from the 'Origines' of Cato? Or do you think that the verbose empty bombast of Asiatic orators is fit to be transfused into our language? " And in a letter where he commends the talent of his grand-daughter, Agrippina, he says, " But you must be particularly careful, both in writing and speaking, to avoid affectation."

In ordinary conversation, he made use of several peculiar expressions, as appears from letters in his own handwriting; in which, now and then, when he means to intimate that some persons would never pay their debts, he says, " They will pay at the Greek Calends." And when he advised patience in the present posture of affairs, he would say, " Let us be content with our Cato." To describe anything in haste, he said, " It was sooner done than asparagus is cooked." He constantly puts *baceolus* for *stultus, pullejaceus* for *pullus, vacerrosus* for *cerritus, vapide se habere* for *male,* and *betizare* for *languere,* which is commonly called *lachanizare.* Likewise *simus* for *sumus, domos* for *domus* in the genitive singular. With respect to the last two peculiarities, lest any person should imagine that they were only slips of his pen, and not customary with him, he never varies. I have likewise remarked this singularity in his handwriting; he never divides his words, so as to carry the letters which cannot be inserted at the end of a line to the next, but puts them below the other, enclosed by a bracket.

He did not adhere strictly to orthography as laid down by the grammarians, but seems to have been of the opinion of those who think, that we ought to write as we speak; for as to his changing and omitting not only letters but whole syllables, it is a vulgar mistake. Nor should I have taken notice of it, but that it appears strange to me, that any person should have told us, that he sent a successor to a consular lieutenant of a province, as an ignorant, illiterate fellow, upon his observing that he had written *ixi* for *ipsi*. When he had occasion to write in cipher, he put *b* for *a*, *c* for *b*, and so forth; and instead of *z*, *aa*.

He was no less fond of the Greek literature, in which he made considerable proficiency; having had Apollodorus of Pergamus, for his master in rhetoric; whom, though much advanced in years, he took with him from the City, when he was himself very young, to Apollonia. Afterwards, being instructed in philology by Sephærus, he received into his family Areus the philosopher, and his sons Dionysius and Nicanor; but he never could speak the Greek tongue readily, nor ever ventured to compose in it. For if there was occasion for him to deliver his sentiments in that language, he always expressed what he had to say in Latin, and gave it another to translate. He was evidently not unacquainted with the poetry of the Greeks, and had a great taste for the ancient comedy, which he often brought upon the stage, in his public spectacles. In reading the Greek and Latin authors, he paid particular attention to precepts and examples which might be useful in public or private life. Those he used to extract verbatim, and give to his domestics, or send to the commanders of the armies, the governors of the provinces, or the magistrates of the city, when any of them seemed to stand in need of admonition. He likewise read whole books to the senate, and frequently made them known to the people by his edicts; such as the orations of Quintus Metellus "for the Encouragement of Marriage," and those of Rutilius "On the Style of Building"; to show the people that he was not the first who had promoted those objects, but that the ancients likewise had thought them worthy their attention. He patronized the men of genius of that age in every possible way. He would hear them read their works with a great deal of patience and good nature; and not only poetry and history, but orations and dialogues. He was displeased, however, that anything should be written upon himself, except in a grave manner, and by men of the most eminent abilities: and he enjoined the praetors not to suffer his name to be made too common in the contests amongst orators and poets in the theatres.

We have the following account of him respecting his belief in omens and such like. He had so great a dread of thunder and lightning that he always carried about him a seal's skin, by way of preservation. And upon any apprehension of a violent storm, he would retire to some place of concealment in a vault under ground; having formerly been terrified by a flash of lightning, while travelling in the night, as we have already mentioned.

He neither slighted his own dreams nor those of other people relating to himself. At the battle of Philippi, although he had resolved not to stir out of his tent, on account of his being indisposed, yet, being warned by a dream of one of his friends, he changed his mind; and well it was that he did so, for in the enemy's attack, his couch was pierced and cut to pieces, on the supposition of his being in it. He had many frivolous and frightful dreams during the spring; but in the other parts of the year, they were less frequent and more significative. Upon his frequently visiting a temple near the Capitol, which he had dedicated to Jupiter Tonans, he dreamt that Jupiter Capitolinus complained that his worshippers were taken from him, and that upon this he replied, he had only given him The Thunderer for his porter. He therefore immediately suspended little bells round the summit of the temple; because such commonly hung at the gates of great houses. In consequence of a dream, too, he always, on a certain day of the year, begged alms of the people, reaching out his hand to receive the dole which they offered him.

Some signs and omens he regarded as infallible. If in the morning his shoe was put on wrong, the left instead of the right, that boded some disaster. If when he commenced a long journey, by sea or land, there happened to fall a mizzling rain, he held it to be a good sign of a speedy and happy return. He was much affected likewise with any thing out of the common course of nature. A palm-tree which chanced to grow up between some stones in the court of his house, he transplanted into a court where the images of the Household Gods were placed, and took all possible care to make it thrive. In the island of Capri, some decayed branches of an old ilex, which hung drooping to the ground, recovered themselves upon his arrival; at which he was so delighted, that he made an exchange with the Republic of Naples, of the Island of Œnaria, for that of Capri. He likewise observed certain days; as never to go from home the day after the Nundinæ, nor to begin any serious business upon the nones; avoiding nothing else in it, as he writes to Tiberius, than its unlucky name.

With regard to the religious ceremonies of foreign nations, he was a strict observer of those which had been established by ancient custom; but others he held in no esteem. For, having been initiated at Athens, and coming afterwards to hear a cause at Rome, relative to the privileges of the priests of the Attic Ceres, when some of the mysteries of their sacred rites were to be introduced in the pleadings, he dismissed those who sat upon the bench as judges with him, as well as the bystanders, and heard the argument upon those points himself. But, on the other hand, he not only declined, in his progress through Egypt, to go out of his way to pay a visit to Apis, but he likewise commended his grandson Caius for not paying his devotions at Jerusalem in his passage through Judea.

Since we are upon this subject, it may not be improper to give an account

of the omens, before and at his birth, as well as afterwards, which gave hopes of his future greatness, and the good fortune that constantly attended him. A part of the wall of Velletri having in former times been struck with thunder, the response of the soothsayers was, that a native of that town would some time or other arrive at supreme power; relying on which prediction, the Velletrians both then, and several times afterwards, made war upon the Roman people, to their own ruin. At last it appeared by the event, that the omen had portended the elevation of Augustus.

Julius Marathus informs us, that a few months before his birth, there happened at Rome a prodigy, by which was signified that Nature was in travail with a king for the Roman people; and that the senate, in alarm, came to the resolution that no child born that year should be brought up; but that those amongst them, whose wives were pregnant, to secure to themselves a chance of that dignity, took care that the decree of the senate should not be registered in the treasury.

I find in the theological books of Asclepiades the Mendesian, that Atia, upon attending at midnight a religious solemnity in honour of Apollo, when the rest of the matrons retired home, fell asleep on her couch in the temple, and that a serpent immediately crept to her, and soon after withdrew. She awaking upon it, purified herself, as usual after the embraces of her husband; and instantly there appeared upon her body a mark in the form of a serpent, which she never after could efface, and which obliged her, during the subsequent part of her life, to decline the use of the public baths. Augustus, it was added, was born in the tenth month after, and for that reason was thought to be the son of Apollo. The same Atia, before her delivery, dreamed that her bowels stretched to the stars, and expanded through the whole circuit of heaven and earth. His father Octavius, likewise, dreamt that a sun-beam issued from his wife's womb.

Upon the day he was born, the senate being engaged in a debate on Catiline's conspiracy, and Octavius, in consequence of his wife's being in childbirth, coming late into the house, it is a well-known fact, that Publius Nigidius, upon hearing the occasion of his coming so late, and the hour of his wife's delivery, declared that the world had got a master. Afterwards, when Octavius, upon marching with his army through the deserts of Thrace, consulted the oracle in the grove of father Bacchus, with barbarous rites, concerning his son, he received from the priests an answer to the same purpose; because, when they poured wine upon the altar, there burst out so prodigious a flame, that it ascended above the roof of the temple, and reached up to the heavens; a circumstance which had never happened to any one but Alexander the Great, upon his sacrificing at the same altars. And next night he dreamt that he saw his son under a more than humar appearance, with thunder and a sceptre, and the other insignia of Jupiter Optimus, Maximus, having on his head a radiant crown, mounted upon a chariot decked with laurel, and drawn by six pair of milk-white horses.

Whilst he was yet an infant, as Caius Drusus relates, being laid in his cradle by his nurse, and in a low place, the next day he was not to be found, and after he had been sought for a long time, he was at last discovered upon a lofty tower, lying with his face towards the rising sun. When he first began to speak, he ordered the frogs that happened to make a troublesome noise, upon an estate belonging to the family near the town, to be silent; and there goes a report that frogs never croaked there since that time. As he was dining in a grove at the fourth milestone on the Campanian road, an eagle suddenly snatched a piece of bread out of his hand, and, soaring to a prodigious height, after hovering, came down most unexpectedly, and returned it to him.

Quintus Catulus had a dream, for two nights successively after his dedication of the Capitol. The first night he dreamt that Jupiter, out of several boys of the order of the nobility who were playing about his altar, selected one, into whose bosom he put the public seal of the commonwealth, which he held in his hand; but in his vision the next night, he saw in the bosom of Jupiter Capitolinus, the same boy, whom he ordered to be removed, but it was forbidden by the God, who declared that it must be brought up to become the guardian of the state. The next day, meeting Augustus, with whom till that hour he had not the least acquaintance, and looking at him with admiration, he said he was extremely like the boy he had seen in his dream. Some give a different account of Catulus's first dream, namely, that Jupiter, upon several noble lads requesting of him that they might have a guardian, had pointed to one amongst them, to whom they were to prefer their requests; and putting his fingers to the boy's mouth to kiss, he afterwards applied them to his own.

Marcus Cicero, as he was attending Caius Cæsar to the Capitol, happened to be telling some of his friends a dream which he had the preceding night, in which he saw a comely youth, let down from heaven by a golden chain, who stood at the door of the Capitol, and had a whip put into his hands by Jupiter. And immediately upon sight of Augustus, who had been sent for by his uncle Cæsar to the sacrifice, and was as yet perfectly unknown to most of the company, he affirmed that it was the very boy he had seen in his dream. When he assumed the manly toga, his senatorian tunic becoming loose in the seam on each side, fell at his feet. Some would have this to forbode, that the order, of which that was the badge of distinction, would some time or other be subject to him.

Julius Cæsar, in cutting down a wood to make room for his camp near Munda, happened to light upon a palm-tree, and ordered it to be preserved as an omen of victory. From the root of this tree there put out immediately a sucker, which, in a few days, grew to such a height as not only to equal, but overshadow it, and afford room for many nests of wild pigeons which built in it, though that species of bird particularly avoids a hard and rough leaf. It is likewise reported, that Cæsar was chiefly influenced

by this prodigy, to prefer his sister's grandson before all others for his successor.

In his retirement at Apollonia, he went with his friend Agrippa to visit Theogenes, the astrologer, in his gallery on the roof. Agrippa, who first consulted the Fates, having great and almost incredible fortunes predicted of him, Augustus did not choose to make known his nativity, and persisted for some time in the refusal, from a mixture of shame and fear, lest his fortunes should be predicted as inferior to those of Agrippa. Being persuaded, however, after much importunity, to declare it, Theogenes started up from his seat, and paid him adoration. Not long afterwards, Augustus was so confident of the greatness of his destiny, that he published his horoscope, and struck a silver coin, bearing upon it the sign of Capricorn, under the influence of which he was born.

After the death of Cæsar, upon his return from Apollonia, as he was entering the city, on a sudden, in a clear and bright sky, a circle resembling the rainbow surrounded the body of the sun; and, immediately afterwards, the tomb of Julia, Cæsar's daughter, was struck by lightning. In his first consulship, whilst he was observing the auguries, twelve vultures presented themselves, as they had done to Romulus. And when he offered sacrifice, the livers of all the victims were folded inward in the lower part; a circumstance which was regarded by those present, who had skill in things of that nature, as an indubitable prognostic of great and wonderful fortune.

He certainly had a presentiment of the issue of all his wars. When the troops of the Triumviri were collected about Bologna, an eagle, which sat upon his tent, and was attacked by two crows, beat them both, and struck them to the ground, in the view of the whole army; who thence inferred that discord would arise between the three colleagues, which would be attended with the like event: and it accordingly happened. At Philippi, he was assured of success by a Thessalian, upon the authority, as he pretended, of the Divine Cæsar himself, who had appeared to him while he was travelling in a by-road. At Perugia, the sacrifice not presenting any favourable intimations, but the contrary, he ordered fresh victims; the enemy, however, carrying off the sacred things in a sudden sally, it was agreed amongst the augurs, that all the dangers and misfortunes which had threatened the sacrificer, would fall upon the heads of those who had got possession of the entrails. And, accordingly, so it happened. The day before the sea-fight near Sicily, as he was walking upon the shore, a fish leaped out of the sea, and laid itself at his feet. At Actium, while he was going down to his fleet to engage the enemy, he was met by an ass with a fellow driving it. The name of the man was Eutychus, and that of the animal, Nichon. After the victory, he erected a brazen statue to each, in a temple built upon the spot where he had encamped.

His death, of which I shall now speak, and his subsequent deification,

were intimated by divers manifest prodigies. As he was finishing the census amidst a great crowd of people in the Campus Martius, an eagle hovered round him several times, and then directed its course to a neighbouring temple, where it settled upon the name of Agrippa, and at the first letter. Upon observing this, he ordered his colleague Tiberius to put up the vows, which it is usual to make on such occasions, for the succeeding Lustrum. For he declared he would not meddle with what it was probable he should never accomplish, though the tables were ready drawn for it. About the same time, the first letter of his name, in an inscription upon one of his statues, was struck out by lightning; which was interpreted as a presage that he would live only a hundred days longer, the letter C denoting that number; and that he would be placed amongst the Gods, as Æsar, which is the remaining part of the word Cæsar, signifies, in the Tuscan language, a God. Being, therefore, about dispatching Tiberius to Illyricum, and designing to go with him as far as Beneventum, but being detained by several persons who applied to him respecting causes they had depending, he cried out (and it was afterwards regarded as an omen of his death), "Not all the business in the world shall detain me at Rome one moment longer"; and setting out upon his journey, he went as far as Astura; whence, contrary to his custom, he put to sea in the night-time, as there was a favourable wind.

His malady proceeded from diarrhoea; notwithstanding which, he went round the coast of Campania, and the adjacent islands, and spent four days in that of Capri; where he gave himself up entirely to repose and relaxation. Happening to sail by the bay of Puteoli, the passengers and mariners aboard a ship of Alexandria, just then arrived, clad all in white, with chaplets upon their heads, and offering incense, loaded him with praises and joyful acclamations, crying out, "By you we live, by you we sail securely, by you enjoy our liberty and our fortunes." At which being greatly pleased, he distributed to each of those who attended him, forty gold pieces, requiring from them an assurance on oath, not to employ the sum given them in any other way, than the purchase of Alexandrian merchandise. And during several days afterwards, he distributed Togæ and Pallia, among other gifts, on condition that the Romans should use the Greek, and the Greeks the Roman dress and language. He likewise constantly attended to see the boys perform their exercises, according to an ancient custom still continued at Capri. He gave them likewise an entertainment in his presence, and not only permitted, but required from them the utmost freedom in jesting, and scrambling for fruit, victuals, and other things which he threw amongst them. In a word, he indulged himself in all the ways of amusement he could contrive.

He called an island near Capri, Ἀπραγόπολις, "The City of the *Dolittles*," from the indolent life which several of his party led there. A favourite of his, one Masgabas, he used to call Κτιστὴς, as if he had been

the planter of the island. And observing from his room a great company of people with torches, assembled at the tomb of this Masgabas, who died the year before, he uttered very distinctly this verse, which he made extempore.

Κτιστου δὲ τύμζο', οισορῶ πυρόυμενον.

Blazing with lights I see the founder's tomb.

Then turning to Thrasyllus, a companion of Tiberius, who reclined on the other side of the table, he asked him, who knew nothing about the matter, what poet he thought was the author of that verse; and on his hesitating to reply, he added another:

'Ορᾷς θάεσσι Μασγάζαν τιμώμενον.

Honour'd with torches Masgabas you see;

and put the same question to him concerning that likewise. The latter replying, that, whoever might be the author, they were excellent verses, he set up a great laugh, and fell into an extraordinary vein of jesting upon it. Soon afterwards, passing over to Naples, although at that time greatly disordered in his bowels by the frequent returns of his disease, he sat out the exhibition of the gymnastic games which were performed in his honour every five years, and proceeded with Tiberius to the place intended. But on his return, his disorder increasing, he stopped at Nola, sent for Tiberius back again, and had a long discourse with him in private; after which, he gave no further attention to business of any importance.

Upon the day of his death, he now and then inquired, if there was any disturbance in the town on his account; and calling for a mirror, he ordered his hair to be combed, and his shrunk cheeks to be adjusted. Then asking his friends who were admitted into the room, "Do ye think that I have acted my part on the stage of life well?" he immediately subjoined,

'Ει δὲ πᾶν ἔχει καλῶς, τῳ παιγνίῳ

Δότε κρότον, καὶ παντες ὑμεῖς μετὰ χαξᾶς κτυπήσατε.

If all be right, with joy your voices raise,
In loud applauses to the actor's praise.

After which, having dismissed them all, whilst he was inquiring of some persons who were just arrived from Rome, concerning Drusus's daughter, who was in a bad state of health, he expired suddenly, amidst the kisses of Livia, and with these words: "Livia! live mindful of our union; and now, farewell!" dying a very easy death, and such as he himself had always wished for. For as often as he heard that any person had died quickly and without pain, he wished for himself and his friends the like ἐυθανασίαν (an easy death), for that was the word he made use of. He betrayed but one symptom, before he breathed his last, of being delirious, which was this:

he was all on a sudden much frightened, and complained that he was carried away by forty men. But this was rather a presage, than any delirium: for precisely that number of soldiers belonging to the praetorian cohort, carried out his corpse.

He expired in the same room in which his father Octavius had died, when the two Sextus's, Pompey and Apuleius, were consuls, upon the fourteenth of the calends of September at the ninth hour of the day, being seventy-six years of age, wanting only thirty-five days. His remains were carried by the magistrates of the municipal towns and colonies, from Nola to Bovillæ, and in the night-time, because of the season of the year. During the intervals, the body lay in some basilica, or great temple, of each town. At Bovillæ it was met by the Equestrian Order, who carried it to the city, and deposited it in the vestibule of his own house. The senate proceeded with so much zeal in the arrangement of his funeral, and paying honour to his memory, that, amongst several other proposals, some were for having the funeral procession made through the triumphal gate, preceded by the image of Victory which is in the senate-house, and the children of highest rank and of both sexes singing the funeral dirge. Others proposed, that on the day of the funeral, they should lay aside their gold rings, and wear rings of iron; and others, that his bones should be collected by the priests of the principal colleges. One likewise proposed to transfer the name of August to September, because he was born in the latter, but died in the former. Another moved, that the whole period of time, from his birth to his death, should be called the Augustan age, and be inserted in the calendar under that title. But at last it was judged proper to be moderate in the honours paid to his memory. Two funeral orations were pronounced in his praise, one before the temple of Julius, by Tiberius; and the other before the rostra, under the old shops, by Drusus, Tiberius's son. The body was then carried upon the shoulders of senators into the Campus Martius, and there burnt. A man of praetorian rank affirmed upon oath, that he saw his spirit ascend from the funeral pile to heaven. The most distinguished persons of the Equestrian Order, bare-footed, and with their tunics loose, gathered up his relics, and deposited them in the mausoleum, which had been built in his sixth consulship between the Flaminian Way and the bank of the Tiber; at which time likewise he gave the groves and walks about it for the use of the people.

He had made a will a year and four months before his death, upon the third of the nones of April in the consulship of Lucius Plancus, and Caius Silius. It consisted of two skins of parchment, written partly in his own hand, and partly by his freedmen Polybius and Hilarian; and had been committed to the custody of the Vestal Virgins, by whom it was now produced, with three codicils under seal, as well as the will: all these were opened and read in the senate. He appointed as his direct heirs, Tiberius for two thirds of his estate, and Livia for the other third, both of whom he

desired to assume his name. The heirs in remainder were Drusus, Tiberius's son, for one third, and Germanicus with his three sons for the residue. In the third place, failing them, were his relations, and several of his friends. He left in legacies to the Roman people forty millions of sesterces; to the tribes, three million five hundred thousand; to the praetorian troops a thousand each man; to the city cohorts, five hundred; and to the legions and soldiers, three hundred each; which several sums he ordered to be paid immediately after his death, having taken due care that the money should be ready in his exchequer. For the rest he ordered different times of payment. In some of his bequests he went as far as twenty thousand sesterces, for the payment of which he allowed a twelvemonth; alleging for this procrastination the scantiness of his estate; and declaring that not more than a hundred and fifty millions of sesterces would come to his heirs: notwithstanding that during the twenty preceding years, he had received, in legacies from his friends, the sum of fourteen hundred millions; almost the whole of which, with his two paternal estates, and others which had been left him, he had spent in the service of the state. He left orders that the two Julias, his daughter and grand-daughter, if anything happened to them, should not be buried in his tomb. With regard to the three codicils before-mentioned, in one of them he gave orders about his funeral; another contained a summary of his acts, which he intended should be inscribed on brazen plates, and placed in front of his mausoleum; in the third he had drawn up a concise account of the state of the empire; the number of troops enrolled, what money there was in the treasury, the revenue, and arrears of taxes; to which were added the names of the freedmen and slaves from whom the several accounts might be taken.

CNÆUS JULIUS AGRICOLA

37–93 A.D.

By CORNELIUS TACITUS [1] (*About* 54–117 A.D.)

To TRANSMIT to posterity the lives and characters of illustrious men, was an office frequently performed in ancient times. Even in the present age, incurious as it is about its own concerns, the same good custom has prevailed, whenever a great and splendid virtue has been able to surmount those two pernicious vices, which not only infest small communities, but are likewise the bane of large and flourishing cities; I mean the vices of insensibility to merit, on the one hand, and envy, on the other. With regard to the usage of antiquity, it is further observable, that, in those early seasons of virtue, men were led by the impulse of a generous spirit to a course of action worthy of being recorded; and, in like manner, the writer of genius undertook to perpetuate the memory of honourable deeds, without any motives of flattery, and without views of private ambition, influenced only by the conscious pleasure of doing justice to departed merit. Many have been their own historians, persuaded that in speaking of themselves they should display an honest confidence in their morals, not a spirit of arrogance or vainglory. Rutilius and Scaurus left an account of their own lives, and the integrity of the narrative has never been called in question; so true it is, that the age, which is most fertile in bright examples, is the best qualified to make a fair estimate of them. For the present undertaking, which professes to review the life of a great man now no more, I judged it necessary to premise an apology, led as I am, by the nature of my subject, to encounter an evil period, in which every virtue struggled with adversity and oppression.

We have it upon record, that Arulenus Rusticus, for the panegyric of Pæus Thrasea, and Herennius Senecio, for that of Helvidius Priscus, were both capitally convicted. Nor was it enough that those excellent authors fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's power; persecution raged against their books, and, by an order of the triumvirs, in the forum and the place of popular convention, the monuments of genius perished in the flames. The policy

[1] Reprinted from *The Works of Cornelius Tacitus*, translated by Arthur Murphy. Revised, Philadelphia, 1842.

The Life of Agricola was written in Latin in the year 97 A.D.

The translation here reprinted offers without the translator's notes or paragraph numbers.

of the times, no doubt, intended that in the same fire the voice of the Roman people should be stifled, the freedom of the senate destroyed, and the sentiments of the human heart suppressed for ever. To complete the work, all sound philosophy was proscribed, every liberal art was driven into banishment, and nothing fair and honourable was suffered to remain. Of our passive temper we gave ample proof; and as former times had tasted of liberty even to a degree of licentiousness, so we exhausted the bitter cup of slavery to the very dregs. Restrained by the terrors of a merciless inquisition from the commerce of hearing and speaking, and, by consequence, deprived of all exchange of sentiment, we should have resigned our memory with our other faculties, if to forget had been as easy as to submit in silence.

At length, indeed, we begin to revive from our lethargy; but we revive by slow degrees, though the Emperor Nerva, in the beginning of this glorious era, found means to reconcile two things, till then deemed incompatible; namely, civil liberty and the prerogative of the prince; though his successor Trajan continues to heal our wounds, and by a just and wise administration to diffuse the blessings of peace and good order through every part of the empire; and though it is apparent, that hopes of the constitution are now conceived by all orders of men, and not only conceived, but rising every hour into confidence and public security. And yet, such is the infirmity of the human mind, that, even in this juncture, the remedy operates more slowly than the disease. For as the body natural is tardy in its growth, and rapid in decay, so the powers of genius are more easily extinguished than promoted to their full maturity. There is a charm in indolence that works by imperceptible degrees; and that listless inactivity, which at first is irksome, grows delightful in the end.

Need I mention that in the course of fifteen years, a large portion of human life! many fell by unavoidable accidents, and the most illustrious men in Rome were cut off by the insatiate cruelty of the prince? A few of us, it is true, have survived the slaughter of our fellow-citizens; I had almost said, we have survived ourselves: for in that chasm, which slavery made in our existence, we cannot be said to have lived, but rather to have crawled in silence, the young towards the decrepitude of age, and the old to dishonourable graves. And yet I shall not regret the time I have spent in reviewing those days of despotism; on the contrary, it is my intention, even in such weak colouring as mine, to give a memorial of our slavery, that it may stand in contrast to the felicity of the present period.

In the meantime, the following tract is dedicated to the memory of Agricola, my father-in-law. The design, as it springs from filial piety, may merit a degree of approbation; it will, at least, be received with candour.

Cnæus Julius Agricola was born at the ancient and respectable colony of Forojulium. His grandfather, by the maternal as well as the paternal line, served the office of imperial procurator; a trust of importance, which

always confers the equestrian dignity. His father, Julius Græcinus, was a member of the senate, distinguished by his eloquence and philosophy. His merit gave umbrage to Caligula. Being commanded by that emperor to undertake the prosecution of Marcus Silanus, he refused to comply, and was put to death. Julia Procilla, Agricola's mother, was respected for the purity of her manners. Under her care, and as it were in her bosom, the tender mind of the son was trained to science and every liberal accomplishment. His own ingenuous disposition guarded him against the seductions of pleasure. To that happy temperament was added the advantage of pursuing his studies at Marseilles, that seat of learning, where the refinements of Greece were happily blended with the sober manners of provincial economy.

He has often declared in my hearing, that in the first career of youth he felt himself addicted to philosophical speculations with more ardour than consisted with the duties of a Roman and a senator; but his taste was soon reformed by the admonitions of his mother. In fact, it cannot be matter of wonder, that a sublime and warm imagination, struck with the forms of moral beauty and the love of science, should aspire to reach the glory of the philosophic character. As he grew up to manhood, his riper judgment weaned him from vain pursuits, and during the rest of his life he preserved what is difficult to attain, that temperate judgment which knows where to fix the bounds even of wisdom itself.

His first rudiments of military knowledge were acquired in Britain, under the conduct of Suetonius Paulinus, that experienced officer; active, vigilant, yet mild in command. Agricola was soon distinguished by his general, and selected to live with him at headquarters. Honoured in this manner, he did not, as is usual with young men, mix riot and dissipation with actual service; nor did he avail himself of his rank of military tribune to obtain leave of absence, in order to pass his time in idle pleasures and ignorance of his duty. To know the province, and make himself known to the army; to learn from men of experience, and emulate the best examples; to seek no enterprise with a forward spirit, and to decline none with timid caution, were the rules he laid down to himself; prudent with valour, and brave without ostentation.

A more active campaign had never been known, nor was Britain at any time so fiercely disputed. Our veteran forces were put to the sword; our colonies smoked on the ground; and the legions were intercepted on their march. The struggle was then for life; we fought afterwards for fame and victory. In a juncture so big with danger, though the conduct of the war was in other hands, and the glory of recovering the province was justly ascribed to the commander-in-chief, yet so fair an opportunity did not fail to improve a young officer, and plant in his mind the early seeds of military ambition. The love of fame took possession of him, that principle of noble minds, but out of season in an evil period, when virtue suffered by

sinister constructions, and from an illustrious name the danger was as great as from the most pernicious character.

He returned from Britain to enter on the gradations of the civil magistracy, and married Domitia Decidiana, a lady of high rank and splendid descent. By that alliance he gained an accession of strength and credit, that served to forward him in the road to public honours. The conjugal state proved a source of domestic happiness. They lived in perfect harmony, endeared by the tenderest affection, and each ascribing to the other the felicity which they enjoyed. But the merit of Decidiana could not be too much acknowledged. The praise of a valuable wife should always rise in proportion to the weight of censure, that falls on such as violate the nuptial union.

Agricola obtained the office of quaestor; and the province of Asia, of which Salvius Titianus was proconsul, fell to his lot. Neither the place nor the governor could warp his integrity. The wealth of the inhabitants invited the hand of rapacity; and Titianus by the bias of his nature prone to acts of avarice, was ready, on terms of mutual connivance, to co-operate in any scheme of guilt and plunder; but Agricola maintained his honour and his principles. During his stay in Asia his family was increased by the birth of a daughter, who proved soon after, when he lost his infant son, a source of consolation. The intermediate space between the expiration of his quaestorship and his advancement to the post of tribune of the people, he had the prudence to pass in calm tranquillity. Even during the year of his tribuneship he acted with the same reserve, aware of those disastrous times, when, under the tyranny of Nero's reign, the want of exertion was the truest wisdom. He discharged the office of praetor with the same moderation and silent dignity, having no occasion, as his good fortune would have it, to sit in judicature. That branch of the magistrate's business did not fall to his share. The pageantry of public spectacles, which belonged to his department, he conducted with economy and magnificence, short of profusion, yet with due regard to popularity. In the following reign, being appointed by Galba one of the commissioners to inspect the state of oblations to the several temples, he managed the inquiry with so much skill and well-tempered judgment, that no species of sacrilegious rapine, except the plunder committed by Nero, was suffered to pass without redress.

In the course of the following year a dreadful misfortune happened in his family, and proved to him a severe stroke of affliction. A descent, from Otho's fleet, which roved about in quest of depredations, was made on the coast of Liguria. The freebooters plundered the city of Intemelium, and in their fury murdered Agricola's mother, then residing upon her own estate. They laid waste her lands, and went off with a considerable booty. Agricola set out immediately to pay the last tribute of filial piety, and being informed on his way, that Vespasian aspired to the imperial dignity, he declared at once in favour of that party.

In the beginning of the new reign, the government of Rome, and the whole administration, centred in Mucianus, Domitian being, at that time, too young for business, and from the elevation of his father claiming no other privilege than that of being debauched and profligate without control. Agricola was despatched to raise new levies. He executed that commission with so much zeal and credit to himself, that Mucianus advanced him to the command of the twentieth legion, then quartered in Britain, and for some time unwilling to swear fidelity to Vespasian. The officer, who had the command of that corps, was suspected of seditious practices, and the men had carried their insolence to such a pitch, that they were even formidable to the consular generals. Their commander was of praetorian rank; but either on account of his own disaffection, or the turbulent spirit of the soldiers, his authority was too feeble. Agricola succeeded to the command of the legion, and to the task of punishing the guilty. He acquitted himself with consummate address, and singular moderation, wishing that the men should have the merit of voluntary compliance, and not seem to have yielded, with sullen submission, to the authority of their general.

The government of Britain was at that time committed to Vettius Bolanus, a man of milder disposition than consisted with the genius of those ferocious islanders. Agricola, that he might not seem to eclipse his superior officer, restrained his martial ardour, submitting with deference to his commander-in-chief, and, in every part of his conduct, uniting to his love of glory, a due regard for the service. Bolanus was soon recalled, and Petilius Cerealis, an officer of consular rank, succeeded to the command. The field of warlike enterprise was laid open to Agricola. Under the new commander, he was, at first, no more than a common sharer in the dangers of the campaign; but in a short time his talents had their free career. The general to make his experiment, sent him at the head of detached parties, and afterwards, encouraged by the event, employed him in more important operations. Agricola never betrayed a symptom of vainglory. From the issue of his expeditions, however successful, he assumed no merit. It was the general that planned the measure, and he himself was no more than the hand that executed. By this conduct, vigorous in action, but modest in the report of his exploits, he gained a brilliant reputation, secure from the envy that attends it.

On his return to Rome, Vespasian advanced him to the patrician rank, and soon after to the government of the province of Aquitania; an appointment of the first importance, leading directly to the honours of the consulship, to which he then aspired with the concurrence of the prince. The military mind, trained up in the school of war, is generally supposed to want the power of nice discrimination. The jurisdiction of the camp is little solicitous about forms and subtle reasoning; military law is blunt and summary, and where the sword resolves all difficulties, the refined discussions of the forum are never practised. Agricola, however, indebted to

nature for a certain rectitude of understanding, was not out of his sphere even among men versed in questions of jurisprudence. His hours of business and relaxation had their stated periods. In the council of the province, or on the tribunal of justice, he discharged the duties of his station with awful gravity, intent to inquire, often severe, but more inclined to soften the rigour of the law. The functions of the magistrate being dispatched, he divested himself of his public character; the man in authority was no longer seen. In his actions no tincture of arrogance, no spleen, no avarice was ever seen. Uncommon as it may appear, the sweetness of his manners took nothing from his authority, nor was the impression made by his amiable qualities lessened by the inflexibility of the judge.

To say of a character truly great, that integrity and a spirit above corruption made a part of it, were mere tautology, as injurious to his virtues, as it is unnecessary. Even the love of fame, that fine incentive of generous minds, could neither betray him into an ostentatious display of virtue, nor induce him to practise those specious arts, that court applause, and often supply the place of merit. The little ambition of rising above his colleagues was foreign to his heart. He avoided all contention with the procurators of the prince. In struggles of that nature he knew that victory may be obtained without glory, and a defeat is certain disgrace. In less than three years he was recalled from his province, to take upon him the consular dignity. The voice of fame marked him out, at the same time, for the government of Britain: the report was current, but neither contrived nor cultivated by himself. He was mentioned because he was worthy. Common fame does not always err: it often takes the lead, and determines the choice. During his consulship, though I was then very young, he agreed to a marriage between me and his daughter, who certainly might have looked for a prouder connexion. The nuptial ceremony was not performed till the term of his consulship expired. In a short time after he was appointed governor of Britain, with the additional honour of a seat in the pontifical college.

If I here presume to offer a description of Britain and the manners of the people, it is not my intention to dispute with the number of authors, who have gone before me, either the fame of genius, or diligence in the research. The fact is, Britain was subdued under the conduct of Agricola, and that circumstance may justify the present attempt. Antecedent writers adorned conjecture with all the graces of language: what I have to offer will have nothing but the plain truth to recommend it.

Britain, of all the islands known to the Romans, is the largest. On the east, it extends towards Germany; on the west, towards Spain; and on the south, it lies opposite to the coast of Gaul. The northern extremity is lashed by the billows of a prodigious sea, and no land is known beyond it. The form of the island has been compared by two eloquent writers (Livy among the ancients, and Fabius Rusticus among the moderns) to an

oblong shield, or a two-edged axe. The comparison, if we except Caledonia, may be allowed to be just, and hence the shape of a part has been, by vulgar error, ascribed to the whole. Caledonia stretches a vast length of way towards the north. The promontories, that jut out into the sea, render the form of the country broken and irregular, but it sharpens to a point at the extremity, and terminates in the shape of a wedge.

By Agricola's order the Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain is an island. The cluster of isles called the Orcades, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman Empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators. The sea in those parts is said to be a sluggish mass of stagnated water, hardly yielding to the stroke of the oar, and never agitated by winds and tempests. The natural cause may be, that high lands and mountains, which occasion commotions in the air, are deficient in those regions; not to mention that such a prodigious body of water, in a vast and boundless ocean, is heaved and impelled with difficulty. But a philosophical account of the ocean and its periodical motions is not the design of this essay; the subject has employed the pen of others. To what they have said I shall only add, that there is not in any other part of the world an expanse of water that rages with such uncontrollable dominion, now receiving the discharge of various rivers, and, at times, driving their currents back to their source. Nor is it on the coast only that the flux and reflux of the tide are perceived: the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, forming bays and islands in the heart of the country, and foaming amidst hills and mountains, as in its natural channel.

Whether the first inhabitants of Britain were natives of the island, or adventitious settlers, is a question lost in the mists of antiquity. The Britons, like other barbarous nations, have no monuments of their history. They differ in the make and habit of their bodies, and hence various inferences concerning their origin. The ruddy hair and lusty limbs of the Caledonians indicate a German extraction. That the Silures were at first a colony of Iberians is concluded, not without probability, from the olive tincture of the skin, the natural curl of the hair, and the situation of the country, so convenient to the coast of Spain. On the side opposite to Gaul the inhabitants resemble their neighbours on the continent; but whether that resemblance is the effect of one common origin, or of the climate in contiguous nations operating on the make and temperament of the human body, is a point not easy to be decided. All circumstances considered, it is rather probable that a colony from Gaul took possession of a country so inviting by its proximity. You will find in both nations the same religious rites, and the same superstition. The two languages differ but little. In provoking danger they discover the same ferocity, and in the encounter, the same timidity. The Britons, however, not yet enfeebled by a long peace, are

possessed of superior courage. The Gauls, we learn from history, were formerly a warlike people; but sloth, the consequence of inactive times, has debased their genius, and virtue died with expiring liberty. Among such of the Britons, as have been for some time subdued, the same degeneracy is observable. The free and unconquered part of the nation retains at this hour the ferocity of the ancient Gauls.

The strength of their armies consists in infantry, though some of their warriors take the field in chariots. The person of highest distinction guides the reins, while his martial followers, mounted in the same vehicle, annoy the enemy. The Britons were formerly governed by a race of kings: at present they are divided into factions under various chieftains; and this disunion, which prevents their acting in concert for a public interest, is a circumstance highly favourable to the Roman arms against a warlike people, independent, fierce, and obstinate. A confederation of two or more states to repel the common danger is seldom known: they fight in parties, and the nation is subdued.

The climate is unfavourable; always damp with rains, and overcast with clouds. Intense cold is never felt. The days are longer than in our southern regions; the nights remarkably bright, and, towards the extremity of the island, so very short, that between the last gleam of day and the returning dawn the interval is scarce perceptible. In a serene sky, when no clouds intervene to obstruct the sight, the sun, we are told, appears all night long, neither setting in the west, nor rising in the east, but always moving above the horizon. The cause of this phenomenon may be, that the surface of the earth, towards the northern extremities, being flat and level, the shade never rises to any considerable height, and, the sky still retaining the rays of the sun, the heavenly bodies continue visible.

The soil does not afford either the vine, the olive, or the fruits of warmer climates; but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in great plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause, the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil. Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and silver, and other metals. The sea produces pearls, but of a dark and livid colour. This defect is ascribed by some to want of skill in this kind of fishery: the people employed in gathering, content themselves in gleaning what happens to be thrown upon the shore, whereas in the Red Sea the shell-fish are found clinging to the rocks, and taken alive. For my part, I am inclined to think that the British pearl is of an inferior quality. I cannot impute to avarice a neglect of its interest.

The Britons are willing to supply our armies with new levies; they pay their tribute, without a murmur; and they perform all the services of government with alacrity, provided they have no reason to complain of oppression. When injured, their resentment is quick, sudden, and impatient; they are conquered, not broken-hearted; reduced to obedience, not sub-

dued to slavery. Even Julius Cæsar, the first of the Romans who set his foot in Britain at the head of an army, can only be said by a prosperous battle to have struck the natives with terror, and to have made himself master of the sea-shore. The discoverer, not the conqueror of the island, he did no more than show it to posterity. Rome could not boast of a conquest. The civil wars broke out soon after, and in that scene of distraction, when the swords of the leading men were drawn against their country, it was natural to lose sight of Britain. During the peace that followed, the same neglect continued: Augustus called it the wisdom of his counsels, and Tiberius made it a rule of state-policy.

That Caligula meditated an invasion of Britain is a fact well known; but the expedition, like his mighty preparations against Germany, was rendered abortive by the capricious temper of the man, resolving always without consideration and repenting without experiment. The grand enterprise was reserved for the emperor Claudius, who transported into Britain an army composed of regular legions, besides a large body of auxiliaries. With the officers, appointed to conduct the war, he joined Vespasian, who there laid the foundation of that success which afterwards attended him. Several states were conquered, kings were led in captivity, and the Fates beheld Vespasian giving an earnest of his future glory.

The first officer of consular rank, that commanded in Britain, was Aulus Plautius. To him succeeded Ostorius Scapula; both eminent for their military character. Under their auspices the southern part of Britain took the form of a province, and received a colony of veterans. Certain districts were assigned to Cogidunus, a king who reigned over part of the country. He lived within our own memory, preserving always his faith unviolated, and exhibiting a striking proof of that refined policy, with which it has ever been the practice of Rome to make even kings accomplices in the servitude of mankind.

The next governor was Didius Gallus. He preserved the acquisitions made by his predecessors, without aiming at an extension of territory, and without any advantage, except a few forts, which he built on the remote borders of the province, in hopes of gaining some pretension to the fame of having enlarged the frontier. Veranius succeeded to the command, but died within the year. Suetonius Paulinus was the next in succession. That officer pushed on the war in one continued series of prosperity for two years together. In that time he subdued several states, and secured his conquest by a chain of posts and garrisons. Confiding in the strength which he had thus established, he formed the plan of reducing the isle of Mona, the grand resource from which the malcontents drew their supplies. But having, in that expedition, turned his back on the conquered provinces, he gave an opportunity for a general revolt.

The Britons, relieved from their fears by the absence of the commander-in-chief, began to descant on the horrors of slavery. They stated their

grievances, and, to inflame resentment, painted everything in the most glaring colours. "What was now the consequence of their passive spirit? The hand of oppression falls on the tame and abject with greater weight. Each state was formerly subject to a single king, but now two masters rule with an iron rod. The general gluts himself with the blood of the vanquished, and the imperial procurator devours our property. Those haughty tyrants may act in concert, or they may be at variance; but in either case the lot of the Britons is the same. The centurions of the general, and the followers of the tax-gatherer, add pride and insolence to injustice and rapacity. Nothing is safe from avarice, nothing by lust unviolated. In the field of battle, the booty is for the brave and warlike: at present, cowards and abject wretches seize the possessions of the natives; to them the Britons tamely yield up their children; for them they make new levies, and, in short, the good of his country is the only cause in which a Briton has forgot to die. Compute the number of men born in freedom, who inhabit the island, and the Roman invaders are but a handful. It was thus the Germans argued, and they shook off the yoke. No ocean rolled between them and the invader: they were separated by a river only. The Britons have every motive to excite their valour. They have their country to defend, and they have their liberty to assert; they have wives and children to urge them on; and they have parents, who sue to them for protection. On the part of the Romans, if we except luxury and avarice, what incentives are there to draw them to the field? Let British valour emulate the virtue of ancient times, and the invaders, like their own deified Cæsar, will abandon the island. The loss of a single battle, and even a second, cannot decide the fate of a whole people. Many advantages list on the side of misery. To attack with fury and persevere with constancy, belongs to men who groan under oppression. The gods, at length, behold the Britons with an eye of compassion: they have removed the Roman general from his station; they detain him and his army in another island. The oppressed have gained an advantage, too often difficult to obtain; they can now deliberate: they are met in council. In designs like these, the whole danger lies in being detected: act like men, and success will be the issue of the war."

Inflamed by these and such like topics, the spirit of revolt was diffused through the country. With one consent they took up arms, under the conduct of Boadicea, a queen descended from a race of royal ancestors. In Britain there is no rule of distinction to exclude the female line from the throne, or the command of armies. The insurgents rushed to the attack with headlong fury; they found the Romans dispersed in their garrisons; they put all to the sword; they stormed the forts; they attacked the capital of the colony, which they considered as the seat of oppression, and with fire and sword laid it level with the ground. Whatever revenge could prompt, or victory inspire, was executed with unrelenting cruelty; and if

Suetonius, on the first intelligence, had not hastened back by rapid marches, Britain had been lost. By the event of a single battle the province was recovered, though the embers of rebellion were not quite extinguished. Numbers of the malcontents, conscious of their share in the revolt, and dreading the vengeance of Suetonius, still continued under arms.

The truth is, notwithstanding the excellent qualities that distinguished the Roman general, it was the blemish of his character, that he proceeded always against the vanquished, even after they surrendered, with excessive rigour. Justice under his administration, had frequently the air of revenge for a personal injury. In his public proceedings he mingled too much of his own passions, and was therefore recalled, to make way for Petronius Turpilianus, a man of less asperity, new to the Britons, and, having no resentments, likely to be satisfied on moderate terms. He restored the tranquillity of the island, and, without attempting anything further, resigned the province to Trebellius Maximus, an officer of no experience, by nature indolent and inactive, but possessed of certain popular arts that reconciled the minds of men to his administration. The Barbarians, at this time, had acquired a taste for elegant and alluring vices. The civil wars, which soon after convulsed the empire, were a fair apology for the pacific temper of the general. His army, however, was not free from intestine discord. The soldiers, formerly inured to discipline, grew wanton in idleness, and broke out into open sedition. To avoid the fury of his men, Trebellius was obliged to save himself by flight. Having lain for some time in a place of concealment, he returned with an awkward air to take upon him the command. His dignity was impaired, and his spirit humbled. From that time his authority was feeble and precarious. It seemed to be a compromise between the parties: the general remained unmolested, the soldiers uncontrolled, and on these terms the mutiny ended without bloodshed. Vettius Bolanus was the next commander; but the distractions of the civil war still continuing, he did not think it advisable to introduce a plan of regular discipline. The same inactive disposition on the part of the general, and the same mutinous spirit among the soldiers, still prevailed. The only difference was, that the character of Bolanus was without a blemish. If he did not establish his authority, he lived on good terms with all; beloved, though not respected.

When Britain, with the rest of the Roman world, fell to the lot of Vespasian, the ablest officers were sent to reduce the island; powerful armies were set in motion, and the spirit of the natives began to droop. In order to spread a general terror, Petilius Cerealis fell with sudden fury on the Brigantes, in point of numbers the most considerable state in the whole province. Various battles were fought, with alternate success, and great effusion of blood. At length the greatest part of that extensive country was either subdued, or involved in all the calamities of war. The fame of Cerealis grew to a size that might discourage the ablest successor; and yet

under that disadvantage Julius Frontinus undertook the command. His talents did not suffer by the comparison. He was a man truly great, and sure to signalize himself, whenever a fair opportunity called forth his abilities. He reduced to subjection the powerful and warlike state of the Silures, and, though in that expedition he had to cope not only with a fierce and obstinate enemy, but with the difficulties of a country almost impracticable, it was his glory that he surmounted every obstacle.

Such was the state of Britain, and such the events of war, when Agricola arrived about the middle of summer to take upon him the command. He found an army lulled in indolence and security, as if the campaign was at an end, while the enemy was on the watch to seize the first opportunity. The Ordivicians, not long before his arrival, had fallen upon a party of horse, that happened to be quartered in their district, and put them almost all to the sword. By this blow the courage of the Britons was once more revived: the bold and resolute declared for open war, while others, less sanguine, were against unsheathing the sword, till the character and genius of the new governor should be better known.

Many things conspired to embarrass Agricola: the summer was far advanced; the troops were stationed at different quarters, expecting a cessation of arms during the remainder of the year: and to act on the defensive, content with strengthening the weakest stations, was in the opinion of the best officers the most prudent measure. These were circumstances unfavourable to a spirit of enterprise; but the general resolved to put his army in motion, and face the danger without delay. For this purpose, he drew together various detachments from the legions, and, with the addition of a body of auxiliaries, marched against the enemy. The Ordovicians continuing to decline an engagement on the open plain, he determined to seek them on their heights, and, to animate his men by his own example, he advanced at the head of the line. A battle ensued, and the issue was the destruction of the Ordovician state. Knowing of what moment it is to follow the first impressions of fame, and little doubting but that everything would fall before an army flushed with victory, Agricola formed a plan for the reduction of the isle of Mona, from which Paulinus had been recalled by the general insurrection of the province, as already mentioned.

For the execution of an enterprise so sudden and important, no measures had been concerted, and by consequence no vessels were ready to transport the troops. The genius and resolution of the general supplied all deficiencies. He drafted from the auxiliaries a chosen band, well acquainted with the fordable places, and, inured to the national practice of swimming across lakes and rivers with such dexterity, that they could manage their arms and guide their horses at the same time. This select corps, free from the incumbrance of their baggage, dashed into the water, and made their way with vigour towards the island. This mode of attack astonished the enemy, who expected nothing less than a fleet of transports, and a regular embarka-

tion. Struck with consternation, they thought nothing impregnable to men who waged so unusual a war. In despair they sued for peace, and surrendered the island. The event added new lustre to the name of Agricola, who had thus set out with a spirit of enterprise, and crowded so much glory into that part of the year, which is usually trifled away in vain parade and the homage of flatteries. The moderation with which he enjoyed his victory was remarkable. He had reduced the vanquished to obedience, and the act, he said, did not deserve the name of victory, nor even of an expedition. In his despatches to Rome he assumed no merit, nor were his letters, according to custom, decorated with sprigs of laurel: but this self-denial served only to enhance his fame. From the modesty of a commander who could undervalue such important services, men inferred that projects of vast extent were even then in his contemplation.

Agricola was well acquainted with the manners and national character of the Britons: he knew by the experience of past events, that conquest, while it loads the vanquished with injury and oppression, can never be secure and permanent. He determined, therefore, to suppress the seeds of future hostility. He began a reform in his own household; a necessary work, but attended often with no less difficulty than the administration of a province. He removed his slaves and freedmen from every department of public business. Promotions in the army no longer went by favour, or the partiality of the centurions; merit decided, and the man of worth, Agricola knew, would be the most faithful soldier. To know everything, and yet overlook a great deal; to forgive slight offences, and treat matters of importance with due severity, was the rule of his conduct; never vindictive, and in many instances disarmed by penitence. The prevention of crimes was what he wished, and to that end, in the disposal of offices he made choice of men, whose conduct promised to supersede the necessity of punishment.

The exigencies of the army called for large contributions of corn and other supplies, and yet he lightened the burden by just and equal assessments, providing at the same time against the extortion of the tax-gatherer, more odious and intolerable than even the tax itself. It had been the settled practice of the collectors to engross all the corn, and then adding mockery to injustice, to make the injured Briton wait at the door of the public granary, humbly supplicating that he might be permitted to repurchase his own grain, which he was afterwards obliged to sell at an inferior price. A further grievance was, that, instead of delivering the requisite quantity of corn at the nearest and most convenient magazines, the Britons were forced to make tedious journeys through difficult cross-country roads, in order to supply camps and stations at a remote distance; and thus the business which might have been conducted with convenience to all, was converted into a job to gratify the avarice of a few.

In the first year of Agricola's administration these abuses were all sup-

pressed. The consequence was, that peace, which, through the neglect or connivance of former governors was no less terrible than war itself, began to diffuse its blessings, and to be relished by all. As soon as the summer opened, he assembled his army and marched in quest of the enemy. Ever present at the head of the lines, he encouraged the strenuous by commendation; he rebuked the sluggard who fell from his rank; he went in person to mark out the station for encampments; he sounded the estuaries, and explored the woods and forests. The Britons, in the meantime, were by sudden incursions kept in a constant alarm. Having spread a general terror through the country, he then suspended his operations, that, in the interval of repose, the barbarians might taste the sweets of peace. In consequence of these measures, several states, which till then had breathed a spirit of independence, were induced to lay aside their hostile intentions, and to give hostages for their pacific behaviour. Along the frontier of the several districts which had submitted, a chain of posts was established with so much care and judgment, that no part of the country, even where the Roman arms had never penetrated, could think itself secure from the vigour of the conqueror.

To introduce a system of new and wise regulations was the business of the following winter. A fierce and savage people, running wild in woods, would be ever addicted to a life of warfare. To wean them from those habits, Agricola held forth the baits of pleasure, encouraging the natives, as well by public assistance, as by warm exhortations, to build temples, courts of justice, and commodious dwelling-houses. He bestowed encomiums on such as cheerfully obeyed: the slow and uncomplying were branded with reproach; and thus a spirit of emulation diffused itself, operating like a sense of duty. To establish a plan of education, and give the sons of the leading chiefs a tincture of letters, was part of his policy. By way of encouragement, he praised their talents, and already saw them, by the force of their natural genius, rising superior to the attainments of the Gauls. The consequence was, that they who had always disdained the Roman language, began to cultivate its beauties. The Roman apparel was seen without prejudice, and the toga became a fashionable part of dress. By degrees the charms of vice gained admission to their hearts: baths, and porticos, and elegant banquets, grew into vogue; and the new manners, which, in fact, served only to sweeten slavery, were by the unsuspecting Britons called the arts of polished humanity.

In the course of the third year the progress of the Roman arms discovered new nations, whose territories were laid waste as far as the estuary, called the Firth of Tay. The legions had to struggle with all the difficulties of a tempestuous season; and yet the Barbarians, struck with a general panic, never dared to hazard an engagement. The country, as far as the Romans advanced, was secured by forts and garrisons. Men of skill and military science observed that no officer knew better than Agricola, how to seize,

on a sudden view, the most advantageous situation, and, accordingly, not one of the stations, fortified by his direction, was taken by storm; not one was reduced to capitulate; not one was surrendered or abandoned to the enemy. At every post, to enable the garrison to stand a siege, a year's provision was provided, and each place having strength sufficient, frequent sallies were made; the besiegers were repulsed; and the Romans passed the winter secure from danger. The consequence of these precautions was, that the enemy who had been accustomed to retrieve in the winter what they lost in the antecedent summer, saw no difference of seasons: they were defeated everywhere, and reduced to the last despair. Avarice of fame was no part of Agricola's character; nor was he ever known to arrogate to himself the praises due to other officers. From the commander of a legion to the lowest centurion, all found in their general a willing witness of their conduct. In his manner of expressing his disapprobation, he was thought to mix a degree of asperity. The truth is, his antipathy to bad men was equalled by nothing but his politeness to the deserving. His anger soon passed away, and left no trace behind. From his silence you had nothing to fear. Scorning to disguise his sentiments, he acted always with a generous warmth, at the hazard of making enemies. To harbour secret resentment was not in his nature.

The business of the fourth campaign was to secure the country, which had been overrun, not conquered, in the preceding summer; and if the spirit of the troops and the glory of the Roman name had been capable of suffering any limits, there was in Britain itself a convenient spot, where the boundary of the empire might have been fixed. The place for that purpose was, where the waters of the Glota and Bodotria, driven up the country by the influx of two opposite seas, are hindered from joining by a narrow neck of land, which was then guarded by a chain of forts. On the south side of the isthmus the whole country was bridled by the Romans, and evacuated by the enemy, who was driven, as it were, into another island.

In the fifth summer Agricola made an expedition by sea. He embarked in the first Roman vessel that ever crossed the estuary, and having penetrated into regions till then unknown, he defeated the inhabitants in several engagements, and lined the coast, which lies opposite to Ireland, with a body of troops; not so much from an apprehension of danger, as with a view to future projects. He saw that Ireland, lying between Britain and Spain, and at the same time convenient to the ports of Gaul, might prove a valuable acquisition, capable of giving an easy communication, and, of course, strength and union, to provinces disjoined by nature.

Ireland is less than Britain, but exceeds in magnitude all the islands of the Mediterranean. The soil, the climate, the manners and genius of the inhabitants, differ little from those of Britain. By the means of merchants resorting thither for the sake of commerce, the harbours and approaches to

the coast are well known. One of their petty kings who had been forced to fly from the fury of a domestic faction, was received by the Roman general, and, under a show of friendship, detained to be of use on some future occasions. I have often heard Agricola declare that a single legion, with a moderate band of auxiliaries, would be sufficient to complete the conquest of Ireland. Such an event, he said, would contribute greatly to bridle the stubborn spirit of the Britons, who, in that case, would see, with dismay, the Roman arms triumphant, and every spark of liberty extinguished round their coast.

In the campaign, which began in the sixth summer, having reason to apprehend a general confederacy of the nations beyond the Firth of Bodotria, and fearing, in a country not yet explored, the danger of a surprise, Agricola ordered his ships to sail across the gulf, and gain some knowledge of those new regions. The fleet, now acting, for the first time, in concert with the land-forces, proceeded in sight of the army, forming a magnificent spectacle, and adding terror to the war. It frequently happened that in the same camp were seen the infantry and cavalry intermixed with the marines, all indulging their joy, full of their adventures, and magnifying the history of their exploits; the soldier describing, in the usual style of military ostentation, the forests which he had passed, the mountains which he climbed, and the Barbarians whom he put to the rout; while the sailor, no less important, had his storms and tempests, the wonders of the deep, and the spirit with which he conquered winds and waves.

At the sight of the Roman fleet, the Britons, according to intelligence gained from the prisoners, were struck with consternation, convinced that every resource was cut off, since the sea, which had always been their shelter, was now laid open to the invader. In this distress, the Caledonians resolved to try the issue of a battle. Warlike preparations were instantly begun with a degree of exertion, great in reality, but, as is always the case in matters obscure and distant, magnified by the voice of fame. Without waiting for the commencement of hostilities, they stormed the Roman forts and castles, and by provoking danger, made such an impression, that several officers in Agricola's army, disguising their fear under the specious appearance of prudent counsels, recommended a sudden retreat to avoid the disgrace of being driven back to the other side of the Firth. Meanwhile Agricola received intelligence that the enemy meditated an attack in various quarters at once, and thereupon, lest superior numbers, in a country where he was a stranger to the defiles and passes, should be able to surround him, he divided his army, and marched forward in three columns.

The Caledonians, informed of this arrangement, changed their plan, and, in the dead of night, fell with their united force upon the ninth legion, then the weakest of the Roman army. They surprised the advanced guard, and having, in the confusion of sleep and terror, put the sentinels to the sword, they forced their way through the entrenchments. The conflict was

in the very camp, when Agricola, who had been informed that the Barbarians were on their march, and instantly pursued their steps, came up to the relief of the legion. He ordered the swiftest of the horse and light infantry to advance with expedition, and charge the enemy in the rear, while his whole army set up a general shout. At break of day the Roman banners glittered in view of the Barbarians, who found themselves hemmed in by two armies, and began to relax their vigour. The spirit of the legion revived. The men perceived that the moment of distress was over, and the struggle was now for glory. Acting no longer on the defensive, they rushed on to the attack. In the very gates of the camp a fierce and obstinate engagement followed. The besieged legion, and the forces that came to their relief, fought with a spirit of emulation; the latter contending for the honour of succouring the distressed, and the former to prove that they stood in no need of assistance. The Caledonians were put to the rout; and if the woods and marshes had not favoured their escape, that single action had put an end to the war.

By this victory, so complete and glorious, the Roman army was inspired with confidence to such a degree, that they now pronounced themselves invincible. Nothing could stand before them: they desired to be led into the recesses of the country, and, by following their blow, to penetrate to the extremity of the island. Even the prudent of the day before changed their tone with the event, and talked of nothing but victory and conquest. Such is the tax, which the commanders of armies must always pay; the merit of success is claimed by all; calamity is imputed to the general only.

The Caledonians, notwithstanding their defeat, abated nothing from their ferocity. Their want of success, they said, was not to be ascribed to superior courage; it was the chance of war, or, perhaps, the skill of the Roman general. In this persuasion they resolved to keep the field. They listed the young men of their nation; they sent their wives and children to a place of safety; they held public conventions of the several states, and with solemn rites and sacrifices formed a league in the cause of liberty. The campaign ended in this manner, and the two armies inflamed with mutual animosity, retired into winter-quarters.

In the course of the same summer, a cohort of the Usipians which had been raised in Germany, and thence transported to serve in Britain, performed an exploit so daring and extraordinary, that in this place it may be allowed to merit attention. Having murdered the centurion, who was left in the command, and also the soldiers, who, for the purpose of introducing military discipline, had been incorporated with the several companies, they seized three light galleys, and forcing the masters on board, determined to sail from the island. One of the pilots made his escape, and suspicion falling on the other two, they were both killed on the spot. Before their design transpired, the deserters put to sea, to the astonishment of all who beheld their vessels under way.

They had not sailed far, when they became the sport of winds and waves. They made frequent descents on the coast in quest of plunder, and had various conflicts with the natives, victorious in some places, and in others beat back to their ships. Reduced at length to the extremity of famine, they fed on their companions, at first devouring the weakest, and afterwards deciding among themselves by lot. In this distress they sailed round the extremity of the island, and, through want of skill in navigation, were wrecked on the continent, where they were treated as pirates, first by the Suevians, and afterwards by the Frisians. Being sold into slavery, and in the way of commerce turned over to different masters, some of them reached the Roman settlements on the banks of the Rhine, and there grew famous for their sufferings, and the bold singularity of their voyage. In the beginning of the following summer Agricola met with a stroke of affliction by the loss of a son, about a year old. He did not upon this occasion affect, like many others, the character of a man superior to the feelings of nature; nor yet did he suffer his grief to sink him down into unbecoming weakness. He felt the impression, but regret was lost in the avocations of war.

In the opening of the campaign, he despatched his fleet, with orders to annoy the coast by frequent descents in different places, and spread a general alarm. He put himself, in the meantime, at the head of his army equipped for expedition, and taking with him a select band of the bravest Britons, of known and approved fidelity, he advanced as far as the Grampian hills, where the enemy was already posted in force. Undismayed by their former defeat, the Barbarians expected no other issue than a total overthrow, or a brave revenge. Experience had taught them that the common cause required a vigorous exertion of their united strength. For this purpose, by treaties of alliance, and by deputations to the several cantons, they had drawn together the strength of their nation. Upwards of thirty thousand men appeared in arms, and their force was increasing every day. The youth of the country poured in from all quarters, and even the men in years, whose vigour was still unbroken, repaired to the army, proud of their past exploits, and the ensigns of honour which they had gained by their martial spirit. Among the chieftains, distinguished by their birth and valour, the most renowned was Galgacus. The multitude gathered round him, eager for action, and burning with uncommon ardour. He harangued them to the following effect:

"When I consider the motives that have roused us to this war; when I reflect on the necessity that now demands our firmest vigour, I expect everything great and noble from that union of sentiment that pervades us all. From this day I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men, who never crouched in bondage. Beyond this spot there is no land, where liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave, and, in our condition, cowardice itself would throw

away the scabbard. In the battles, which have been hitherto fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, our countrymen might well repose some hopes in us; they might consider us as their last resource; they knew us to be the noblest sons of Britain, placed in the last recesses of the land, in the very sanctuary of liberty. We have not so much as seen the melancholy regions, where slavery has debased mankind. We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolluted by the sight of ignoble bondage.

" The extremity of the earth is ours: defended by our situation, we have to this day preserved our honour and the rights of men. But we are no longer safe in our obscurity: our retreat is laid open: the enemy rushes on, and, as things unknown are ever magnified, he thinks a mighty conquest lies before him. But this is the end of the habitable world, and rocks and brawling waves fill all the space behind. The Romans are in the heart of our country; no submission can satisfy their pride; no concessions can appease their fury. While the land has anything left, it is the theatre of war; when it can yield no more, they explore the seas for hidden treasure. Are the nations rich, Roman avarice is their enemy. Are they poor, Roman ambition lords it over them. The east and the west have been rifled, and the spoiler is still insatiate. The Romans, by a strange singularity of nature, are the only people who invade, with equal ardour, the wealth and the poverty of the nations. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language, are the arts of civil policy. When they have made the world a solitude, they call it peace.

" Our children and relatives are dear to us all. It is an affection planted in our breast by the hand of nature. And yet those tender pledges are ravished from us to serve in distant lands. Are our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, safe from brutal lust and open violation? The insidious conqueror, under the mask of hospitality and friendship, brands them with dishonour. Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our corn into their granaries. Our limbs and bodies are worn out in clearing woods, and draining marshes: and what have been our wages? Stripes and insult. The lot of the meanest slave, born in servitude, is preferable to ours: he is sold but once, and his master maintains him; but Britain every day invites new tyrants, and every day pampers their pride. In a private family the slave, who is last brought in, provokes the mirth and ridicule of the whole domestic crew: and in this general servitude, to which Rome has reduced the world, the case is the same: we are treated at first, as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction.

" What better lot can we expect? We have no arable lands to cultivate for a master; no mines to dig for his avarice; no harbours to improve for his commerce. To what end should the conqueror spare us? Our virtue and undaunted spirit are crimes in the eyes of the conqueror, and will render us more obnoxious. Our remote situation, hitherto the retreat of freedom,

and on that account the more suspected, will only serve to inflame the jealousy of our enemies. We must expect no mercy. Let us therefore dare like men. We all are summoned by the great call of nature; not only those who know the value of liberty, but even such as think life on any terms the dearest blessing. The Trinobantes, who had only a woman to lead them on, were able to carry fire and sword through a whole colony. They stormed the camps of the enemy, and if success had not intoxicated them, they had been, beyond all doubt, the deliverers of their country. And shall not we, unconquered, and undebased by slavery, a nation ever free, and struggling now, not to recover, but to ensure our liberties, shall we not go forth the champions of our country? Shall we not, by one generous effort, show the Romans that we are the men whom Caledonia has reserved to be assertors of the public weal?

"We know the manners of the Romans: and are we to imagine that their valour in the field is equal to their arrogance in time of peace? By our dissensions their glory rises; the vices of their enemies are the negative virtues of the Roman army; if that may be called an army, which is no better than a motley crew of various nations, held together by success, and ready to crumble away in the first reverse of fortune. That this will be their fate, no one can doubt, unless we suppose that the Gaul, the German, and (with shame I add) the Britons, a mercenary band, who hire their blood in a foreign service, will adhere from principle to a new master, whom they have lately served, and long detested. They are now enlisted by awe and terror: break their fetters, and the man who forgets to fear, will seek revenge.

"All that can inspire the human heart, every motive that can excite us to deeds of valour, is on our side. The Romans have no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirit; no parents to reproach their want of courage. They are not listed in the cause of their country: their country, if any they have, lies at a distance. They are a band of mercenaries, a wretched handful of devoted men, who tremble and look aghast as they roll their eyes around, and see on every side objects unknown before. The sky over their heads, the sea, the woods, all things conspire to fill them with doubt and terror. They come like victims, delivered into our hands by the gods, to fall this day a sacrifice to freedom.

"In the ensuing battle be not deceived by false appearances; the glitter of gold and silver may dazzle the eye; but to us it is harmless, to the Romans no protection. In their own ranks we shall find a number of generous warriors ready to assist our cause. The Britons know that for our common liberties we draw the avenging sword. The Gauls will remember that they once were a free people; and the Germans, as the Usipians lately did, will desert their colours. The Romans have left nothing in their rear to oppose us in the pursuit; their forts are ungarrisoned; the veterans in their colonies droop with age; in their municipal towns, nothing but anarchy, despotic

government, and disaffected subjects. In me behold your general; behold an army of freeborn men. Your enemy is before you, and, in his train, heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are those calamities to be entailed upon us? Or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors; and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity."

This speech was received, according to the custom of Barbarians, with war songs, with savage howlings, and a wild uproar of military applause. Their battalions began to form a line of battle; the brave and warlike rushed forward to the front, and the field glittered with the blaze of arms. The Romans on their side burned with equal ardour. Agricola saw the impatient spirit of his men, but did not think proper to begin the engagement, till he confirmed their courage by the following speech: "It is now, my fellow-soldiers, the eighth year of our service in Britain. During that time, the genius and good auspices of the Roman empire, with your assistance and unwearied labour, have made the island our own. In all our expeditions, in every battle, the enemy has felt your valour, and by your toil and perseverance the very nature of the country has been conquered. I have been proud of my soldiers, and you have had no reason to blush for your general. We have carried the terror of our arms beyond the limits of any other soldiers, or any former general; we have penetrated to the extremity of the land. This was formerly the boast of vainglory, the mere report of fame; it is now historical truth. We have gained possession sword in hand; we are encamped on the utmost limits of the island. Britain is discovered, and by the discovery conquered.

"In our long and laborious marches, when you were obliged to traverse moors, and fens, and rivers, and to climb steep and craggy mountains, it was still the cry of the bravest amongst you, When shall we be led to battle? When shall we see the enemy? Behold them now before you. They are hunted out of their dens and caverns; your wish is granted, and the field of glory lies open to your swords. One victory more makes this new world our own; but remember that a defeat involves us all in the last distress. If we consider the progress of our arms, to look back is glorious; the tract of country that lies behind us, the forests which you have explored, and the estuaries which you have passed, are monuments of eternal fame. But our fame can only last, while we press forward on the enemy. If we give ground, if we think of a retreat, we have the same difficulties to surmount again. The success, which is now our pride, will in that case be our worst misfortune. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the course of the country; the enemy knows the defiles and marshes, and will be supplied with provisions in abundance. We have not those advantages, but we have hands that can grasp the sword, and we have valour, that gives us every-

thing. With me it has long been a settled principle, that the back of a general or his army is never safe. Which of you would not rather die with honour, than live in infamy? But life and honour are this day inseparable; they are fixed to one spot. Should fortune declare against us, we die on the utmost limits of the world; and to die where nature ends, cannot be deemed inglorious.

" If our present struggle were with nations wholly unknown; if we had to do with an enemy new to our swords, I should call to mind the example of other armies. At present what can I propose so bright and animating as your own exploits? I appeal to your own eyes: behold the men drawn up against you: are they not the same, who last year, under covert of the night, assaulted the ninth legion, and, upon the first shout of our army, fled before you? A band of dastards! who have subsisted hitherto, because of all the Britons they are the most expeditious runaways.

" In woods and forests the fierce and noble animals attack the huntsmen and rush on certain destruction; but the timorous herd is soon dispersed, scared by the sound and clamour of the chase. In like manner, the brave and warlike Britons have long since perished by the sword. The refuse of the nation still remains. They have not stayed to make head against you; they are hunted down; they are caught in the toils. Benumbed with fear, they stand motionless on yonder spot, which you will render for ever memorable by a glorious victory. Here you may end your labours, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, one glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work, if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed, that we at least have done our duty."

During this harangue, whilst Agricola was still addressing the men, a more than common ardour glowed on every countenance. As soon as the general ended, the field rung with shouts of applause. Impatient for the onset, the soldiers grasped their arms. Agricola restrained their violence, till he formed his order of battle. The auxiliary infantry, in number about eight thousand, occupied the centre. The wings consisted of three thousand horse. The legions were stationed in the rear, at the head of the intrenchments as a body of reserve to support the ranks, if necessary, but otherwise to remain inactive, that a victory, obtained without the effusion of Roman blood might be of higher value.

The Caledonians kept possession of the rising grounds, extending their ranks as wide as possible, to present a formidable show of battle. Their first line was ranged on the plain, the rest in a gradual ascent on the acclivity of the hill. The intermediate space between both armies was filled with the charioteers and cavalry of the Britons, rushing to and fro in wild career, and traversing the plain with noise and tumult. The enemy being greatly superior in number, there was reason to apprehend that the Romans might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time. To pre-

vent that mischief, Agricola ordered his ranks to form a wider range. Some of the officers saw that the lines were weakened into length, and therefore advised that the legions should be brought forward into the field of action. But the general was not of a temper to be easily dissuaded from his purpose. Flushed with hope, and firm in the hour of danger, he immediately dismounted, and, dismissing his horse, took his stand at the head of the colours.

The battle began, and at first was maintained at a distance. The Britons neither wanted skill nor resolution. With their long swords, and targets of small dimension, they had the address to elude the missive weapons of the Romans, and at the same time to discharge a thick volley of their own. To bring the conflict to a speedy decision, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. To this mode of attack those troops had been long accustomed, but to the Britons it was every way disadvantageous. Their small targets afforded no protection, and their unwieldy swords, not sharpened to a point, could do but little execution in a close engagement. The Batavians rushed to the attack with impetuous fury; they redoubled their blows, and with the bosses of their shields bruised the enemy in the face, and having overpowered all resistance on the plain, began to force their way up the ascent of the hill in regular order of battle. Incited by their example, the other cohorts advanced with a spirit of emulation, and cut their way with terrible slaughter. Eager in pursuit of victory, they pressed forward with determined fury, leaving behind them numbers wounded, but not slain, and others not so much as hurt.

The Roman cavalry, in the meantime, was forced to give ground. The Caledonians, in their armed chariots, rushed at full speed into the thick of the battle, where the infantry were engaged. Their first impression struck a general terror, but their career was soon checked by the inequalities of the ground, and the close-embodied ranks of the Romans. Nothing could less resemble an engagement of the cavalry. Pent up in narrow places, the Barbarians crowded upon each other, and were driven or dragged along by their own horses. A scene of confusion followed. Chariots without a guide, and horses without a rider, broke from the ranks in wild disorder, and flying every way, as fear and consternation urged, they overwhelmed their own files, and trampled down all who came in their way.

Meanwhile the Britons, who had hitherto kept their post on the hills, looking down with contempt on the scanty numbers of the Roman army, began to quit their station. Descending slowly, they hoped, by wheeling round the field of battle, to attack the victors in the rear. To counteract their design, Agricola ordered four squadrons of horse, which he had kept as a body of reserve, to advance to the charge. The Britons poured down with impetuosity, and retired with equal precipitation. At the same time, the cavalry, by the directions of the general, wheeled round from the wings,

and fell with great slaughter on the rear of the enemy, who now perceived that their own stratagem was turned against themselves.

The field presented a dreadful spectacle of carnage and destruction. The Britons fled; the Romans pursued; they wounded, gashed, and mangled the runaways; they seized their prisoners, and, to be ready for others, butchered them on the spot. Despair and horror appeared in various shapes: in one part of the field the Caledonians, sword in hand, fled in crowds from a handful of Romans; in other places, without a weapon left, they faced every danger and rushed on certain death. Swords and bucklers, mangled limbs and dead bodies, covered the plain. The field was red with blood. The vanquished Britons had their moments of returning courage, and gave proofs of virtue and of brave despair. They fled to the woods, and, rallying their scattered numbers, surrounded such of the Romans as pursued with too much eagerness.

Agricola was everywhere present. He saw the danger, and, if he had not in the instant taken due precaution, the victorious army would have had reason to repent of too much confidence in success. The light-armed cohorts had orders to invest the woods. Where the thickets were too close for the horse to enter, the men dismounted to explore the passes, and where the woods gave an opening, the rest of the cavalry rushed in, and scoured the country. The Britons, seeing that the pursuit was conducted in compact and regular order, dispersed a second time, not in collected bodies, but in consternation, flying in different ways to remote lurking places, solicitous only for their personal safety, and no longer willing to wait for their fellow-soldiers. Night coming on, the Romans, weary of slaughter, desisted from the pursuit. Ten thousand of the Caledonians fell in this engagement: on the part of the Romans, the number of slain did not exceed three hundred and forty, among whom was Aulus Atticus, the prefect of a cohort. His own youthful ardour, and the spirit of a high-mettled horse, carried him with too much impetuosity into the thickest of the enemy's ranks.

The Roman army, elated with success, and enriched with plunder, passed the night in exultation. The Britons, on the other hand, wandered about, uncertain which way to turn, helpless and disconsolate. The mingled cries of men and women filled the air with lamentations. Some assisted to carry off the wounded; others called for the assistance of such as escaped unhurt; numbers abandoned their habitations, or, in their frenzy, set them on fire. They fled to obscure retreats, and, in the moment of choice, deserted them; they held consultations, and having inflamed their hopes, changed their minds in despair; they beheld the pledges of tender affection, and burst into tears; they viewed them again, and grew fierce with resentment. It is a fact well authenticated, that some laid violent hands upon their wives and children, determined with savage compassion to end their misery.

The following day displayed to view the nature and importance of the

victory. A deep and melancholy silence all around; the hills deserted; houses at a distance involved in smoke and fire, and not a mortal discovered by the scouts; the whole a vast and dreary solitude. Agricola was at length informed by those who were sent out to explore the country, that no trace of the enemy was anywhere to be seen, and no attempt made in any quarter to muster their forces. Upon this intelligence, as the summer was far advanced, and to continue the war, or extend its operations in that season of the year, was impracticable, he resolved to close the campaign, and march his army into the country of the Horestians. That people submitted to the conqueror, and delivered hostages for their fidelity. Orders were now issued to the commander of the fleet to make a coasting voyage round the island. For this expedition a sufficient equipment was made, and the terror of the Roman name had already gone before them. Agricola, in the meantime led his army into winter-quarters, proceeding at the head of the cavalry and infantry by slow marches with intent that, by seeming to linger in the enemy's country, he might impress with terror a people who had but lately submitted to his arms. The fleet, after a prosperous voyage, arrived at the Trutulensian harbour, and sailing thence along the eastern coast, returned with glory to its former station.

The account of these transactions, sent to Rome by Agricola, was plain and simple, without any decoration of language to heighten the narrative. Domitian received it in the true spirit of his character, with a smile on his countenance, and malignity at his heart. The mock-parade of his own German triumph, in which the slaves, whom he had purchased, walked with dishevelled hair, in the dress and manner of captives taken in war, came fresh into his mind. He felt the reproach and ridicule which that frolic occasioned, and the transition was painful to a real victory, attended with a total overthrow of the enemy, and the applause of all ranks of men. He now began to fear that the name of a private citizen might overshadow the imperial title. The reflection planted thorns in his breast. The eloquence of the forum was in vain suppressed; in vain the talents of men and every liberal art were put under an absolute prohibition, if a subject was to rob the prince of all military glory. Superior excellence in every other kind might be endured; but renown in arms belonged to the emperor, as a branch of his prerogative.

By these and such like reflections that restless spirit was distracted. He retired to brood in private over his discontent. His solitude was known to be dangerous. To be alone and innocent was no part of his character. Weary of his retreat and his own wounded spirit, he at last resolved to nourish resentment in sullen silence, till the tide of popularity, which attended the general, should ebb away, and the affection of the army had time to cool. Agricola was still in Britain, and had the command of the army and the province.

Domitian, in the meantime, caused a decree to pass the senate, by which

triumphal ornaments, the honour of a statue crowned with laurel, and all other marks of distinction, usually substituted in the place of a real triumph, were granted to Agricola. The language of compliment was freely lavished on this occasion. The emperor had also the art to circulate a report, that the province of Syria, at that time vacant by the death of Atilius Rufus, an officer of consular rank, was intended for Agricola, in order to do him honour by an appointment always given to men of the highest eminence. It is added as a fact, at that time currently believed, that a commission was actually made out, and sent by a favourite freedman, who was much in the emperor's confidence, to be delivered to Agricola, in case the messenger found him still possessed of his authority in Britain. But the freedman, we are told, met him on his passage in the narrow straits, and without so much as an interview returned to Rome. For the truth of this anecdote I do not pretend to vouch: it was imagined perhaps as a stroke of character, that marked the genius of Domitian. However that may be, Agricola resigned the command, and delivered to his successor a quiet and well-ordered government.

Lest his arrival at Rome should draw together too great a concourse, he concealed his approach from his friends, and entered the city privately in the dead of night. With the same secrecy, and in the night also, he went, as commanded, to present himself to the emperor. Domitian received him with a cold salute, and, without uttering a word, left the conqueror of Britain, to mix with the servile creatures of the court.

The fame of a great military character is always sure to give umbrage to the lazy and inactive. But to soften prejudices, Agricola resolved to shade the lustre of his name in the mild retreat of humble virtues. With this view, he resigned himself to the calm enjoyments of a domestic life. Plain in his apparel, easy of access, and never attended by more than one or two friends, he was remarkable for nothing but the simplicity of his appearance; insomuch that they, who knew no criterion of merit but external show and grandeur, as often as they saw Agricola, were still to seek for the great and illustrious character. His modesty was art, which a few only could understand.

After his recall from Britain, he was frequently accused before Domitian, and as often acquitted, unheard, and without his knowledge. The ground of those clandestine proceedings was neither a crime against the state, nor even an injury done to any individual. His danger rose from a different source; from the heart of a prince, who felt an inward antipathy to every virtue; from the real glory of the man, and from the praises bestowed upon him by those worst of enemies, the dealers in panegyrics.

The fact was, in the distress of public affairs, which soon after followed, the name of Agricola could not be suffered to remain in obscurity. By the rashness or inactivity of the commanders in chief, the armies of the empire were lost in Mæsia, Dacia, Germany, and Pannonia. Every day brought

an account of some new misfortune; forts besieged and taken; garrisons stormed, and whole cohorts with their commanding officers made prisoners of war. Amidst these disasters the struggle was not to secure the banks of a river, nor to defend the frontier: the very possession of the provinces, and the winter-quarters of the legions, were fiercely disputed. In times like those, when calamity followed calamity, and every successive year was marked by the defeat and slaughter of armies, the voice of the people called aloud for Agricola to be employed in the public service. The vigour of his conduct, his firmness in danger, and his known experience, were the general topics, in opposition to the cowardice and insufficiency of other commanders. By remonstrances of the same tendency, it is certain, that the ears of Domitian were often wounded. Amongst his freedmen, those who had the interest of their master at heart, made a fair representation, while others urged the same arguments, not with honest motives, but with an insidious design to exasperate the mind of a tyrant fatally bent on mischief. In this manner Agricola, by his own talents, and the treacherous arts of pernicious men, was every day in danger of rising to the precipice of glory.

The year was now at hand, in which Agricola was to have by lot the proconsulship of Asia or of Africa; but the death of Civica, who had been lately murdered in his government, gave at once a warning to Agricola, and a precedent to Domitian. At this point of time, the spies of the court thought proper to pay their visits to Agricola. The design of those pretended friends was to discover, whether the government of a province would be acceptable. They contented themselves, in their first approaches, with suggesting to him the value of tranquillity in a private station, and then obligingly undertook, by their interest at court, to obtain permission for him to decline the office. At length the mask fell off: by adding menaces to their insidious advice, they gained their point, and hurried him away to the presence of the emperor. Domitian knew the part he had to act; with a concerted countenance, and an air of distant pride, he heard Agricola's apology, and complied with his request, conscious of his own treachery, yet receiving thanks for it without a blush. The proconsular salary, which had been usually granted, in like cases, was withheld upon this occasion; perhaps, in resentment because it was not solicited, or the better reason might be, that the prince might not seem to gain by compromise, what he had a right to command.

To hate whom we have injured is a propensity of the human mind: in Domitian it was a rooted principle. Prone by nature to sudden acts of rage, if at any time he had the policy to disguise his anger, it was only smothered, to break out with fiercer rage. And yet that implacable temper was disarmed by the moderation and wisdom of Agricola, who was not in that class of patriots who conceive that by a contumacious spirit they showed their zeal for liberty, and think they gained immortal glory, when

by rashness they have provoked their fate. By his example the man of heroic fortitude may be informed, that even in the worst of times, and under the most despotic prince, it is possible to be great and good with moderation. He may further learn, that a well managed submission, supported by talents and industry, may rise as high in the public esteem, as many of those who have courted danger, and, without any real advantage to their country, died the victims of pride and vain ambition.

The death of Agricola was felt by his family with the deepest sorrow, by his friends with tender concern, and even by foreigners, and such as had no knowledge of his person, with universal regret. During his illness, the common people, and that class of men who care little about public events, were constantly at his door, with anxiety making their inquiries. In the forum, and all circular meetings, he was the subject of conversation. When he breathed his last, no man was so hardened as to rejoice at the news. He died lamented, and not soon forgotten. What added to the public affliction, was a report that so valuable a life was ended by a dose of poison. No proof of the fact appearing, I leave the story to shift for itself. Thus much is certain: during his illness, instead of formal messages, according to the usual practice of courts, the freedmen most in favour, and the principal physicians of the emperor, were assiduous in their visits. Was this the solicitude of friendship, or were these men the spies of state?

On the day that closed his life, while he was yet in the agony of death, the quickest intelligence of every symptom was conveyed to Domitian by messengers in waiting for the purpose. That so much industry was exerted to hasten news, which the emperor did not wish to hear, no man believed. As soon as the event was known, Domitian put on an air of sorrow, and even affected to be touched with real regret. The object of his hatred was now no more, and joy was a passion which he could more easily disguise than the fears that distracted him. The will of the deceased gave him entire satisfaction; he was named joint heir with Agricola's excellent wife, and his most dutiful daughter, and this the tyrant considered as a voluntary mark of the testator's love and esteem. A mind like his, debauched and blinded by continued flattery, could not perceive, that by a good father none but an evil prince is ever called to a share in the succession.

Agricola was born on the ides of June, in the third consulship of Caligula; he died on the tenth before the calends of September, during the consulship of Collega and Priscus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As to his person, about which in future times there may be some curiosity, he was of that make and stature, which may be said to be graceful, not majestic. His countenance had not that commanding air which strikes with awe; a sweetness of expression was the prevailing character. You would have been easily convinced that he was a good man, and you would have been willing to believe him a great one.

Though he was snatched away in the vigour of life, yet if we consider

the space his glory filled in the eyes of mankind, he may be said to have died full of years. Possessing all the best enjoyments, that spring from virtue, and from virtue only; adorned with every dignity, which either the consular rank or triumphal honours could bestow; what further advantage could he derive from fortune? Immoderate riches he never desired, content with an honourable independence. His wife and daughter left in a state of security, his honours blooming round him, his fame unblemished, his relations flourishing, and every tie of friendship preserved to the last, he may be considered as supremely happy, that he did not live to see the tempestuous times that soon after followed. It is indeed true, that to have reached the present auspicious era, and to have seen Trajan in possession of the imperial dignity, would have been the happy consummation of his wishes. To that effect we have often heard him, with a kind of prophetic spirit, express his sentiments; but to counterbalance his untimely end, it is at least some consolation, that he escaped that black and horrible period, in which Domitian no longer broke out in sudden fits and starts of cruelty, but, throwing off all restraint, proceeded in one continued course of unrelenting fury, as if determined to crush the commonwealth at a blow.

Agricola did not live to see the senate-house invested by an armed force; the members of that august assembly surrounded by the praetorian bands; men of consular rank destroyed in one promiscuous carnage, and a number of illustrious women condemned to exile, or obliged to fly their country. Carus Metius, that detested informer, had as yet gained but a single victory. The sanguinary voice of Messalinus was heard in the Albanian citadel only; and even Massa Bebius was at that time labouring under a prosecution. In a short time after, with our own hands we dragged Helvidius to a dungeon: our eyes beheld the distress and melancholy separation of Mauricus and Rusticus; we were stained with the innocent blood of Senecio. Even Nero had the grace to turn away his eyes from the horrors of his reign. He commanded deeds of cruelty, but never was a spectator of the scene. Under Domitian, it was our wretched lot to behold the tyrant, and to be seen by him; while he kept a register of our sighs and groans. With that fiery visage, of a dye so red, that the blush of guilt could never colour his cheek, he marked the pale languid countenance of the unhappy victims, who shuddered at his frown.

With you, Agricola, we may now congratulate: you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when it was happiness to die. From those, who attended your last moments, it is well known, that you met your fate with calm serenity; willing, as far as it depended on the last act of your life, that the prince should appear to be innocent. To your daughter and myself you left a load of affliction. We have lost a parent, and, in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrows, that we had it not in our power to watch the bed of sickness, to soothe the languor of declining nature, to gaze upon you with earnest

affection, to see the expiring glance, and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands we should have treasured up, and graved them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound, for that reason, pierces deeper. Divided from you by a long absence, we had lost you four years before. Every tender office, we are well convinced, thou best of parents, was duly performed by a most affectionate wife; but fewer tears bedewed your cold remains, and, in the parting moment, your eyes looked up for other objects, but they looked in vain, and closed for ever.

If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body; may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold your disconsolate family; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your daughter will prove her filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their eyes, and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have, what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. I do not mean by this to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola, that gained our love, and raised our admiration, still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame. Others, who figured on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink, for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious, and unremembered; whereas Agricola delineated with truth, and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive himself, and triumph over the injuries of time.

JESUS OF NAZARETH

1–33 A.D.

By LUKE [1] (*1st Century* A.D.)

MANY writers have undertaken to compose accounts of the movement which has developed among us, just as the original eye-witnesses who became teachers of the message have handed it down to us. For that reason, Theophilus, and because I have investigated it all carefully from the beginning, I have determined to write a connected account of it for Your Excellency, so that you may be reliably informed about the things you have been taught.

In the days when Herod was king of Judea, there was a priest named Zechariah who belonged to the division of Abijah. His wife was also a descendant of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth. They were both upright in the sight of God, blamelessly observing all the Lord's commands and requirements. They had no children, for Elizabeth was barren; and they were both advanced in life.

Once when he was acting as priest before God, when his division was on duty, it fell to his lot, according to the priests' practice, to go into the sanctuary of the Lord and burn the incense, while all the throng of people was outside, praying at the hour of the incense offering. And an angel of the Lord appeared to him, standing at the right of the altar of incense. When Zechariah saw him he was startled and overcome with fear. And the angel said to him,

"Do not be afraid, Zechariah, for your prayer has been heard. Your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son, and you are to name him John. This will bring gladness and delight to you, and many will rejoice over his birth. For he will be great in the sight of the Lord. He will drink no wine or strong drink, but he will be filled with the holy Spirit from his very birth, and he will turn many of Israel's descendants to the Lord their God. He will go before him with the spirit and the power of Elijah, to reconcile fathers to their children, and to bring the disobedient back to the wisdom of upright men, to make a people perfectly ready for the Lord."

[1] Reprinted from *The New Testament, An American Translation,* by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Copyright, 1923, by The University of Chicago. By permission of the translator and the publisher, The University of Chicago Press.

The Gospel According to Luke was written in Greek, probably about the year 80 A.D.

Zechariah said to the angel,

" How am I to know that this is so? For I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in life."

The angel answered,

" I am Gabriel. I stand in the very presence of God. I have been sent to speak to you and to tell you this good news. Now you will keep silent and be unable to speak until the day when this happens, because you have not believed what I have said, for it will be fulfilled in due time."

The people were waiting for Zechariah, and wondering that he stayed so long in the sanctuary. But when he came out he could not speak to them, and they knew that he had seen a vision in the sanctuary. For his part, he kept making signs to them, and remained dumb. And when his period of service was over, he went back to his home.

Soon afterward his wife Elizabeth began to expect a child, and she kept herself in seclusion for five months.

" This is what the Lord has done for me," she said, " now that he has deigned to remove the disgrace I have endured."

In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a maiden there who was engaged to be married to a man named Joseph, a descendant of David. The maiden's name was Mary. And the angel went into the town and said to her,

" Good morning, favoured woman! The Lord be with you! "

But she was startled at what he said, and wondered what this greeting meant. And the angel said to her,

" Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have gained God's approval. You are to become a mother and you will give birth to a son, and you are to name him Jesus. He will be great and will be called the Son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of his forefather David, and he will reign over Jacob's house for ever; his reign will have no end."

Mary said to the angel,

" How can this be, when I have no husband? "

The angel answered,

" The holy Spirit will come over you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. For that reason your child will be called holy, and the Son of God. And your relative, Elizabeth, although she is old, is going to give birth to a son, and this is the sixth month with her who was said to be barren. For nothing is ever impossible for God."

And Mary said,

" I am the Lord's slave. Let it be as you say."

Then the angel left her.

In those days Mary set out and hurried to the hill-country, to a town in Judah, and she went to Zechariah's house and greeted Elizabeth. When Elizabeth heard Mary's greeting, the babe stirred within her. And Elizabeth was filled with the holy Spirit and she gave a great cry, and said,

"You are the most favoured of women,
And blessed is your child!
Who am I,
To have the mother of my Lord come to me?

"For the moment your greeting reached my ears,
The child stirred with joy within me!
Blessed is she who has believed,
For what the Lord has promised her will be fulfilled!"

And Mary said,

"My heart extols the Lord,
My spirit exults in God my Saviour.
For he has noticed his slave in her humble station,
For from this time all the ages will think me favoured!

"For the Almighty has done wonders for me,
How holy his name is!
He shows his mercy age after age
To those who fear him.

"He has done mighty deeds with his arm,
He has routed the proud-minded,
He has dethroned monarchs and exalted the poor,
He has satisfied the hungry with good things, and sent the rich away empty-handed.

"He has helped his servant Israel,
Remembering his mercy,
As he promised our forefathers
To have mercy on Abraham and his descendants for ever!"

So Mary stayed with her about three months, and then returned home.

Now the time came for Elizabeth's child to be born, and she gave birth to a son. Her neighbours and relatives heard of the great mercy the Lord had shown her, and they came and congratulated her. On the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, and they were going to name him Zechariah, after his father. But his mother said,

"No! He is to be named John."

They said to her,

"There is no one among your relatives who bears that name."

But they made signs to the child's father and asked him what he wished to have the child named. He asked for a writing tablet, and wrote,

"His name is John."

And they were all amazed. Then his voice and the use of his tongue were immediately restored, and he blessed God aloud. And all their

neighbours were overcome with fear, and all over the hill-country of Judea all these stories were told, and every one who heard them kept them in mind, and said,

"What is this child going to be?" For the Lord's hand was with him.

And his father Zechariah was filled with the holy Spirit and he uttered a divine message, saying,

"Blessings on the Lord, the God of Israel,
Because he has turned his attention to his people, and brought about their deliverance,
And he has produced a mighty Saviour for us
In the house of his servant David.

"By the lips of his holy prophets he has promised of old to do this —
To save us from our enemies and from the hands of all who hate us,
Thus showing mercy to our forefathers,
And keeping his sacred agreement,

"And the oath that he swore to our forefather Abraham,
That we should be delivered from the hands of our enemies,
And should serve him in holiness and uprightness, unafraid,
In his own presence all our lives.

"And you, my child, will be called a prophet of the Most High,
For you will go before the Lord to make his way ready,
Bringing his people the knowledge of salvation
Through the forgiveness of their sins.

Because the heart of our God is merciful,
And so the day will dawn upon us from on high,
To shine on men who sit in darkness and the shadow of death,
And guide our feet into the way of peace."

And the child grew up and became strong in the Spirit, and he lived in the desert until the day when he proclaimed himself to Israel.

In those days an edict was issued by the Emperor Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. It was the first census, taken when Quirinius was governor of Syria. So everyone went to his own town to register. And Joseph went up from Galilee from the town of Nazareth to Judea to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he belonged to the house and family of David, to register with Mary, who was engaged to him and who was soon to become a mother. While they were there, the time came for her child to be born, and she gave birth to her first-born son; and she wrapped him up, and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them at the inn.

There were some shepherds in that neighbourhood keeping watch

through the night over their flock in the open fields. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terribly frightened. The angel said to them,

"Do not be frightened, for I bring you good news of a great joy that is to be felt by all the people, for today, in the town of David, a Saviour for you has been born who is your Messiah and Lord. And this will prove it to you: You will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a manger."

Suddenly there appeared with the angel a throng of the heavenly army, praising God, saying,

"Glory to God in heaven and earth!
Peace to the men he favours!"

When the angels left them and returned to heaven, the shepherds said to one another,

"Come! Let us go over to Bethlehem, and see this thing that has happened, that the Lord has told us of!"

And they hurried there, and found Mary and Joseph, with the baby lying in the manger. When they saw this, they told what had been said to them about this child. And all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them, but Mary treasured up all they had said, and pondered over it. And the shepherds went back glorifying God and praising him for all that they had heard and seen in fulfilment of what they had been told.

When he was eight days old and it was time to circumcise him, he was named Jesus, as the angel had named him, before his birth was first expected.

When their purification period under the Law of Moses was over, they took him up to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord, in fulfilment of the requirement of the Law of the Lord, "Every first-born male shall be considered consecrated to the Lord," and to offer the sacrifice prescribed in the Law of the Lord, "A pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons."

Now there was a man in Jerusalem named Symeon, an upright, devout man, who was living in expectation of the comforting of Israel, and under the influence of the holy Spirit. It had been revealed to him by the holy Spirit that he should not die without seeing the Lord's Messiah. And under the Spirit's influence he went into the Temple, and when Jesus's parents brought him there to do for him what the Law required, Symeon also took him in his arms and blessed God, and said,

"Now, Master, you will let your slave go free
In peace, as you promised,
For my eyes have seen your salvation
Which you have set before all the nations,
A light of revelation for the heathen,
And a glory to your people Israel!"

The child's father and mother were astonished at what Symeon said. And he gave them his blessing, and said to Mary, the child's mother,

" This child is destined to cause the fall and rise of many in Israel, and to be a portent that will be much debated — you yourself will be pierced to the heart — and so the thoughts of many minds will be revealed."

There was also a prophetess there named Hannah, the daughter of Phanuel, who belonged to the tribe of Asher. She was very old, for after her girlhood she had been married for seven years, and she had been a widow until she was now eighty-four. She never left the Temple, but worshiped night and day with fasting and prayer. She came up just at that time and gave thanks to God and spoke about the child to all who were living in expectation of the liberation of Jerusalem.

When they had done everything that the Law of the Lord required, they returned to Galilee, to their own town of Nazareth.

And the child grew up and became strong and thoughtful, with God's blessing resting on him.

His parents used to go to Jerusalem every year at the Passover Festival. And when he was twelve years old, they went up as usual to the festival and made their customary stay. When they started back the boy Jesus stayed behind in Jerusalem without his parents' knowledge. They supposed that he was somewhere in the party, and travelled until the end of the first day's journey, and then they looked everywhere for him among their relatives and acquaintances. As they could not find him, they went back to Jerusalem in search of him. And on the third day they found him in the Temple, sitting among the teachers, listening to them and asking them questions, and everyone who heard him was astonished at his intelligence and at the answers he made. When his parents saw him they were amazed, and his mother said to him,

" My child, why did you treat us like this? Here your father and I have been looking for you, and have been very anxious."

He said to them,

" How did you come to look for me? Did you not know that I must be at my Father's house? "

But they did not understand what he told them. And he went back with them to Nazareth and obeyed them. And his mother treasured all these things up in her mind.

As Jesus grew older he gained in wisdom and won the approval of God and men.

In the fifteenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, and Herod governor of Galilee, while his brother Philip was governor of the territory of Iturea and Trachonitis, and Lysanias was governor of Abilene, in the high priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas, a message from God came to Zechariah's son John in the

desert. And he went all through the Jordan Valley preaching repentance and baptism in order to obtain the forgiveness of sins, as the book of the sermons of the prophet Isaiah says,

> *"Hark! Someone is shouting in the desert,*
> *Get the Lord's way ready!*
> *Make his paths straight.*
> *Every hollow must be filled up,*
> *And every mountain and hill levelled.*
> *What is crooked is to be made straight,*
> *And the rough roads are to be made smooth,*
> *And all mankind is to see how God can save!"*

So he would say to the crowds that came out there to be baptized by him,

"You brood of snakes! Who warned you to fly from the wrath that is coming? Then produce the fruit that will be consistent with your professed repentance! And do not begin to say to yourselves, 'We have Abraham for our forefather,' for I tell you, God can produce descendants for Abraham right out of these stones! But the axe is already lying at the roots of the trees. Any tree that fails to produce good fruit is going to be cut down and thrown into the fire."

The crowds would ask him,

"Then what ought we to do?"

And he answered,

"The man who has two shirts must share with the man who has none, and the man who has food must do the same."

Even tax-collectors came to be baptized, and they said to him,

"Master, what shall we do?"

He said to them,

"Do not collect any more than you are authorized to."

And soldiers would ask him,

"And what ought we to do?"

He said to them,

"Do not extort money or make false charges against people, but be satisfied with your pay."

As all this aroused people's expectations, and they were all wondering in their hearts whether John was the Christ, John said to them all,

"I am only baptizing you in water, but someone is coming who is stronger than I am, whose shoes I am not fit to untie. He will baptize you in the holy Spirit, and in fire. He has his winnowing fork in his hand, to clean up his threshing-floor, and store his wheat in his barn, but he will burn up the chaff with inextinguishable fire."

So with many varied exhortations he would preach the good news to the people, but Herod the governor, whom he condemned because of

Herodias, his brother's wife, and all the wicked things Herod had done, crowned them all by putting John in prison.

Now when all the people were baptized and when Jesus also after his baptism was praying, heaven opened and the holy Spirit came down upon him in the material shape of a dove, and there came a voice from heaven,

"You are my Son, my Beloved! You are my Chosen!"

Jesus himself was about thirty years old when he began his work. He was the son, it was supposed, of Joseph, the son of Eli, the son of Matthat, the son of Levi, the son of Melchi, the son of Jannai, the son of Joseph, the son of Mattathias, the son of Amos, the son of Nahum, the son of Esli, the son of Naggai, the son of Maath, the son of Mattathias, the son of Semein, the son of Josech, the son of Joda, the son of Johanan, the son of Resa, the son of Zerubbabel, the son of Salathiel, the son of Neri, the son of Melchi, the son of Addi, the son of Cosam, the son of Elmadam, the son of Er, the son of Jesus, the son of Eliezer, the son of Jorim, the son of Matthat, the son of Levi, the son of Symeon, the son of Judah, the son of Joseph, the son of Jonam, the son of Eliakim, the son of Melea, the son of Menna, the son of Mattatha, the son of Nathan, the son of David, the son of Jesse, the son of Obed, the son of Boaz, the son of Sala, the son of Nahshon, the son of Admin, the son of Arni, the son of Hezron, the son of Perez, the son of Judah, the son of Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, the son of Terah, the son of Nahor, the son of Serug, the son of Ragau, the son of Peleg, the son of Heber, the son of Shelah, the son of Cainan, the son of Arphaxad, the son of Shem, the son of Noah, the son of Lamech, the son of Methuselah, the son of Enoch, the son of Jared, the son of Maleleel, the son of Cainan, the son of Enosh, the son of Seth, the son of Adam, the son of God.

Jesus returned from the Jordan full of the holy Spirit, and he was led about in the desert for forty days by the Spirit, and was tempted by the devil. In all those days he ate nothing, and when they were over he was famished. And the devil said to him,

"If you are God's son, tell this stone to turn into bread!"

Jesus answered,

"The Scripture says, 'Not on bread alone is man to live!'"

And he took him up and showed him in an instant all the kingdoms of the world. And the devil said to him,

"I will give you all this power and their splendour, for it has been turned over to me, and I can give it to anyone I please. If you will do homage before me, it shall all be yours."

Jesus answered,

"The Scripture says, 'You must do homage before the Lord your God, and worship him alone.'"

And he took him to Jerusalem, and made him stand on the summit of the Temple, and said to him,

"If you are God's son, throw yourself down from here, for the Scripture says, 'He will give his angels orders about you, to protect you,' and, 'They will lift you up with their hands, so that you may never strike your foot against a stone.'"

Jesus answered,

"We have been told, 'You shall not try the Lord your God.'"

When the devil had tried every kind of temptation he left him till another time.

Under the power of the Spirit Jesus returned to Galilee, and news of him went all over that region. And he taught in their synagogues, and was honoured by them all.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and on the Sabbath he went to the synagogue, as he was accustomed to do, and stood up to read the Scriptures. And the roll of the prophet Isaiah was handed to him, and he unrolled it and found the place where it says,

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
For he has consecrated me to preach the good news to the poor,
He has sent me to announce to the prisoners their release and to the blind the recovery of their sight,
To set the downtrodden at liberty,
To proclaim the year of the Lord's favor!"

And he rolled up the roll and gave it back to the attendant and sat down. The eyes of everyone in the synagogue were fixed upon him. And he began by saying to them,

"This passage of Scripture has been fulfilled here in your hearing today!"

And they all spoke well of him and were astonished at the winning words that fell from his lips, and they said,

"Is he not Joseph's son?"

He said to them,

"No doubt you will quote this proverb to me: 'Doctor, cure yourself! Do the things here in your own country that we hear you did at Capernaum.' I tell you," said he, "No prophet is welcome in his own country. But, I tell you, there were plenty of widows in Israel in Elijah's time, when the sky was closed for three years and a half, and there was a great famine all over the land, and Elijah was not sent to one of them, but to a widow at Zarephath in Sidon. And there were plenty of lepers in Israel in the time of the prophet Elisha, and none of them was cured, but Naaman the Syrian."

And when the people in the synagogue heard this, they were all very angry, and they got up and drove him out of the town and took him to the brow of the hill on which their town was built, intending to throw

him down from it. But he made his way through the midst of them and went on.

And he came down to Capernaum, a town in Galilee. And he taught them on the Sabbath, and they were amazed at his teaching, for he spoke with authority. There was a man in the synagogue who was possessed by the spirit of a foul demon and he cried out loudly,

" Ha! What do you want of us, Jesus, you Nazarene? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are! You are God's Holy One! "

Jesus reproved him and said,

" Silence! Get out of him! "

And the demon threw the man down in the midst of them, and came out of him, without doing him any harm. And they were all amazed and said to one another,

" What is the meaning of this teaching? For he gives orders authoritatively and effectually to the foul spirits, and they come out." And news of him spread to every place in that region.

When he got up and left the synagogue, he went to Simon's house. And Simon's mother-in-law was suffering with a severe attack of fever, and they asked him about her. And he stood over her and reproved the fever and it left her, and she got up and waited on them.

As the sun went down all who had friends sick with various diseases brought them to him, and he laid his hands on every one of them and cured them. And demons came out of many people, crying out,

" You are the Son of God! "

But he reproved them and forbade them to speak, because they knew he was the Christ.

When it was day, he left the house and made his way to a lonely spot, and crowds of people went in search of him, and overtook him and tried to keep him from leaving them. But he said to them,

" I must preach the good news of the Kingdom of God to the other towns also, for that is what I was sent to do."

So he went about Judea, preaching in the synagogues.

Once as the crowd was pressing about him to hear God's message, he happened to be standing by the Lake of Gennesaret, and he saw two boats on the shore of the lake, for the fishermen had gotten out of them and were washing their nets. And he got into one of the boats, which belonged to Simon, and asked him to push out a little from the shore. Then he sat down and taught the crowds of people from the boat. When he stopped speaking, he said to Simon,

" Push out into deep water, and then put down your nets for a haul."

Simon answered,

" Master, we worked all night and caught nothing, but as you tell me to do it, I will put down the nets."

So they did so, and inclosed such a shoal of fish that their nets began to break. And they signalled to their comrades in the other boat to come and help them. And they came, and they filled both boats so full that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus's feet and said,

"Leave me, Master, for I am a sinful man."

For he and all the men with him were perfectly amazed at the haul of fish that they had made, and so were Zebedee's sons, James and John, who were Simon's partners. Jesus said to Simon,

"Do not be afraid. From now on you are to catch men!"

And they brought the boat to land and left everything and followed him.

When he was in one of the towns, he came upon a man covered with leprosy. And when he saw Jesus he fell down on his face, and begged him, saying,

"If you only choose, sir, you can cure me!"

And he stretched out his hand and touched him, saying,

"I do choose! Be cured!"

And the leprosy immediately left him. Then he warned him to tell nobody,

"But go," he said, "show yourself to the priest, and in proof of your cure make the offerings for your purification, just as Moses prescribed."

Yet the news about him spread more and more, and great crowds gathered to hear him and to be cured of their diseases. But Jesus himself would retire into the desert and pray.

One day as he was teaching, there were some Pharisees and experts in the Law sitting near by, who had come from every village in Galilee and Judea and from Jerusalem. The power of the Lord was there, so that he might cure people. Some men came up carrying on a bed a man who was paralysed, and they tried to get him in and lay him before Jesus. And as they could find no way to get him in, on account of the crowd, they went up on the roof and let him down with his mat through the tiles, among the people in front of Jesus. When he saw their faith, he said,

"Friend, your sins are forgiven!"

And the scribes and the Pharisees began to debate and say,

"Who is this man who talks blasphemy? Who can forgive sins but God alone?"

But Jesus saw what they were discussing, and said to them,

"What are you pondering over in your minds? Which is easier, to say, 'Your sins are forgiven,' or to say, 'Get up and walk'? But to let you know that the Son of Man has authority to forgive sins on earth" — turning to the man who was paralysed he said to him — "I tell you, get up, pick up your mat, and go home!"

And he got up at once before them all, and picked up what he had been

lying on, and went home, praising God. They were all seized with astonishment, and praised God, and filled with awe they said,

" We have seen something wonderful today! "

After this he went out, and he saw a tax-collector named Levi sitting at the toll-house, and he said to him,

" Follow me! "

And he left everything and got up and followed him. Then Levi gave a great entertainment for him in his house, and there was a great throng of tax-collectors and others who were at table with them. And the Pharisees and their scribes grumbled about it to his disciples, and said,

" Why do you eat and drink with tax-collectors and irreligious people? "

Jesus answered them,

" It is not well people but the sick who have to have the doctor. I have not come to invite the pious but the irreligious to repentance! "

They said to him,

" John's disciples observe frequent fasts and offer prayers, and so do the disciples of the Pharisees, but your disciples eat and drink."

Jesus said to them,

" Can you make wedding guests fast while the bridegroom is with them? But other days will come, and when the bridegroom is taken away from them, in those days they will fast."

He used this figure also in speaking to them:

" No one tears a piece from a new coat and sews it on an old one, or if he does, he will both tear the new one and the piece from the new one will not match the old one. And nobody puts new wine into old wine-skins, or if he does, the new wine will burst the skins and run out, and the skins will be spoiled. New wine has to be put into fresh skins. No one after drinking old wine wants new, for he says, ' The old is better! ' "

One Sabbath he happened to be passing through the wheat fields, and his disciples were picking the heads of wheat, and eating them, rubbing them in their hands. And some of the Pharisees said,

" Why do you do what it is against the Law to do on the Sabbath? "

Jesus answered,

" Have you not read even what David did, when he and his companions were hungry? How he went into the house of God and took the Presentation Loaves, which it was against the Law for anyone but the priests to eat, and ate them with his companions? " And he said to them, " The Son of Man is master of the Sabbath."

On another Sabbath he happened to go to the synagogue and teach. There was a man there whose right hand was withered. And the scribes and the Pharisees were on the watch to see whether he would cure people on the Sabbath, in order to find a charge to bring against him. But he knew what they were thinking, and he said to the man with the withered hand,

" Get up and stand in front."

And he got up and stood there. Jesus said to them,

"I want to ask you, Is it allowable on the Sabbath to do people good or to do them harm? to save life or to destroy it?"

And he looked around at them all and said to the man,

"Hold out your hand!"

And he did so, and his hand was restored.

But they were perfectly furious, and discussed with one another what they could do to Jesus.

It was in those days that he went up on the mountain to pray, and passed the whole night in prayer to God. When day came, he called his disciples to him, and chose twelve of them whom he named apostles: Simon, whom he named Peter, his brother Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James, the son of Alpheus, Simon, who was called the Zealot, Judas, the son of James, and Judas Iscariot, who turned out a traitor. And he came down with them and took his stand on a level place with a great throng of his disciples, and a large number of people from all over Judea and from Jerusalem and the sea-coast district of Tyre and Sidon, who had come to hear him and to be cured of their diseases. And those who were troubled with foul spirits were cured. And all the people tried to touch him, because power went forth from him and cured them all. Then he fixed his eyes on his disciples, and said,

"Blessed are you who are poor, for the Kingdom of God is yours!

"Blessed are you who are hungry now, for you will be satisfied!

"Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh!

"Blessed are you when people hate you and exclude you and denounce you and spurn the name you bear as evil, on account of the Son of Man. Be glad when that happens, and leap for joy, for you will be richly rewarded in heaven, for that is the way their forefathers treated the prophets.

"But alas for you who are rich, for you have had your comfort!

"Alas for you who have plenty to eat now, for you will be hungry!

"Alas for you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep!

"Alas for you when everyone speaks well of you, for that is the way their forefathers treated the false prophets!

"But I tell you who hear me, love your enemies, treat those who hate you well, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you. To the man that strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also, and from the man who takes away your coat, do not keep back your shirt either. Give to everyone that asks of you, and if anyone takes away what is yours, do not demand it back. And treat men just as you wish them to treat you. If you love only those who love you, what merit is there in that? For even godless people love those who love them. And if you help only those who help you, what merit is there in that? Even godless people act

in that way. And if you lend only to people from whom you expect to get something, what merit is there in that? Even godless people lend to godless people, meaning to get it back again in full. But love your enemies, and help them and lend to them, never despairing, and you will be richly rewarded, and you will be sons of the Most High, for he is kind even to the ungrateful and the wicked. You must be merciful, just as your Father is. Do not judge others, and they will not judge you. Do not condemn them, and they will not condemn you. Excuse others and they will excuse you. Give, and they will give to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, they will pour into your lap. For the measure you use with others they in turn will use with you."

And he used a figure, saying,

"Can one blind man lead another? Will they not both fall into a hole? A pupil is not better than his teacher, but every pupil when he is fully trained will be like his teacher. Why do you keep looking at the speck in your brother's eye, and pay no attention to the beam that is in your own? How can you say to your brother, 'Brother, just let me get that speck out of your eye,' when you cannot see the beam in your own eye? You hypocrite! First get the beam out of your own eye, and then you can see to get out the speck in your brother's eye. For sound trees do not bear bad fruit, nor bad trees sound fruit. Every tree is known by its fruit. They do not pick figs off thorns, or gather grapes from brambles. A good man, out of the good he has accumulated in his heart, produces good, and a bad man, out of what he has accumulated that is bad, produces what is bad. For his mouth says only what his heart is full of. Why do you call me: 'Lord! Lord!' and not do what I tell you? If anyone comes to me and listens to this teaching of mine and acts upon it, I will show you whom he is like. He is like a man who was building a house, who dug deep and laid his foundation upon the rock, and when there was a flood the torrent burst upon that house and could not shake it, because it was well built. But the man who listens to it, and does not act upon it, is like a man who built a house on the ground without any foundation. The torrent burst upon it, and it collapsed at once, and the wreck of that house was complete."

When he had finished saying all this in the hearing of the people, he went to Capernaum.

A Roman captain had a slave whom he thought a great deal of, and the slave was sick and at the point of death. When the captain heard about Jesus, he sent some Jewish elders to him, to ask him to come and save his slave's life. And they went to Jesus and urged him strongly to do it, and said,

"He deserves to have you do this for him, for he loves our nation, and it was he who built us our synagogue."

So Jesus went with them. But when he was not far from the house, the captain sent some friends to him, to say to him,

" Master, do not take any more trouble, for I am not a suitable person to have you under my roof. That is why I did not think I was fit to come to you. But simply say the word, and have my servant cured. For I am myself under the orders of others, and I have soldiers under me, and I tell one to go, and he goes, and another to come, and he comes, and my slave to do something, and he does it."

When Jesus heard this, he was astonished at him, and turning to the crowd that was following him, he said,

" I tell you, I have not found such faith as this even in Israel! "

And when the messengers went back to the house, they found the slave well.

Soon afterward he happened to go to a town called Nain, and his disciples and a great throng of people were with him. As he came up to the gate of the town, a dead man was being carried out; he was his mother's only son, and she was a widow. A crowd of the townspeople was with her. And when the Master saw her, he pitied her, and said to her,

" Do not weep."

And he went up and touched the bier, and the bearers stopped. And he said,

" Young man, I tell you, wake up! "

And the dead man sat up and began to speak, and he gave him back to his mother. And they were all overcome with awe, and they praised God, and said,

" A great prophet has appeared among us! " and " God has not forgotten his people! "

This story about him spread all over Judea and the surrounding country.

John's disciples told him of all this, and he called two of them to him, and sent them to the Master to ask him,

" Are you the one who was to come, or should we look for someone else? "

And the men went to him and said,

" John the Baptist sent us to you to ask, ' Are you the one who was to come, or should we look for someone else? ' "

Just then he cured many of diseases and ailments and foul spirits, and he gave sight to many who were blind. And he answered them,

" Go and report to John what you have seen and heard. The blind are regaining their sight, the lame can walk, the lepers are being cured and the deaf can hear, the dead are being raised and good news is being preached to the poor. And blessed is the man that finds nothing that repels him in me."

When John's messengers were gone, he began to speak to the crowds about John.

" What was it that you went out into the desert to look at? A reed sway-

ing in the wind? Then what did you go out there to see? A man luxuriously dressed? Men who wear fine clothes and live in luxury you find in palaces. Then what did you go out there to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and far more than a prophet! This is the man of whom the Scripture says,

" 'Here I send my messenger on before you,
He will prepare the road ahead of you!'

" I tell you, among men born of women there is none greater than John; and yet those who are of little importance in the Kingdom of God are greater than he. And all the people, even the tax-collectors, when they heard him, acknowledged the justice of God's demands, by accepting baptism from John, but the Pharisees and experts in the Law thwarted God's purpose for themselves, by refusing to be baptized by him. So what is there to which I can compare the men of this age? What are they like? They are like children sitting about in the bazaar and calling out to one another,

" 'We have played the flute for you, and you would not dance!
We have wailed and you would not weep!'

" For when John the Baptist came, he did not eat any bread or drink any wine, and you said, ' He has a demon! ' Now that the Son of Man has come, he does eat and drink, and you say, ' Look at him! A glutton and a drinker, the companion of tax-collectors and irreligious people! ' So wisdom is vindicated by all who are really wise."

One of the Pharisees asked him to have dinner with him, and he went to the Pharisee's house and took his place at the table. Now there was a woman in the town who was leading a sinful life, and when she learned that he was having dinner at the Pharisee's house, she got an alabaster flask of perfume, and came and stood behind him at his feet, weeping, and began to wet his feet with her tears, and she wiped them with her hair, and kissed them, and put the perfume on them. When the Pharisee who had invited him saw this, he said to himself,

" If this man were really a prophet, he would know who and what the woman is who is touching him, for she leads a wicked life."

Jesus answered him, and said to him,

" Simon, there is something I want to say to you."

He said,

" Proceed, Master."

" Two men were in debt to a money-lender. One owed him a hundred dollars and the other ten. As they could not pay him, he cancelled what they owed him. Now which of them will be more attached to him? "

Simon answered,

" The one, I suppose, for whom he cancelled most."

" You are right," he said. And turning to the woman, he said to Simon,

" Do you see this woman? I came to your house; you did not give me

any water for my feet, but she has wet my feet with tears and wiped them with her hair. You did not give me a kiss, but from the moment I came in she has not stopped kissing my feet. You did not put any oil upon my head, but she has put perfume upon my feet. Therefore, I tell you, her sins, many as they are, are forgiven, for she has loved me so much. But the man with little to be forgiven loves me but little."

And he said to her,

"Your sins are forgiven!"

The men at table with him began to say to themselves,

"Who is this man, who even forgives sins?"

But he said to the woman,

"It is your faith that has saved you. Go in peace."

Soon afterward he went about among the villages and towns preaching and telling the good news of the Kingdom of God. The Twelve went with him, and some women who had been cured of evil spirits and sickness — Mary, who was called Mary of Magdala, out of whom seven demons had been driven, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's manager, and Susanna, and many others, who provided for them with their means.

When a great throng was gathering and people were coming to him from one town after another, he said in his figurative way,

"A sower went out to sow his seed. As he was sowing, some of the seed fell by the path and was trodden on, and the wild birds ate it up. And some of it fell upon the rock, and when it sprang up it withered, because it had no moisture. And some fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up with it and choked it out. And some fell on good soil, and grew up and yielded a hundred fold!"

As he said this he called out,

"Let him who has ears to hear with, listen!"

His disciples asked him what this figure meant. And he said,

"You are permitted to know the secrets of the Kingdom of God, but they are given to others in the form of figures, so that they may look and yet not see, and hear and yet not understand. This is what the figure means. The seed is God's message. The ones by the path are those who hear, and then the devil comes and carries off the message from their hearts, so that they may not believe it and be saved. The ones on the rock are those who receive the message joyfully when they first hear it, but it takes no real root. They believe for a little while, and then in the time of trial they draw back. And what falls among the thorns means those who listen and pass on, and the worries and wealth and pleasures of life stifle them and they yield nothing. But the seed in the good soil means those who listen to the message and keep it in good, true hearts, and yield unfailingly.

"Nobody lights a lamp and then covers it with a dish or puts it under a bed, but he puts it on its stand, so that those who come in may see the

light. For there is nothing hidden that shall not be disclosed, nor kept secret that shall not be known and come to light. So take care how you listen. For people who have will have more given to them, and from people who have nothing, even what they think they have will be taken away."

His mother and his brothers came to him, but they could not get near him, on account of the crowd. And the word came to him,

"Your mother and your brothers are standing outside; they want to see you."

He answered,

"My mother and my brothers are those who listen to God's message and obey it!"

It happened one day that he got into a boat with his disciples, and said to them,

"Let us cross to the other side of the lake."

So they set sail. As they sailed along, he fell asleep. And a squall of wind came down upon the lake, and they were being swamped and were in peril. And they went to him and woke him up, and said to him,

"Master! Master! We are lost!"

Then he awoke and reproved the wind and the rough water, and they ceased, and there was a calm. And he said to them,

"Where is your faith?"

But they were frightened and amazed, and said to one another,

"Who can he be? For he gives orders even to the winds and the water, and they obey him!"

They made a landing in the neighbourhood of Gerasa, which is just across the lake from Galilee. And when he landed, he met a man possessed by demons, who was coming out of the town. He had worn no clothing for a long time, and did not live in a house but in the tombs. When he saw Jesus he cried out and threw himself down before him, and said in a loud voice,

"What do you want of me, Jesus, Son of the Most High God? I beg you not to torture me!"

For he was commanding the foul spirit to get out of the man. For it had often seized him, and though he had been fastened with chains and fetters, and was closely watched, he would snap his bonds and the demon would drive him away to the desert. And Jesus asked him,

"What is your name?"

He said,

"Legion!" For many demons had gone into him. And they begged him not to order them off to the bottomless pit. Now there was a large drove of pigs feeding there on the hillside, and they begged him to give them leave to go into them. And he did so. Then the demons came out of the man and went into the pigs, and the drove rushed over the steep bank into the lake, and were drowned. When the men who tended them saw what had hap-

pened, they ran away and spread the news in the town and in the country around. And the people came out to see what had happened, and they came to Jesus and found the man out of whom the demons had gone sitting there, at Jesus's feet, with his clothes on and in his right mind, and they were frightened. And those who had seen it told them how the man who had been possessed was cured. Then all the people of the neighbourhood of Gerasa asked him to go away from them, for they were terribly frightened. And he got into a boat and went back. The man out of whom the demons had gone begged to go with him, but Jesus sent him away, and said,

" Go back to your home, and tell all that God has done for you."

And he went and told all over the town what Jesus had done for him.

When Jesus returned, the people welcomed him, for they were all watching for him. And a man named Jairus came up — he was leader of the synagogue — and he fell down at Jesus's feet and begged him to come to his house, because he had an only daughter, about twelve years old, and she was dying. As he was going, the crowds of people almost crushed him. And a woman who had had a hemorrhage for twelve years, and whom nobody had been able to cure, came up behind him and touched the tassel of his cloak, and the hemorrhage stopped at once. Jesus said,

" Who was it who touched me? "

And as everyone denied having done so, Peter said,

" Master, the people are all around you and they are crowding you."

But Jesus said,

" Somebody touched me, for I know that power passed from me."

When the woman saw that she had not escaped his notice, she came forward trembling, and fell down before him, and before all the people told why she had touched him, and how she had been cured at once. And he said to her,

" My daughter, it is your faith that has cured you. Go in peace."

Even as he spoke someone came from the house of the leader of the synagogue and said,

" Your daughter is dead. Do not trouble the Master any more."

But Jesus heard it and said to him,

" Do not be afraid; just have faith, and she will get well."

When he got to the house, he let no one go in with him but Peter, James, and John, and the child's father and mother. And they were all wailing and beating their breasts for her. But he said,

" Stop wailing! For she is not dead, she is asleep."

And they laughed at him, for they knew that she was dead. But he grasped her hand and called out,

" Get up, my child! "

And her spirit returned and she stood up immediately, and he directed them to give her something to eat. And her parents were amazed, but he ordered them not to tell anyone what had happened.

Then he called the Twelve together, and gave them power and authority over all the demons, and to cure diseases, and he sent them out to proclaim the Kingdom of God and to cure the sick. He said to them,

" Do not take anything for your journey, nor staff nor bag nor bread nor money, nor an extra shirt. Whatever house you go to stay in, remain there, and start on again from it. And where they will not welcome you, leave that town and shake off the very dust from your feet as a protest against them."

And they set forth and went from village to village, telling the good news and curing people everywhere.

Herod the governor heard of all that was happening, and he was perplexed because some people said that John had risen from the dead, and some that Elijah had appeared, and others that one of the ancient prophets had come back to life. But Herod said,

" John I have beheaded, but who can this be about whom I hear such reports? "

And he endeavoured to see him.

Then the apostles came back and told Jesus what they had done. And he took them and quietly retired to a town called Bethsaida. But the crowds learned of it and followed him, and he welcomed them and spoke to them about the Kingdom of God, and he cured those who needed to be cured. When the day began to decline, the Twelve came up and said to him,

" Send the crowd away to the villages and farms around to find food and shelter, for we are in a lonely place here."

But he said to them,

" Give them food yourselves! "

And they said,

" We have only five loaves and two fish, unless we go ourselves and buy food for all these people." For there were about five thousand men.

But he said to his disciples,

" Have them sit down in groups of about fifty each."

And they did so, and made them all sit down. Then he took the five loaves and the two fish and looked up to heaven and blessed them, and he broke them in pieces and gave them to the disciples to pass to the people. And they all ate and had enough, and the pieces left over that were gathered up filled twelve baskets.

Once when he was praying by himself, with only the disciples near him, he asked them,

" Who do the people say that I am? "

They answered,

" John the Baptist, though others say Elijah, and others that one of the old prophets has come back to life."

And he said to them,

" But who do you say that I am? "

Peter answered,

" The Christ of God! "

But he warned them particularly not to tell this to anyone, and said,

" The Son of Man must endure great suffering and be refused by the elders, the high priests, and the scribes, and be killed, and be raised to life in the third day."

And he said to everyone,

" If anyone wants to go with me, he must disregard himself, and take his cross day after day and follow me. For whoever wants to preserve his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for me will preserve it. What good does it do a man to gain the whole world and lose or forfeit himself? For if anyone is ashamed of me and my teaching the Son of Man will be ashamed of him, when he comes with all the glory of his Father and of the holy angels. I tell you, some of you who stand here will certainly live to see the Kingdom of God! "

It was about eight days after Jesus said this that he took Peter, John, and James, and went up on the mountain to pray. And as he was praying, the look of his face changed and his clothes turned dazzling white. And two men were talking with him. They were Moses and Elijah, and they appeared in glory and spoke of his departure which he was to go through with at Jerusalem. Peter and his companions had been overcome by sleep, but waking up they saw his glorious appearance and the two men standing by him. Just as they were parting from him, Peter said to Jesus,

" Master, how good it is that we are here! Let us put up three huts, one for you and one for Moses and one for Elijah! " For he did not know what he was saying.

But as he said it, a cloud came and overshadowed them, and they were frightened as they passed under the cloud. And from the cloud came a voice that said,

" This is my Son, my Chosen! Listen to him! "

At the sound of the voice, they saw that Jesus was alone. And they kept silence, and said nothing about it to anyone at that time.

The next day, when they had come down from the mountain, it happened that a great crowd met him. And a man in the crowd shouted,

" Master, I beg you to look at my son, for he is my only child, and all at once a spirit seizes him, and he suddenly cries out, and it convulses him until he foams at the mouth, and it leaves him, after a struggle, badly bruised. And I begged your disciples to drive it out, and they could not."

Jesus answered,

" O you unbelieving, obstinate people! How long must I be with you and put up with you? Bring your son here! "

Even while the boy was coming, the demon threw him down and convulsed him, but Jesus reproved the foul spirit and cured the boy and gave him back to his father. And they were all amazed at the power of God.

While everybody was full of wonder at all that he was doing, he said to his disciples,

" You must store up these teachings in your minds, for the Son of Man is going to be handed over to men."

But they did not understand what he meant, indeed it was concealed from them, in order that they might not comprehend it, and they were afraid to ask him what he meant.

A discussion arose among them as to which of them would be the greatest. But Jesus knew the question that was in their minds and he took a child and made him stand by his side, and said to them,

" Whoever welcomes this child on my account is welcoming me, and whoever welcomes me, welcomes him who has sent me. For it is the lowliest among you all who is really great."

John answered,

" Master, we saw a man driving out demons with your name, and we told him not to do so, for he does not go with us."

Jesus said to him,

" Do not try to stop him, for the man who is not against you is for you."

As the time approached when he was to be taken up to heaven, he set his face toward Jerusalem, and sent messengers before him. They started out and went into a Samaritan village, to make preparations for him. And the people there would not receive him, because he was going to Jerusalem. When the disciples, James and John, saw this, they said,

" Master, will you have us order fire to come down from heaven and consume them? "

But he turned and reproved them. And they went on to another village.

As they were going along the road, a man said to him,

" I will follow you wherever you go."

Jesus said to him,

" Foxes have holes, and wild birds have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head! "

He said to another,

" Follow me."

But he said,

" Let me first go and bury my father."

Jesus said to him,

" Leave the dead to bury their own dead; you must go and spread the news of the Kingdom of God! "

Yet another man said to him,

" Master, I am going to follow you, but let me first say good-bye to my people at home."

Jesus said to him,

" No one who puts his hand to the plough, and then looks back, is fitted for the Kingdom of God."

After this the Master appointed seventy-two others, and sent them on before him, two by two, to every town or place to which he intended to come. And he said to them,

" The harvest is abundant enough, but the reapers are few. So pray to the owner of the harvest to send reapers to gather it. Now go. Here I send you out like lambs among wolves. Carry no purse nor wallet nor shoes, and do not stop to exchange civilities with anyone on the way. Whenever you go to stay at a house, first say, ' Peace to this household! ' If there is anyone there who loves peace, your blessing will rest upon him, but if there is not, it will come back to you. Stay at the same house, eating and drinking what they offer you, for the workman deserves his pay. Do not change from one house to another. Whenever you come to a town and they welcome you, eat what is offered you, and cure the sick there, and say to them, ' The Kingdom of God is close upon you! ' But whenever you come to a town and they do not welcome you, go out into the open streets and say, ' The very dust of your town that sticks to our feet we wipe off in protest. But understand this: the Kingdom of God is at hand! ' I tell you, on that day Sodom will fare better than that town! Alas for you, Chorazin! Alas for you, Bethsaida! For if the wonders that have been done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago, sitting in sackcloth and ashes! But Tyre and Sidon will fare better than you at the Judgment! And you, Capernaum! Are you to be exalted to the skies? You will go down among the dead! Whoever listens to you listens to me, and whoever disregards you disregards me, and whoever disregards me disregards him who sent me."

The seventy-two came back delighted, and said,

" Master, when we use your name the very demons submit to us! "

He said to them,

" I saw Satan fall from heaven like a flash of lightning! Here I have given you the power to tread on snakes and scorpions, and to trample on all the power of the enemy. Nothing will hurt you at all. But do not be glad that the spirits submit to you, but be glad that your names are enrolled in heaven."

At that moment he was inspired with joy, and said,

" I thank you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for hiding all this from the learned and intelligent, and revealing it to children! Yes, I thank you, Father, for choosing to have it so! Everything has been handed over to me by my Father, and no one knows who the Son is but the Father, nor who the Father is but the Son, and anyone to whom the Son chooses to reveal him."

And he turned to his disciples when they were alone, and said,

" Blessed are the eyes that see what you see! For I tell you, many prophets and kings have wished to see what you see, and could not see it, and to hear what you hear, and could not hear it! "

Then an expert in the Law got up to test him and said,

" Master, what must I do to make sure of eternal life? "

Jesus said to him,

" What does the Law say? How does it read? "

He answered,

" ' You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole strength, and your whole mind,' and ' your neighbor as you do yourself.' "

Jesus said to him,

" You are right. Do that, and you will live."

But he, wishing to justify his question, said,

" And who is my neighbour? "

Jesus replied,

" A man was on his way down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell into the hands of robbers, and they stripped him and beat him and went off leaving him half dead. Now a priest happened to be going that way, and when he saw him, he went by on the other side of the road. And a Levite also came to the place, and when he saw him, he went by on the other side. But a Samaritan who was travelling that way came upon him, and when he saw him he pitied him, and he went up to him and dressed his wounds with oil and wine and bound them up. And he put him on his own mule and brought him to an inn and took care of him. The next day he took out a dollar and gave it to the innkeeper and said, ' Take care of him, and whatever more you spend I will refund to you on my way back.' Which of these three do you think proved himself a neighbour to the man who fell into the robbers' hands? "

He said,

" The man who took pity on him."

Jesus said to him,

" Go and do so yourself! "

As they continued their journey, he came to a certain village, and a woman named Martha welcomed him to her house. She had a sister named Mary, who seated herself at the Master's feet, and listened to what he was saying. But Martha was worried with all she had to do for them, and she came up and said,

" Master, does it make no difference to you that my sister has left me to do all the work alone? Tell her to help me."

The Master answered,

" Martha, Martha, you are worried and anxious about many things, but our wants are few, indeed there is only one thing we need. For Mary has chosen the right thing, and it must not be taken away from her."

Once as he was praying in a certain place, when he stopped, one of his disciples said to him,

" Master, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples."

He said to them,

"When you pray, say, 'Father, your name be revered! Your kingdom come! Give us each day our bread for the day, and forgive us our sins, for we ourselves forgive anyone who wrongs us; and do not subject us to temptation.'"

And he said to them,

"Suppose one of you has a friend, and goes to him in the middle of the night, and says to him, 'Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine has just come to my house after a journey, and I have nothing for him to eat,' and he answers from inside, 'Do not bother me; the door is now fastened, and my children and I have gone to bed; I cannot get up and give you any.' I tell you, even if he will not get up and give him some because he is his friend, yet because of his persistence he will rouse himself and give him all he needs. So I tell you, ask, and what you ask will be given you. Search, and you will find what you search for. Knock, and the door will open to you. For it is always the one who asks who receives, and the one who searches who finds, and the one who knocks to whom the door opens. Which of you fathers, if his son asks him for a fish will give him a snake instead? Or if he asks for an egg, will give him a scorpion? So if you, bad as you are, know enough to give your children what is good, how much more surely will your Father in heaven give the holy Spirit to those who ask him for it!"

Once he was driving out a dumb demon, and when the demon was gone the dumb man spoke. And the people were amazed. But some of them said,

"It is with the aid of Beelzebub, the prince of the demons, that he drives the demons out."

Others to test him asked him for a sign from heaven. But he knew what they were thinking, and he said to them,

"Any kingdom that is disunited is on the way to destruction, and one house falls after another. And if Satan is disunited, how can his kingdom last? Because you say that I drive out demons with Beelzebub's aid. But if it is with his aid that I drive out demons, by whose do your sons drive them out? Therefore, they shall be your judges. But if it is with the finger of God that I am driving the demons out, then the Kingdom of God has overtaken you. When a strong man fully armed guards his own dwelling, his property is undisturbed. But when somebody stronger than he attacks him and overcomes him, he strips him of the arms that he relied on, and divides up the spoils. Anyone who is not with me is against me, and anyone who does not join me in gathering, scatters. When a foul spirit goes out of a man, it roams through deserts in search of rest, and when it finds none, it says, 'I will go back to my house that I left.' And it goes and finds it unoccupied, cleaned, and all in order. Then it goes and gets seven other spirits more wicked than itself, and they go in and live there, and in the end the man is worse off than he was before."

As he said this, a woman in the crowd raised her voice and said to him,

" Blessed is the mother who bore you and nursed you! "

But he said,

" You might better say, ' Blessed are those who hear God's message and observe it! "

As the crowds pressed around him, he went on to say,

" This is a wicked age! It demands a sign, and no sign will be given it but the sign of Jonah. For just as Jonah became a sign to the people of Nineveh, so the Son of Man will be a sign to this age. The queen of the south will rise with the men of this generation at the Judgment and will condemn them, for she came from the very ends of the earth to listen to Solomon's wisdom, and there is more than Solomon here! Men of Nineveh will rise with this generation at the Judgment and will condemn it, for they repented at Jonah's preaching, and there is more than Jonah here. No one lights a lamp and puts it in the cellar or under a peck measure; he puts it on its stand, so that people who come in can see the light. Your eye is the lamp of your body. When your eye is sound, your whole body is light, but when it is unsound, your body is dark. So take care! Your very light may be darkness! If, therefore, your whole body is light with no darkness in it at all, it will all be as light as a lamp makes things for you by its light."

When he said this, a Pharisee asked him to lunch with him, and he went to his house and took his place at table. The Pharisee noticed that he did not wash before the meal, and he was surprised. But the Master said to him,

" You Pharisees clean the outside of cups and dishes, but inside you are full of greed and wickedness. You fools! Did not the Creator of the outside make the inside too? But give your inmost life as charity, and you will immediately find everything clean. But alas for you Pharisees! For you pay tithes on mint, rue, and every tiny herb, and disregard justice and the love of God. But you should have observed these, without neglecting the others. Alas for you Pharisees! For you love to have the front seat in the synagogues and to be saluted with respect in public places. Alas for you! For you are like unmarked graves which men tread upon without knowing it."

At this, one of the experts in the Law said to him,

" Master, when you say that, you affront us too."

But he said,

" Yes, alas for you experts in the Law too! For you load men with burdens they can hardly carry, and you will not touch them yourselves with a single finger. Alas for you! For you build monuments for the prophets, whom your forefathers killed. So you testify to what your fathers did and approve it, for they killed them and you build their monuments. This is why the Wisdom of God said, ' I will send prophets and apostles to them, and some of them they will kill and some they will persecute ' —

so that this age may be charged with the blood of all the prophets that has been shed since the creation of the world, from the blood of Abel to the blood of Zechariah, who perished between the altar and the sanctuary. Yes, I tell you! This age will be charged with it all! Alas for you experts in the Law! For you have taken the key to the door of knowledge, but you have not entered it yourselves, and you have kept out those who tried to enter."

After he left the house, the scribes and the Pharisees began to watch him closely and to try to draw him out on many subjects, plotting to entrap him in something he might say.

Meanwhile as the people gathered in thousands, until they actually trod on one another, he proceeded to say to his disciples first of all,

"Beware of the yeast of the Pharisees, that is, hypocrisy. There is nothing covered up that is not going to be uncovered, nor secret that is not going to be known. For what you say in the darkness will be heard in the light, and what you whisper in someone's ear, behind closed doors, will be proclaimed from the housetops. I tell you, who are my friends, have no fear of those who kill the body, and after that can do no more. I will show you whom to fear: fear him who, after killing you, has power to hurl you into the pit. Yes, fear him, I tell you. Do not sparrows sell five for two cents? And yet not one of them is forgotten in God's sight. But the very hairs on your heads are all counted! You must not be afraid; you are worth more than a great many sparrows! I tell you, everyone who will acknowledge me before men, the Son of Man will acknowledge before the angels of God, but anyone who disowns me before men will be disowned before the angels of God. And anyone who speaks against the Son of Man will be forgiven for it, but no one who reviles the holy Spirit will be forgiven. When they bring you before the synagogues or the magistrates or the authorities, you must have no anxiety about how to defend yourselves or what to say, for at the very moment the holy Spirit will teach you what you ought to say."

Someone in the crowd said to him,

"Master, tell my brother to give me my share of our inheritance."

But he said to him,

"Who made me a judge or arbitrator of your affairs?"

And he said to them,

"Take care! You must be on your guard against any form of greed, for a man's life does not belong to him, no matter how rich he is."

And he told them this story:

"A certain rich man's lands yielded heavily. And he said to himself, 'What am I going to do, for I have nowhere to store my crops?' Then he said, 'This is what I will do; I will tear down my barns and build larger ones, and in them I will store all my grain and my goods. And I will say to my soul, 'Soul, you have great wealth stored up for years to come.

Now take your ease; eat, drink, and enjoy yourself.' But God said to him, 'You fool! This very night your soul will be demanded of you. Then who will have all you have prepared?' That is the way with the man who lays up money for himself, and is not rich with God."

And he said to his disciples,

"Therefore, I tell you, do not worry about life, wondering what you will have to eat, or about your body, wondering what you will have to wear. Life is more important than food, and the body than clothes. Think of the crows! They do not sow or reap, and they have no storehouses or barns, and God feeds them. How much more you are worth than the birds! Which of you with all his worry can add a single hour to his life? So if you cannot do the least good, why should you worry about the rest? See how the lilies grow. They do not toil or spin, but, I tell you, even Solomon in all his splendour was never dressed like one of them. But if God so dresses the wild grass, which is alive today, and is thrown into the furnace tomorrow, how much more surely will he clothe you, who have so little faith? So you must not ask what you are to have to eat or drink, and you must not be anxious about it. For these are all things the nations of the world are in pursuit of, and your Father knows well that you need them. But you must strive to find his kingdom, and you will have these other things besides. Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has chosen to give you the kingdom. Sell what belongs to you, and give away the money! Get yourselves purses that will never wear out, inexhaustible riches in heaven, where thieves cannot get near nor moths destroy. For wherever your treasure is, your heart will be too. You must be ready with your lamps burning, like men waiting for their master to come home from a wedding, so that when he comes and knocks, they can open the door for him at once. Blessed are the slaves whom their master will find on the watch when he comes. I tell you, he will gird up his robe and make them take their places at table, and go around and wait on them. Whether he comes late at night or early in the morning and finds them on the watch, they are blessed. But you may be sure of this, that if the master of the house had known what time the thief was coming, he would have been on the watch, and would not have let his house be broken into. You must be ready too, for the Son of Man is coming at a time when you do not expect him."

Peter said to him,

"Master, do you mean this figure for us, or is it for everybody?"

And the Master said,

"Who then will be the faithful, thoughtful manager, whom his master will put in charge of his household, to give the members of it their supplies at the proper time? Blessed is that slave if his master when he returns finds him doing it. I tell you, he will put him in charge of all his property. But if the slave says to himself, 'My master is not coming back for a long time,' and begins to beat the men and women slaves and to eat and drink

and get drunk, that slave's master will come back some day when he does not expect him, and at some time of which he does not know, and will cut him in two, and put him with the unbelievers. The slave who knows his master's wishes, but does not get ready or act upon them, will be severely punished. But one who does wrong without knowing them will be lightly punished. From anyone who has been given much, much will be required, and of the man to whom people have intrusted much, they will demand even more. I have come to bring fire down to the earth, and how I wish it were kindled already! I have a baptism to undergo, and how distressed I am till it is over! Do you think I have come to bring peace to the earth? Not peace, I tell you, but discord! For from now on if there are five people in a house they will be divided three against two and two against three. Father will be against son, and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother, mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law and daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

And he said to the crowds,

"When you see a cloud rise in the west, you say at once, 'It is going to rain,' and it does. And when you see the south wind blowing, you say, 'It is going to be very hot,' and it is. You hypocrites! You know how to interpret the look of the earth and sky; and why can you not interpret this present time? Why do you not decide what is right yourselves? For when you are going before the magistrate with your opponent, do your best on the way to get rid of him, or he may hurry you off to the judge and the judge hand you over to the constable and the constable throw you into prison. I tell you, you will never get out again until you have paid the last cent!"

Just then some people came up to bring him word of the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with that of their sacrifices. And he answered,

"Do you think, because this happened to them, that these Galileans were worse sinners than any other Galileans? No, I tell you; unless you repent, you will all perish as they did! Or those eighteen people at Siloam who were killed when the tower fell upon them — do you think they were worse offenders than all the other people who live in Jerusalem? No, I tell you; unless you repent, you will all perish as they did!"

He used this figure:

"A man had a fig tree growing in his garden, and he went to look for fruit on it, and could not find any. And he said to the gardener, 'Here I have come three years to look for fruit on this fig tree, without finding any. Cut it down. Why should it waste the ground?' He answered, 'Let it stand this one year more, sir, till I dig around it and manure it; perhaps it will bear fruit next year. But if it does not, you can have it cut down.'"

One Sabbath he was teaching in one of the synagogues, and there was a woman there who for eighteen years had had a sickness caused by a spirit.

She was bent double and could not straighten herself up at all. When Jesus saw her he called to her,

" You are freed from your sickness! "

And he laid his hands on her, and she instantly became erect, and praised God. But the leader of the synagogue, in his vexation because Jesus had cured her on the Sabbath, spoke out and said to the crowd,

" There are six days on which it is right to work. Come on them and be cured, but not on the Sabbath day."

But the Master answered,

" You hypocrites! Does not every one of you untie his ox or his donkey from the stall on the Sabbath and lead him away to water him? And did not this woman, who is a descendant of Abraham, whom Satan has kept bound for eighteen years, have to be released from those bonds on the Sabbath day? "

When he said this, all his opponents were humiliated, and all the people were delighted at all the splendid things that he did.

He said, therefore,

" What is the Kingdom of God like, and to what can I compare it? It is like a mustard seed that a man took and dropped in his garden, and it grew and became a tree, and the wild birds roosted on its branches."

And he went on,

" To what can I compare the Kingdom of God? It is like yeast that a woman took and hid in a bushel of flour, till it all rose."

So he went about among the towns and villages, teaching and making his way toward Jerusalem. And someone said to him,

" Are only a few to be saved, Master? "

He said to them,

" You must strain every nerve to get in through the narrow door, for I tell you many will try to get in, and will not succeed, when the master of the house gets up and shuts the door, and you begin to stand outside and to knock on the door, and say, ' Open it for us, sir! ' Then he will answer you and say, ' I do not know where you come from.' Then you will go on to say, ' We have been entertained with you, and you have taught in our streets! ' And he will say to you, ' I do not know where you come from. Get away from me, all you wrongdoers! ' There you will weep and gnash your teeth when you see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in the Kingdom of God, while you are put outside. People will come from the east and west and the north and south, and take their places in the Kingdom of God. There are those now last who will then be first, and there are those now first who will be last."

Just then some Pharisees came up and said to him,

" Go! Get away from here, for Herod wants to kill you! "

He said to them,

" Go and say to that fox, ' Here I am, driving out demons and per-

forming cures, today and tomorrow, and on the third day I will be through. But I must go on today and tomorrow and the next day, for it is not right for a prophet to die outside Jerusalem.' O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! murdering the prophets, and stoning those who are sent to her, how often I have longed to gather your children around me, as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but you refused! Now I leave you to yourselves. And I tell you, you will never see me again until you say, ' Blessed be he who comes in the Lord's name! ' "

One Sabbath, when he went to take a meal at the house of a member of the council who was a Pharisee, they were watching him closely. There was a man in front of him who had dropsy. And Jesus said to the Pharisees and the experts in the Law,

" Is it right to cure people on the Sabbath or not? "

But they made no answer. And he took hold of the man and cured him and sent him away. Then he said to them,

" Who among you, if his child or his ox falls into a well, will not pull him out at once on the Sabbath? " And they could make no reply to this.

He noticed that the guests picked out the best places, and he gave them this illustration:

" When someone invites you to a wedding supper, do not take the best place, for someone more distinguished than you are may have been invited, and your host will come and say to you ' Make room for this man,' and then you will proceed in confusion to take the poorest place. But when you are invited anywhere, go and take the poorest place, so that when your host comes in, he will say to you, ' My friend, come to a better place.' So you will be shown consideration before all the other guests. For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled, but the man who humbles himself will be exalted."

And he said to the man who had invited him,

" When you give a luncheon or a dinner, do not invite your friends or your brothers or your relatives or your rich neighbours, for then they will invite you in return and you will be repaid. But when you give an entertainment, invite people who are poor, maimed, lame, or blind. Then you will be blessed, because they cannot repay you; for you will be repaid at the resurrection of the upright."

One of the other guests heard this, and said to him,

" Blessed is the man who shall be at the banquet in the Kingdom of God! "

He said to him,

" A man once gave a great dinner, and invited a large number to it, and when the dinner hour came, he sent around his slave, to say to those who were invited, ' Come! for it is now ready! ' And they all immediately began to excuse themselves. The first one said to him, ' I have bought a piece of land, and I must go and look at it. Please have me excused.' An-

other said, 'I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I am going to examine them. Please have me excused.' Another said, 'I have married, and so I cannot come.' So the slave went back, and reported this to his master. Then the master of the house was angry and said to his slave, 'Hurry out into the streets and squares of the city, and bring the poor, the maimed, the blind, and the lame in here!' And the slave said, 'What you ordered, sir, has been done, and there is still room.' And the master said to the slave, 'Go out on the roads, and among the hedges, and make them come in, so that my house may be full. For I tell you that none of those men who were invited shall have any of my dinner!'"

There were great crowds accompanying him, and once he turned and said to them,

"If anyone comes to me without hating his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, and his very life too, he cannot be a disciple of mine. For no one who does not take up his own cross and come after me can be a disciple of mine. What man among you if he wishes to build a tower does not first sit down and estimate the cost of it, to see whether he has enough to complete it? Or else when he has laid his foundation and cannot finish the building, everyone who sees it will begin to ridicule him, and say, 'This man started to erect a building, and could not finish it!' Or what king, if he is going to meet another king in battle, does not sit down first and consider whether he is able with ten thousand men to meet the other who is coming against him with twenty thousand? And if he cannot, while the other is still far away, he sends envoys to him and asks on what terms he will make peace. In just that way, no one of you who does not say good-bye to all he has can be a disciple of mine. Salt is good; but if salt loses its strength, what can it be seasoned with? It is fit neither for the ground nor the manure heap; people throw it away. Let him who has ears to hear with, listen!"

All the tax-collectors and irreligious people were crowding up to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes grumbled, and said,

"This man welcomes irreligious people, and even eats with them!"

So in speaking to them he used this figure:

"What man among you, if he has a hundred sheep, and loses one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go in search of the one that is lost, until he finds it? And when he finds it, he puts it on his shoulders with joy, and when he reaches home, he calls in his friends and neighbours, and says to them, 'Congratulate me, for I have found my lost sheep!' I tell you, in just that way there will be more joy in heaven over one sinful person who repents, than over ninety-nine upright people who do not need any repentance. Or what woman who has ten silver coins and loses one, does not light the lamp and sweep the house and look carefully until she finds it? And when she finds it, she calls in her friends and neighbours, and says to them, 'Congratulate me, for I have found the

coin that I lost! ' In just that way, I tell you, there is joy among the angels of God over one sinful person who repents! "

And he said,

" A man had two sons. The younger of them said to his father, ' Father, give me my share of the property.' So he divided his property between them. Not many days later, the younger son gathered up all he had, and went away to a distant country, and there he squandered his property by fast living. After he had spent it all, a severe famine arose in that country, and he began to be in want. And he went and hired himself out to a resident of the country, and he sent him into his fields to tend pigs. And he was ready to fill himself with the pods the pigs were eating, and no one would give him anything. When he came to himself he said, ' How many hired men my father has, who have more than enough to eat, and here I am, dying of hunger! I will get up, and go to my father, and say to him, " Father, I have sinned against heaven and in your eyes; I no longer deserve to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired men! " ' And he got up and went to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him, and pitied him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. His son said to him, ' Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in your eyes; I no longer deserve to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired men! ' But his father said to his slaves, ' Make haste and get out the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and get the calf we are fattening, and kill it, and let us feast and celebrate, for my son here was dead, and he has come to life; he was lost, and he is found! ' So they began to celebrate. But his elder son was in the field. When he came in and approached the house, he heard music and dancing, and he called one of the servants to him and asked him what it meant. He said to him, ' Your brother has come, and your father has killed the calf he has been fattening, because he has gotten him back alive and well.' But he was angry, and would not go into the house. And his father came out and urged him. And he said to his father, ' Here I have served you all these years, and have never disobeyed an order of yours, and you have never given me a kid, so that I could entertain my friends. But when your son here came, who has eaten up your property with women of the street, for him you killed the calf you have been fattening! ' But he said to him, ' My child, you have been with me all the time, and everything I have is yours. But we had to celebrate and be glad, because your brother was dead, and has come to life, and was lost and is found! ' "

And he said to his disciples,

" There was a rich man who had a manager, and it was reported to him that this man was squandering his property. So he called him in and said to him, ' What is this that I hear about you? Make an accounting for your conduct of my affairs, for you cannot be manager any longer! ' Then the

manager said to himself, ' What am I going to do, because my master is going to take my position away from me? I cannot dig; I am ashamed to beg. I know what I will do, so that when I am removed from my position people will take me into their homes.' Then he called in each of his master's debtors, and he said to the first one, ' How much do you owe my master? ' He said, ' Eight hundred gallons of oil.' And he said to him, ' Here is your agreement; sit right down and write four hundred! ' Then he said to another, ' And how much do you owe? ' He answered, ' Fifteen hundred bushels of wheat.' He said to him, ' Here is your agreement; write twelve hundred.' And his master praised the dishonest manager, because he had acted shrewdly. For the sons of this age are shrewder in their relation to their own age than the sons of the light. So I tell you, make friends for yourselves with your ill-gotten wealth, so that when it fails, they may take you into the eternal dwellings. The man who can be trusted in a very small matter can be trusted in a large one, and the man who cannot be trusted in a very small matter cannot be trusted in a large one. So if you have proved untrustworthy in using your ill-gotten wealth, who will trust you with true riches? And if you have been untrustworthy about what belonged to someone else, who will give you what belongs to you? No servant can belong to two masters, for he will either hate one and love the other, or he will stand by one and make light of the other. You cannot serve God and money! "

The Pharisees, who were avaricious, heard all this, and they ridiculed him. And he said to them,

" You are the men who parade your uprightness before people, but God knows your hearts. For what men consider great is detestable in the sight of God. Until John came, it was the Law and the Prophets. From that time the Kingdom of God has been proclaimed, and every one has been crowding into it. But it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one dotting of an *i* in the Law to go unfulfilled. Any one who divorces his wife and marries another woman commits adultery, and whoever marries a woman who has been divorced from her husband commits adultery.

" There was once a rich man, who used to dress in purple and fine linen, and to live in luxury every day. And a beggar named Lazarus was put down at his gate covered with sores and eager to satisfy his hunger with what was thrown away from the rich man's table. Why, the very dogs came and licked his sores. And it came about that the beggar died and was carried away by the angels to the companionship of Abraham, and the rich man too died and was buried. And in Hades he looked up, tormented as he was, and saw Abraham far away, with Lazarus beside him. And he called to him and said, ' Father Abraham! take pity on me, and send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am in torment, here in the flames! ' And Abraham said, ' My child, remember that you received your blessings in your lifetime, and Lazarus had his misfortunes

in his; and now he is being comforted here, while you are in anguish. Besides there is a great chasm set between you and us, so that those who want to go over from this side to you cannot, and they cannot cross from your side to us.' And he said, ' Then I beg you, father, to send him to my father's house, for I have five brothers; let him warn them so that they will not also come to this place of torture.' Abraham answered, ' They have Moses and the prophets; let them listen to them.' But he said, ' No! Father Abraham, but if someone will go to them from the dead, they will repent! ' He answered, ' If they will not listen to Moses and the prophets, they will not be convinced even if someone rises from the dead! ' "

And he said to his disciples,

" It is inevitable that hindrances should arise, but alas for the man who causes them! He might better have a millstone hung around his neck, and be thrown into the sea, than be a hindrance to one of these humble people. Look out for yourselves! If your brother wrongs you, take it up with him, and if he repents, forgive him. And if he wrongs you seven times a day, and seven times turns to you and says, ' I am sorry,' you must forgive him."

The apostles said to the Master,

" Give us more faith."

And the Master said,

" If your faith is as big as a mustard seed, you might have said to this mulberry tree, ' Be pulled up by the roots and planted in the sea,' and it would have obeyed you!

" What man among you, if he has a servant ploughing or keeping sheep, will say to him when he comes in from the field, ' Come at once and sit down at the table,' instead of saying to him, ' Get my supper ready, and dress yourself, and wait on me while I eat and drink, and you can eat and drink afterward ' ? Is he grateful to the slave for doing what he has been ordered to do? So you also, when you do all you have been ordered to do, must say, ' We are good-for-nothing slaves! We have done only what we ought to have done! ' "

It happened that, on his way to Jerusalem, he passed through Samaria and Galilee. And as he was going into one village he met ten lepers, and they stood at some distance from him and raising their voices, said,

" Jesus, Master, take pity on us! "

And when he saw them, he said to them,

" Go and show yourselves to the priests."

And as they went they were cured. But one of them, when he saw that he was cured, came back, loudly praising God, and fell on his face at Jesus' feet, and thanked him. He was a Samaritan. And Jesus said,

" Were not all ten cured? Where are the other nine? Was no one found to return and give thanks to God except this foreigner? "

And he said to him,

" Stand up and go! Your faith has cured you."

He was once asked by the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God would come, and he answered,

" The Kingdom of God is not coming visibly, and people will not say, ' Look! Here it is! ' or ' There it is! ' for the Kingdom of God is within you."

And he said to his disciples,

" The time will come when you will long to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and you will not be able to do so. Men will say to you, ' Look! There he is! ' or, ' Look! Here he is! ' Do not go off in pursuit of him, for just as when the lightning flashes, it shines from one end of the sky to the other, that will be the way with the Son of Man. But first he must go through much suffering, and be refused by this age. In the time of the Son of Man it will be just as it was in the time of Noah. People went on eating, drinking, marrying, and being married up to the very day that Noah got into the ark and the flood came and destroyed them all. Or as it was in Lot's time; they went on eating, drinking, buying, selling, planting, and building, but the day Lot left Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all. It will be like that on the day when the Son of Man appears. A man who is on the roof of his house that day, with his goods in the house, must not go down to get them, and a man in the field, too, must not turn back. Remember Lot's wife! Whoever tries to preserve his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life will preserve it. I tell you, there will be two men in the same bed that night; one will be taken and the other left. There will be two women grinding together; one will be taken and the other left! "

They said to him,

" Where will this be, Master? "

And he said to them,

" Wherever there is a dead body the vultures will flock! "

He gave them an illustration to show that they must always pray and not give up, and he said,

" There was once in a city a judge who had no fear of God and no respect for men. There was a widow in the city and she came to him and said, ' Protect me from my opponent.' And he would not for a time, but afterward he said to himself, ' Though I have no fear of God nor respect for men, yet because this widow bothers me, I will protect her, so that she may not finally wear me out with her coming.' "

And the Master said,

" Listen to what this dishonest judge said! Then will not God provide protection for his chosen people, who cry out to him day and night? I tell you, he will make haste to provide it! But when the Son of Man comes, will he find faith on earth? "

To some who were confident of their own uprightness, and thought nothing of others, he used this illustration:

"Two men went up to the Temple to pray; one was a Pharisee and the other a tax-collector. The Pharisee stood up and uttered this prayer to himself: 'O God, I thank you that I am not like other men, greedy, dishonest, or adulterous, like that tax-collector. I fast two days in the week; I pay tithes on everything I get.' But the tax-collector stood at a distance and would not even raise his eyes to heaven, but struck his breast, and said, 'O God, have mercy on a sinner like me!' I tell you, it was he who went back to his house with God's approval, and not the other. For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled, but the man who humbles himself will be exalted."

People brought babies to him to have him touch them, but the disciples, when they saw it, reproved them for it. But Jesus called them up to him and said,

"Let the children come to me and do not try to stop them, for the Kingdom of God belongs to such as they. I tell you, whoever does not accept the Kingdom of God like a child will not enter it at all."

A member of the council asked him,

"Good master, what must I do to make sure of eternal life?"

Jesus said to him,

"Why do you call me good? No one is good but God himself. You know the commandments, 'Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Honour your father and mother.'"

And he said,

"I have obeyed all these commandments ever since I was a child."

When Jesus heard this, he said to him,

"There is one thing that you still lack. Sell all that you have, and divide the money among the poor, and then you will have riches in heaven; and come back and be a follower of mine."

But when he heard that, he was much cast down, for he was very rich. And when Jesus saw it, he said,

"How hard it will be for those who have money to get into the Kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into the Kingdom of God!"

And those who heard it said,

"Then who can be saved?"

And he said,

"The things that are impossible for men are possible for God!"

Peter said,

"Here we have left home and followed you."

And he said to them,

"I tell you, there is no one who has given up home or wife or brothers or parents or children for the Kingdom of God who will not receive many times more in this time, and in the coming age eternal life."

And he took the Twelve aside and said to them,

" See! we are going up to Jerusalem, and everything written in the prophets about the Son of Man will be fulfilled. For he will be handed over to the heathen, and ridiculed and insulted and spat upon, and they will flog him and kill him, and on the third day he will rise again."

And they did not understand any of this; the words were obscure to them, and they did not know what he meant.

As he approached Jericho, a blind man happened to be sitting by the roadside begging. And hearing a crowd going by, he asked what it meant. They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was coming by. And he shouted,

" Jesus, you Son of David, take pity on me! "

And those who were in front reproved him and told him to be quiet, but he cried out all the louder,

" You Son of David, take pity on me! "

And Jesus stopped and ordered the man to be brought to him. When he came up, Jesus asked him,

" What do you want me to do for you? "

He answered,

" Master, let me regain my sight! "

And Jesus said to him,

" Regain your sight! Your faith has cured you! "

And he regained his sight immediately, and followed Jesus, giving thanks to God. And all the people saw it and praised God.

And he went into Jericho and was passing through it. Now there was a man named Zaccheus, the principal tax-collector, a rich man, who wanted to see who Jesus was, and he could not because of the crowd, for he was a small man. So he ran on ahead and climbed up into a sycamore tree, to see him, for Jesus was coming that way. When Jesus reached the place, he looked up and said to him,

" Zaccheus, come down quickly! for I must stay at your house today."

And he came down quickly and welcomed him gladly. And when they saw this, everyone complained, and said,

" He has gone to stay with an irreligious man! "

But Zaccheus stopped and said to the Master,

" See, Master! I will give half my property to the poor, and if I have defrauded anyone of anything, I will pay him four times as much."

Jesus said to him,

" Salvation has come to this house today, for he too is a descendant of Abraham. For the Son of Man has come to search for what was lost and to save it."

As they were listening to this, Jesus went on to give them an illustration, because he was near Jerusalem and they supposed that the Kingdom of God was immediately going to appear. So he said,

" A nobleman once went to a distant country to secure his appointment to a kingdom and then return. And he called in ten of his slaves and gave

them each twenty dollars and told them to trade with it while he was gone. But his countrymen hated him, and they sent a delegation after him to say, 'We do not want this man made king over us.' And when he had secured the appointment and returned, he ordered the slaves to whom he had given the money to be called in, so that he could find out how much they had made. The first one came in and said, 'Your twenty dollars has made two hundred, sir!' And he said to him, 'Well done, my excellent slave! You have proved trustworthy about a very small amount, you shall be governor of ten towns.' The second came in and said, 'Your twenty dollars has made a hundred, sir!' And he said to him, 'And you shall be governor of five towns!' And the other one came in and said, 'Here is your twenty dollars, sir. I have kept it put away in a handkerchief, for I was afraid of you, for you are a stern man. You pick up what you did not lay down, and reap what you did not sow.' He said to him, 'Out of your own mouth I will convict you, you wretched slave! You knew, did you, that I was a stern man, and that I pick up what I did not lay down, and harvest what I did not sow? Then why did you not put my money in the bank, so that when I came back I could have gotten it with interest?' And he said to the bystanders, 'Take the twenty dollars away from him, and give it to the man who has the two hundred!' They said to him, 'He has two hundred, sir!'—'I tell you, the man who has will have more given him, and from the man who has nothing, even what he has will be taken away! But bring those enemies of mine here who did not want me made king over them, and slaughter them in my presence!'"

With these words he went on ahead of them, on his way to Jerusalem.

When he was near Bethphage and Bethany by the hill called the Mount of Olives, he sent for two of his disciples and said to them,

"Go to the village that lies in front of you, and as you enter it you will find tied there a colt that has never been ridden. Untie it and bring it here. And if anyone asks you why you are untying it, you are to say, 'The Master needs it.'"

And the messengers went and found it just as he had told them. And as they were untying the colt, its owners said to them,

"Why are you untying the colt?"

And they said,

"The Master needs it!"

And they brought it to Jesus. And they threw their coats on the colt and mounted Jesus on it. And as he went on, people spread their coats in the road. Just as he was coming down the Mount of Olives and approaching the city, the whole throng of his disciples began to praise God loudly and joyfully, for all the wonders they had seen, and to say,

> "Blessed is the king who comes in the Lord's name,
> Peace be in heaven and glory on high!"

Some Pharisees in the crowd said to him,

" Master, reprove your disciples! "

And he answered,

" I tell you, if they keep silence, the stones will cry out! "

As he approached the city and saw it, he wept over it, and said,

" If you yourself only knew today the conditions of peace! But as it is, they are hidden from you. For a time is coming upon you when your enemies will throw up earthworks about you and surround you and shut you in on all sides, and they will throw you and your children within you to the ground, and they will not leave one stone upon another within you because you did not know when God visited you! "

Then he went into the Temple and proceeded to drive out those who were selling things there, and he said to them,

" The Scripture says, ' And my house shall be a house of prayer,' but you have made it a den of robbers! "

Every day he taught in the Temple, and the high priests and scribes and the leading men of the people were trying to destroy him, but they could not find any way to do it, for all the people hung upon his words.

One day as he was teaching the people in the Temple, and preaching the good news, the high priests and scribes came up with the elders and said to him,

" Tell us what authority you have for doing as you do, or who gave you any such authority? "

He said to them,

" I will ask you a question too. Tell me, did John's baptism come from heaven or from men? "

And they argued with one another, and said,

" If we say ' From heaven,' he will say, ' Why did you not believe him? ' But if we say, ' From men,' all the people will stone us to death, for they are convinced that John was a prophet."

So they answered that they did not know where it came from. And Jesus said to them,

" Nor will I tell you what authority I have for doing as I do."

Then he went on to give the people this illustration:

" A man once planted a vineyard, and leased it to tenants, and went away for a long absence. And at the proper time he sent a slave to the tenants to have them give him a share of the vintage, but the tenants beat him, and sent him back empty-handed. And again he sent another slave, and they beat him also and mistreated him and sent him back empty-handed. And again he sent a third, but they wounded him too, and threw him outside. Then the owner of the vineyard said, ' What can I do? I will send them my dear son; perhaps they will respect him.' But when the tenants saw him, they argued with one another, ' This is his heir! Let us kill him, so that the property will belong to us! ' So they drove him out of

the vineyard and killed him. Now what will the owner of the vineyard do to them? He will come and put those tenants to death, and give the vineyard to others."

When they heard this they said,

"Heaven forbid!"

He looked at them and said,

"Then what does this saying of Scripture mean,

> "'That stone which the builders rejected
> Has become the cornerstone'?

Whoever falls on that stone will be shattered, but whoever it falls upon will be pulverized."

And the scribes and high priests wanted to arrest him then and there, but they were afraid of the people, for they knew that he had aimed this illustration at them. So they kept watch of him and set some spies who pretended to be honest men to fasten on something that he said, so that they might hand him over to the control and authority of the governor. And they asked him,

"Master, we know that you are right in what you say and teach, and that you show no favour, but teach the way of God in sincerity. Is it right for us to pay taxes to the emperor, or not?"

But he detected their trickery, and said to them,

"Show me a denarius. Whose head and title does it bear?"

They said,

"The emperor's."

He said to them,

"Then pay the emperor what belongs to the emperor, and pay God what belongs to God!"

So they could not fasten on what he said before the people, and they were amazed at his answer, and said nothing more.

Then some of the Sadducees, who say that there is no resurrection, came up and asked him,

"Master, Moses made us a law that if a man's brother die leaving a wife but no children, the man should marry the widow and raise up a family for his brother. Now there were seven brothers. And the eldest married a wife and died childless. And the second married her, and the third, and all the seven married her and died without leaving any child. Afterward the woman died too. Now at the resurrection, which one's wife will the woman be? For all seven of them married her."

Jesus said to them,

"The people of this world marry and are married, but those who are thought worthy to attain that other world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are married. For they cannot die again; they are like the angels, and through sharing in the resurrection, they are sons of

God. But that the dead are raised to life, even Moses indicated in the passage about the bush, when he calls the Lord ' the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.' He is not the God of dead men but of living, for all men are alive to him."

Some of the scribes replied,

" Master, that was a fine answer! "

For they did not dare to ask him any more questions.

But he said to them,

" How can the scribes say that the Christ is a son of David? For David himself says in the Book of Psalms,

" ' The Lord has said to my lord, " Sit at my right hand,
Until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet! " '

David then calls him lord. So how can he be his son? "

While all the people were listening, he said to his disciples,

" Beware of the scribes who like to go about in long robes, and love to be saluted with respect in public places, and to have the front seats in the synagogues and the best places at banquets — men who eat up widows' houses and to cover it up make long prayers! They will get all the heavier sentence! "

And looking up, he saw the rich people dropping their gifts into the treasury. And he saw a poor widow drop in two coppers. And he said,

" I tell you, this poor widow has put in more than all the rest. For they all gave from what they had to spare, but she in her want has put in all she had to live on."

When some spoke about the Temple and its decoration with costly stone and votive offerings, he said,

" As for all this that you are looking at, the time is coming when not one stone will be left here upon another that will not be torn down! "

Then they asked him,

" Master, when will this happen, and what will be the sign that it is going to take place? "

And he said,

" Take care not to be misled. For many will come under my name, and say, ' I am he,' and ' The time is at hand.' Do not follow them. But when you hear of wars and outbreaks, do not be alarmed. These have to come first, but the end does not follow immediately."

Then he said to them,

" Nation will rise in arms against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. There will be great earthquakes, and pestilence and famine here and there. There will be horrors and great sins in the sky. But before all this, men will arrest you and persecute you, and hand you over to synagogues and prisons and have you brought before kings and governors on my account. It will all lead to your testifying. So make up your minds not to prepare

your defense, for I will give you such wisdom of utterance as none of your opponents will be able to resist or dispute. You will be betrayed even by your parents and brothers and kinsmen and friends and they will put some of you to death, and you will be hated by everyone because you bear my name. Yet not a hair of your head will perish! It is by your endurance that you will win your souls. But when you see Jerusalem being surrounded by armies, then you must understand that her devastation is at hand. Then those who are in Judea must fly to the hills, those who are in the city must get out of it, and those who are in the country must not go into it, for those are the days of vengeance, when all that is written in the Scriptures will be fulfilled. But alas for women who are with child at that time, or who have babes, for there will be great misery in the land and anger at this people. They will fall by the edge of the sword, and be carried off as prisoners among all nations, and Jerusalem will be trampled under foot by the heathen, until the time of the heathen comes. There will be signs too in sun, moon and stars, and on earth dismay among the heathen, bewildered at the roar of the sea and the waves. Men will swoon with fear and foreboding of what is to happen to the world, for the forces in the sky will shake. Then they will see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with great power and glory. But when this begins to happen, look up and raise your heads, for your deliverance will be at hand."

And he gave them an illustration:

"See the fig tree and all the trees. As soon as they put out their leaves, you see them and you know without being told that summer is coming. So when you see these things happen, you must know that the Kingdom of God is at hand. I tell you, it will all happen before the present generation passes away. Earth and sky will pass away, but my words will not. But take care that your hearts are not loaded down with self-indulgence and drunkenness and worldly cares, and that day takes you by surprise, like a trap. For it will come on all who are living anywhere on the face of the earth. But you must be vigilant and always pray that you may succeed in escaping all this that is going to happen, and in standing in the presence of the Son of Man."

He would spend the days teaching in the Temple, but at night he would go out of the city and stay on the hill called the Mount of Olives. And in the morning all the people would come to him in the Temple to listen to him.

The festival of Unleavened Bread, which is called the Passover, was approaching. And the high priests and the scribes were casting about for a way to put him to death, for they were afraid of the people.

But Satan entered into Judas, who was called Iscariot, a member of the Twelve. And he went off and discussed with the high priests and captains of the Temple how he could betray him to them. And they were delighted

and agreed to pay him for it. And he accepted their offer, and watched for an opportunity to betray him to them without a disturbance.

When the day of Unleavened Bread came, on which the Passover lamb had to be sacrificed, Jesus sent Peter and John, saying to them,

" Go and make preparations for us to eat the Passover."

They said to him,

" Where do you want us to prepare it? "

He said to them,

" Just after you enter the city, you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. Follow him to the house to which he goes, and say to the man of the house, ' Our Master says to you, " Where is the room where I can eat the Passover supper with my disciples? " ' And he will show you a large room upstairs with the necessary furniture. Make your preparations there."

So they went and found everything just as he had told them, and they prepared the Passover supper.

When the time came, he took his place at the table, with the apostles about him. And he said to them,

" I have greatly desired to eat this Passover supper with you before I suffer. For I tell you, I will never eat one again until it reaches its fulfilment in the Kingdom of God."

And when he was handed a cup, he thanked God, and then said,

" Take this and share it among you, for I tell you, I will not drink the product of the vine again until the Kingdom of God comes."

And he took a loaf of bread and thanked God, and broke it in pieces, and gave it to them, saying,

" This is my body. Yet look! The hand of the man who is betraying me is beside me on the table! For the Son of Man is going his way, as it has been decreed, but alas for the man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! "

And they began to discuss with one another which of them it was who was going to do this. A dispute also arose among them, as to which one of them ought to be considered the greatest. But he said to them,

" The kings of the heathen lord it over them, and their authorities are given the title of Benefactor. But you are not to do so, but whoever is greatest among you must be like the youngest, and the leader like a servant. For which is greater, the man at the table, or the servant who waits on him? Is not the man at the table? Yet I am like a servant among you. But it is you who have stood by me in my trials. So just as my Father has conferred a kingdom on me, I confer on you the right to eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and to sit on thrones and judge the twelve tribes of Israel! O Simon, Simon! Satan has obtained permission to sift all of you like wheat, but I have prayed that your own faith may not fail. And afterward you yourself must turn and strengthen your brothers."

Peter said to him,

" Master, I am ready to go to prison and to death with you! "

But he said,

"I tell you, Peter, the cock will not crow today before you deny three times that you know me!"

And he said to them,

"When I sent you out without any purse or bag or shoes, was there anything you needed?"

They said,

"No, nothing."

He said to them,

"But now, if a man has a purse let him take it, and a bag too. And a man who has no sword must sell his coat and buy one. For I tell you that this saying of Scripture must find its fulfilment in me: 'He was rated an outlaw.' Yes, that saying about me is to be fulfilled!"

But they said,

"See, Master, here are two swords!"

And he said to them,

"Enough of this!"

And he went out of the city and up on the Mount of Olives as he was accustomed to do, with his disciples following him. And when he reached the spot, he said to them,

"Pray that you may not be subjected to trial."

And he withdrew about a stone's throw from them, and kneeling down he prayed and said,

"Father, if you are willing, take this cup away from me. But not my will but yours be done!"

When he got up from his prayer, he went to the disciples and found them asleep from sorrow. And he said to them,

"Why are you asleep? Get up, and pray that you may not be subjected to trial!"

While he was still speaking, a crowd of people came up, with the man called Judas, one of the Twelve, at their head, and he stepped up to Jesus to kiss him. Jesus said to him,

"Would you betray the Son of Man with a kiss?"

Those who were about him saw what was coming and said,

"Master, shall we use our swords?"

And one of them did strike at the high priest's slave and cut his right ear off. But Jesus answered,

"Let me do this much!"

And he touched his ear and healed him. And Jesus said to the high priests, captains of the Temple, and elders who had come to take him,

"Have you come out with swords and clubs as though I were a robber? When I was among you day after day in the Temple you never laid a hand on me! But you choose this hour, and the cover of darkness!"

Then they arrested him and led him away and took him to the house

of the high priest. And Peter followed at a distance. And they kindled a fire in the middle of the courtyard and sat about it, and Peter sat down among them. A maid saw him sitting by the fire and looked at him and said,

" This man was with him too."

But he denied it, and said,

" I do not know him."

Shortly after, a man saw him and said,

" You are one of them too! "

But Peter said,

" I am not! "

About an hour later, another man insisted,

" This man was certainly with him too, for he is a Galilean! "

But Peter said,

" I do not know what you mean."

And immediately, just as he spoke, a cock crowed. And the Master turned and looked at Peter, and Peter remembered the words the Master had said to him — " Before the cock crows today, you will disown me three times! " And he went outside and wept bitterly.

The men who had Jesus in custody flogged him and made sport of him, and they blindfolded him, and asked him,

" Show that you are a prophet! Who was it that struck you? "

And they said many other abusive things to him.

As soon as it was day, the elders of the people and the high priests and scribes assembled, and brought him before their council, and said to him,

" If you are the Christ, tell us so."

But he said to them,

" If I tell you, you will not believe me, and if I ask you a question, you will not answer me. But from this time on, the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of God Almighty! "

And they all said,

" Are you the Son of God then? "

And he said to them,

" I am, as you say! "

Then they said,

" What do we want of testimony now? We have heard it ourselves from his own mouth! "

Then they arose in a body and took him to Pilate, and they made this charge against him:

" Here is a man whom we have found misleading our nation, and forbidding the payment of taxes to the emperor, and claiming to be an anointed king himself."

And Pilate asked him,

" Are you the king of the Jews? "

He answered,

"Yes."

And Pilate said to the high priests and the crowd,

"I cannot find anything criminal about this man."

But they persisted and said,

"He is stirring up the people all over Judea by his teaching. He began in Galilee and he has come here."

When Pilate heard this, he asked if the man were a Galilean, and learning that he belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, he turned him over to Herod, for Herod was in Jerusalem at that time. When Herod saw Jesus he was delighted, for he had wanted for a long time to see him, because he had heard about him and he hoped to see some wonder done by him. And he questioned him at some length, but he made him no answer. Meanwhile the high priests and the scribes stood by and vehemently accused him. And Herod and his guards made light of him and ridiculed him, and they put a gorgeous robe on him and sent him back to Pilate. And Herod and Pilate became friends that day, for they had been at enmity before.

Pilate summoned the high priests and the leading members of the council and the people, and said to them,

"You brought this man before me charged with misleading the people, and here I have examined him before you and not found him guilty of any of the things that you accuse him of. Neither has Herod, for he has sent him back to us. You see he has done nothing to call for his death. So I will teach him a lesson and let him go."

But they all shouted out,

"Kill him, and release Barabbas for us!"

(He was a man who had been put in prison for a riot that had taken place in the city and for murder.) But Pilate wanted to let Jesus go, and he called out to them again. But they kept on shouting,

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

And he said to them a third time,

"Why, what has he done that is wrong? For I have found nothing about him to call for his death. So I will teach him a lesson and let him go."

But they persisted with loud outcries in demanding that he be crucified, and their shouting won. And Pilate pronounced sentence that what they asked for should be done. He released the man they asked for, who had been put in prison for riot and murder, and handed Jesus over to their will.

As they led Jesus away, they seized a man named Simon, from Cyrene, who was coming in from the country, and put the cross on his back, for him to carry behind Jesus. He was followed by a great crowd of the people and of women who were beating their breasts and lamenting him. But Jesus turned to them and said,

"Women of Jerusalem, do not weep for me but weep for yourselves

and for your children, for a time is coming when they will say, ' Happy are the childless women, and those who have never borne or nursed children! ' Then people will begin to say to the mountains, ' Fall on us! ' and to the hills, ' Cover us up! ' For if this is what they do when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry? "

Two criminals were also led out to execution with him.

When they reached the place called the Skull, they crucified him there, with the criminals one at his right and one at his left. And they divided up his clothes among them by drawing lots for them, while the people stood looking on. Even the leading councillors jeered at him, and said,

" He has saved others, let him save himself, if he is really God's Christ, his Chosen One! "

The soldiers also made sport of him, coming up and offering him sour wine, saying,

" If you are the king of the Jews, save yourself! "

For there was a notice above his head, " This is the king of the Jews! "

One of the criminals who were hanging there, abused him, saying,

" Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us too! "

But the other reproved him and said,

" Have you no fear even of God when you are suffering the same penalty? And we are suffering it justly, for we are only getting our deserts, but this man has done nothing wrong."

And he said,

" Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom! "

And he said to him,

" I tell you, you will be in Paradise with me today! "

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole country, and lasted until three in the afternoon, as the sun was in eclipse. And the curtain before the sanctuary was torn in two. Then Jesus gave a loud cry, and said,

" Father, I intrust my spirit to your hands! "

With these words he expired.

When the captain saw what had happened he praised God, and said, " This man was really innocent! "

And all the crowds that had collected for the sight, when they saw what happened, returned to the city beating their breasts. And all his acquaintances and the women who had come with him from Galilee, stood at a distance looking on.

Now there was a man named Joseph, a member of the council, a good and upright man, who had not voted for the plan or action of the council. He came from the Jewish town of Arimathea and lived in expectation of the Kingdom of God. He went to Pilate and asked for Jesus' body. Then he took it down from the cross and wrapped it in linen and laid it in a tomb hewn in the rock, where no one had yet been laid. It was the Preparation

Day, and the Sabbath was just beginning. The women who had followed Jesus from Galilee followed and saw the tomb and how his body was put there. Then they went home, and prepared spices and perfumes.

On the Sabbath they rested in obedience to the commandment, but on the first day of the week, at early dawn, they went to the tomb, taking the spices they had prepared. But they found the stone rolled back from the tomb, and when they went inside they could not find the body. They were in great perplexity over this, when suddenly two men in dazzling clothing stood beside them. The women were frightened and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them,

"Why do you look among the dead for him who is alive? Remember what he told you while he was still in Galilee, when he said that the Son of Man must be handed over to wicked men and be crucified and rise again on the third day."

Then they remembered his words, and they went back from the tomb and told all this to the eleven and all the rest. They were Mary of Magdala and Joanna and Mary, James's mother; and the other women also told this to the apostles. But the story seemed to them to be nonsense and they would not believe them.

That same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and they were talking together about all these things that had happened. And as they were talking and discussing them, Jesus himself came up and went with them, but they were prevented from recognizing him. And he said to them,

"What is all this that you are discussing with each other on your way?"

They stopped sadly, and one of them named Cleopas said to him,

"Are you the only visitor to Jerusalem who does not know what has happened there lately?"

And he said,

"What is it?"

They said to him,

"About Jesus of Nazareth, who in the eyes of God and of all the people was a prophet mighty in deed and word, and how the high priests and our leading men gave him up to be sentenced to death, and had him crucified. But we were hoping that he was to be the deliverer of Israel. Why, besides all this, it is three days since it happened. But some women of our number have astounded us. They went to the tomb early this morning and could not find his body, but came back and said that they had actually seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. Then some of our party went to the tomb and found things just as the women had said, but they did not see him."

Then he said to them,

"How foolish you are and how slow to believe all that the prophets have said! Did not the Christ have to suffer thus before entering upon his glory?"

And he began with Moses and all the prophets and explained to them the passages all through the Scriptures that referred to himself. When they reached the village to which they were going, he acted as though he were going on, but they urged him not to, and said,

" Stay with us, for it is getting toward evening, and the day is nearly over."

So he went in to stay with them. And when he took his place with them at table, he took the bread and blessed it and broke it in pieces and handed it to them. Then their eyes opened and they knew him, and he vanished from them. And they said to each other,

" Did not our hearts glow when he was talking to us on the road, and was explaining the Scriptures to us? "

And they got up immediately and went back to Jerusalem, and found the eleven and their party all together, and learned from them that the Master had really risen and had been seen by Simon. And they told what had happened on the road, and how they had known him when he broke the bread in pieces.

While they were still talking of these things, he himself stood among them. They were startled and panic-stricken, and thought they saw a ghost. But he said to them,

" Why are you so disturbed, and why do doubts arise in your minds? Look at my hands and feet, for it is I myself! Feel of me and see, for a ghost has not flesh and bones, as you see I have."

But they could not yet believe it for sheer joy and they were amazed. And he said to them,

" Have you anything here to eat? "

And they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and he took it and ate it before their eyes.

Then he said to them,

" This is what I told you when I was still with you — that everything that is written about me in the Law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms must come true."

Then he opened their minds to the understanding of the Scriptures, and said to them,

" The Scriptures said that the Christ should suffer as he has done, and rise from the dead on the third day, and that repentance leading to the forgiveness of sins should be preached to all the heathen in his name. You are to be witnesses to all this, beginning at Jerusalem. And I will send down upon you what my Father has promised. Wait here in the city until you are clothed with power from on high."

And he led them out as far as Bethany. Then he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And as he was blessing them, he parted from them. And they went back with great joy to Jerusalem, and were constantly in the Temple, blessing God.

CHARLEMAGNE

About 742–814 A.D.

By EGINHARD[1] (770–*About* 836 A.D.)

THE Merovingian family, from which the Franks used to choose their kings, is commonly said to have lasted until the time of Childeric, who was deposed, shaved, and thrust into the cloister by command of the Roman Pontiff Stephen. But although, to all outward appearance, it ended with him, it had long since been devoid of vital strength, and conspicuous only from bearing the empty epithet Royal; the real power and authority in the kingdom lay in the hands of the chief officer of the court, the so-called Mayor of the Palace, and he was at the head of affairs. There was nothing left the King to do but to be content with his name of King, his flowing hair, and long beard; to sit on his throne and play the ruler; to give ear to the ambassadors that came from all quarters, and to dismiss them, as if on his own responsibility, in words that were, in fact, suggested to him, or even imposed upon him. He had nothing that he could call his own beyond this vain title of King, and the precarious support allowed by the Mayor of the Palace in his discretion, except a single country seat, that brought him but a very small income. There was a dwelling-house upon this, and a small number of servants attached to it, sufficient to perform the necessary offices. When he had to go abroad, he used to ride in a cart, drawn by a yoke of oxen, driven, peasant-fashion, by a ploughman; he rode in this way to the palace and to the general assembly of the people, that met once a year for the welfare of the kingdom, and he returned home in like manner. The Mayor of the Palace took charge of the government, and of everything that had to be planned or executed at home or abroad.

At the time of Childeric's deposition, Pepin, the father of King Charles, held this office of Mayor of the Palace, one might almost say, by hereditary right; for Pepin's father, Charles, had received it at the hands of his father,

[1] Reprinted from *The Life of the Emperor Charles*, translated by S. E. Turner, N. Y., no date.

The *Life* was written in Latin. The translator's notes and paragraph numbers are omitted.

Pepin, and filled it with distinction. It was this Charles that crushed the tyrants who claimed to rule the whole Frank land as their own, and that utterly routed the Saracens, when they attempted the conquest of Gaul, in two great battles — one in Aquitania, near the town of Poitiers, and the other on the River Berre, near Narbonne — and compelled them to return to Spain. This honour was usually conferred by the people only upon men eminent from their illustrious birth and ample wealth. For some years, ostensibly under King Childeric, Pepin, the father of King Charles, shared the duties inherited from his father and grandfather most amicably with his brother, Carloman. The latter, then, for reasons unknown, renounced the heavy cares of an earthly crown and retired to Rome. Here he exchanged his worldly garb for a cowl, and built a monastery on Mt. Oreste, near the Church of St. Sylvester, where he enjoyed for several years the seclusion that he desired, in company with certain others who had the same object in view. But so many distinguished Franks made the pilgrimage to Rome to fulfil their vows, and insisted upon paying their respects to him, as their former lord, on the way, that the repose which he so much loved was broken by these frequent visits, and he was driven to change his abode. Accordingly, when he found that his plans were frustrated by his many visitors, he abandoned the mountain, and withdrew to the Monastery of St. Benedict, on Monte Casino, in the province of Samnium, and passed the rest of his days there in the exercises of religion.

Pepin, however, was raised, by decree of the Roman Pontiff, from the rank of Mayor of the Palace to that of King, and ruled alone over the Franks for fifteen years or more. He died of dropsy, in Paris, at the close of the Aquitanian war, which he had waged with William, Duke of Aquitania, for nine successive years, and left two sons, Charles and Carloman, upon whom, by the grace of God, the succession devolved.

The Franks, in a general assembly of the people, made them both kings, on condition that they should divide the whole kingdom equally between them, Charles to take and rule the part that had belonged to their father, Pepin, and Carloman the part which their uncle, Carloman, had governed. The conditions were accepted, and each entered into possession of the share of the kingdom that fell to him by this arrangement; but peace was only maintained between them with the greatest difficulty, because many of Carloman's party kept trying to disturb their good understanding, and there were some even who plotted to involve them in a war with each other. The event, however, showed the danger to have been rather imaginary than real, for at Carloman's death his widow fled to Italy with her sons and her principal adherents, and without reason, despite her husband's brother, put herself and her children under the protection of Desiderius, King of the Lombards. Carloman had succumbed to disease after ruling two years in common with his brother, and at his death Charles was unanimously elected King of the Franks.

It would be folly, I think, to write a word concerning Charles's birth and infancy, or even his boyhood, for nothing has ever been written on the subject, and there is no one alive now who can give information of it. Accordingly, I have determined to pass that by as unknown, and to proceed at once to treat of his character, his deeds, and such other facts of his life as are worth telling and setting forth, and shall first give an account of his deeds at home and abroad, then of his character and pursuits, and lastly of his administration and death, omitting nothing worth knowing or necessary to know.

His first undertaking in a military way was the Aquitanian war, begun by his father, but not brought to a close; and because he thought that it could be readily carried through, he took it up while his brother was yet alive, calling upon him to render aid. The campaign once opened, he conducted it with the greatest vigour, notwithstanding his brother withheld the assistance that he had promised, and did not desist or shrink from his self-imposed task until, by his patience and firmness, he had completely gained his ends. He compelled Hunold, who had attempted to seize Aquitania after Waifar's death, and renew the war then almost concluded, to abandon Aquitania and flee to Gascony. Even here he gave him no rest, but crossed the River Garonne, built the Castle of Fronsac, and sent ambassadors to Lupus, Duke of Gascony, to demand the surrender of the fugitive, threatening to take him by force unless he were promptly given up to him. Thereupon Lupus chose the wiser course, and not only gave Hunold up, but submitted himself, with the province which he ruled, to the King.

After bringing this war to an end and settling matters in Aquitania (his associate in authority had meantime departed this life), he was induced, by the prayers and entreaties of Hadrian, Bishop of the city of Rome, to wage war on the Lombards. His father before him had undertaken this task at the request of Pope Stephen, but under great difficulties; for certain leading Franks, of whom he usually took counsel, had so vehemently opposed his design as to declare openly that they would leave the King and go home. Nevertheless, the war against the Lombard king, Astolf, had been taken up and very quickly concluded. Now, although Charles seems to have had similar, or rather just the same grounds for declaring war that his father had, the war itself differed from the preceding one alike in its difficulties and its issue. Pepin, to be sure, after besieging King Astolf a few days in Pavia, had compelled him to give hostages, to restore to the Romans the cities and castles that he had taken, and to make oath that he would not attempt to seize them again: but Charles did not cease, after declaring war, until he had exhausted King Desiderius by a long siege, and forced him to surrender at discretion; driven his son Adalgis, the last hope of the Lombards, not only from his kingdom, but from all Italy; restored to the Romans all that they had lost; subdued Hruodgaus,

Duke of Friuli, who was plotting revolution; reduced all Italy to his power, and set his son Pepin as king over it.

At this point I should describe Charles's difficult passage over the Alps into Italy, and the hardships that the Franks endured in climbing the trackless mountain-ridges, the heaven-aspiring cliffs and ragged peaks, if it were not my purpose in this work to record the manner of his life rather than the incidents of the wars that he waged. Suffice it to say that this war ended with the subjection of Italy, the banishment of King Desiderius for life, the expulsion of his son Adalgis from Italy, and the restoration of the conquests of the Lombard kings to Hadrian, the head of the Roman Church.

At the conclusion of this struggle, the Saxon war, that seems to have been only laid aside for the time, was taken up again. No war ever undertaken by the Frank nation was carried on with such persistence and bitterness, or cost so much labour, because the Saxons, like almost all the tribes of Germany, were a fierce people, given to the worship of devils, and hostile to our religion, and did not consider it dishonourable to transgress and violate all law, human and divine. Then there were peculiar circumstances that tended to cause a breach of peace every day. Except in a few places, where large forests or mountain ridges intervened and made the bounds certain, the line between ourselves and the Saxons passed almost in its whole extent through an open country, so that there was no end to the murders, thefts, and arsons on both sides. In this way the Franks became so embittered that they at last resolved to make reprisals no longer, but to come to open war with the Saxons. Accordingly war was begun against them, and was waged for thirty-three successive years with great fury; more, however, to the disadvantage of the Saxons than of the Franks. It could doubtless have been brought to an end sooner, had it not been for the faithlessness of the Saxons. It is hard to say how often they were conquered, and, humbly submitting to the King, promised to do what was enjoined upon them, gave without hesitation the required hostages, and received the officers sent them from the King. They were sometimes so much weakened and reduced that they promised to renounce the worship of devils, and to adopt Christianity; but they were no less ready to violate these terms than prompt to accept them, so that it is impossible to tell which came easier to them to do; scarcely a year passed from the beginning of the war without such changes on their part. But the King did not suffer his high purpose and steadfastness — firm alike in good and evil fortune — to be wearied by any fickleness on their part, or to be turned from the task that he had undertaken; on the contrary, he never allowed their faithless behaviour to go unpunished, but either took the field against them in person, or sent his counts with an army to wreak vengeance and exact righteous satisfaction. At last, after conquering and subduing all who had offered resistance, he took ten thousand of those that lived on the banks of the

Elbe, and settled them, with their wives and children, in many different bodies here and there in Gaul and Germany. The war that had lasted so many years was at length ended by their acceding to the terms offered by the King; which were renunciation of their national religious customs and the worship of devils, acceptance of the sacraments of the Christian faith and religion, and union with the Franks to form one people.

Charles himself fought but two pitched battles in this war, although it was long protracted — one on Mount Osning, at the place called Detmold, and again on the bank of the River Hase, both in the space of little more than a month. The enemy were so routed and overthrown in these two battles that they never afterwards ventured to take the offensive or to resist the attacks of the King, unless they were protected by a strong position. A great many of the Frank as well as of the Saxon nobility, men occupying the highest posts of honour, perished in this war, which only came to an end after the lapse of thirty-two years. So many and grievous were the wars that were declared against the Franks in the meantime, and skilfully conducted by the King, that one may reasonably question whether his fortitude or his good fortune is to be more admired. The Saxon war began two years before the Italian war; but although it went on without interruption, business elsewhere was not neglected, nor was there any shrinking from other equally arduous contests. The King, who excelled all the princes of his time in wisdom and greatness of soul, did not suffer difficulty to deter him or danger to daunt him from anything that had to be taken up or carried through, for he had trained himself to bear and endure whatever came, without yielding in adversity, or trusting to the deceitful favours of fortune in prosperity.

In the midst of this vigorous and almost uninterrupted struggle with the Saxons, he covered the frontier by garrisons at the proper points, and marched over the Pyrenees into Spain at the head of all the forces that he could muster. All the towns and castles that he attacked surrendered, and up to the time of his homeward march he sustained no loss whatever; but on his return through the Pyrenees he had cause to rue the treachery of the Gascons. That region is well adapted for ambuscades by reason of the thick forests that cover it; and as the army was advancing in the long line of march necessitated by the narrowness of the road, the Gascons, who lay in ambush on the top of a very high mountain, attacked the rear of the baggage-train and the rear-guard in charge of it, and hurled them down to the very bottom of the valley. In the struggle that ensued, they cut them off to a man; they then plundered the baggage, and dispersed with all speed in every direction under cover of approaching night. The lightness of their armour and the nature of the battle ground stood the Gascons in good stead on this occasion, whereas the Franks fought at a disadvantage in every respect, because of the weight of their armour and the unevenness of the ground. Eggihard, the King's steward; Anselm, Count Palatine; and Ro-

land, Governor of the March of Brittany, with very many others, fell in this engagement. This ill turn could not be avenged for the nonce, because the enemy scattered so widely after carrying out their plan that not the least clew could be had to their whereabouts.

Charles also subdued the Bretons, who live on the sea coast, in the extreme western part of Gaul. When they refused to obey him, he sent an army against them, and compelled them to give hostages, and to promise to do his bidding. He afterwards entered Italy in person with his army, and passed through Rome to Capua, a city in Campania, where he pitched his camp and threatened the Beneventans with hostilities unless they should submit themselves to him. Their duke, Aragis, escaped the danger by sending his two sons, Rumold and Grimold, with a great sum of money to meet the King, begging him to accept them as hostages, and promising for himself and his people compliance with all the King's commands, on the single condition that his personal attendance should not be required. The King took the welfare of the people into account rather than the stubborn disposition of the Duke, accepted the proffered hostages, and released him from the obligation to appear before him in consideration of his handsome gift. He retained the younger son only as hostage, and sent the elder back to his father, and returned to Rome, leaving commissioners with Aragis to exact the oath of allegiance, and administer it to the Beneventans. He stayed in Rome several days in order to pay his devotions at the holy places, and then came back to Gaul.

At this time, on a sudden, the Bavarian war broke out, but came to a speedy end. It was due to the arrogance and folly of Duke Tassilo. His wife, a daughter of King Desiderius, was desirous of avenging her father's banishment through the agency of her husband, and accordingly induced him to make a treaty with the Huns, the neighbours of the Bavarians on the east, and not only to leave the King's commands unfulfilled, but to challenge him to war. Charles's high spirit could not brook Tassilo's insubordination, for it seemed to him to pass all bounds; accordingly he straightway summoned his troops from all sides for a campaign against Bavaria, and appeared in person with a great army on the river Lech, which forms the boundary between the Bavarians and the Alemanni. After pitching his camp upon its banks, he determined to put the Duke's disposition to the test by an embassy before entering the province. Tassilo did not think that it was for his own or his people's good to persist, so he surrended himself to the King, gave the hostages demanded, among them his own son Theodo, and promised by oath not to give ear to anyone who should attempt to turn him from his allegiance; so this war, which bade fair to be very grievous, came very quickly to an end. Tassilo, however, was afterwards summoned to the King's presence, and not suffered to depart, and the government of the province that he had had in charge was no longer intrusted to a duke, but to counts.

After these uprisings had been thus quelled, war was declared against the Slaves who are commonly known among us as Wilzi, but properly, that is to say in their own tongue, are called Welatabians. The Saxons served in this campaign as auxiliaries among the tribes that followed the King's standard at his summons, but their obedience lacked sincerity and devotion. War was declared because the Slaves kept harassing the Abodriti, old allies of the Franks, by continual raids, in spite of all commands to the contrary. A gulf of unknown length, but nowhere more than a hundred miles wide, and in many parts narrower, stretches off towards the east from the Western Ocean. Many tribes have settlements on its shores; the Danes and Swedes, whom we call Northmen, on the northern shore and all the adjacent islands; but the southern shore is inhabited by the Slaves and Aïsti, and various other tribes. The Welatabians, against whom the King now made war, were the chief of these; but in a single campaign, which he conducted in person, he so crushed and subdued them that they did not think it advisable thereafter to refuse obedience to his commands.

The war against the Avars, or Huns, followed, and, except the Saxon war, was the greatest that he waged; he took it up with more spirit than any of his other wars, and made far greater preparations for it. He conducted one campaign in person in Pannonia, of which the Huns then had possession. He intrusted all subsequent operations to his son, Pepin, and the governors of the provinces, to counts even, and lieutenants. Although they most vigorously prosecuted the war, it only came to a conclusion after a seven years' struggle. The utter depopulation of Pannonia, and the site of the Khan's palace, now a desert, where not a trace of human habitation is visible, bear witness how many battles were fought in those years, and how much blood was shed. The entire body of the Hun nobility perished in this contest, and all its glory with it. All the money and treasure that had been years amassing was seized, and no war in which the Franks have ever engaged within the memory of man brought them such riches and such booty. Up to that time the Huns had passed for a poor people, but so much gold and silver was found in the Khan's palace, and so much valuable spoil taken in battle, that one may well think that the Franks took justly from the Huns what the Huns had formerly taken unjustly from other nations. Only two of the chief men of the Franks fell in this war — Eric, Duke of Friuli, who was killed in Tarsatch, a town on the coast of Liburnia, by the treachery of the inhabitants; and Gerold, Governor of Bavaria, who met his death in Pannonia, slain, with two men that were accompanying him, by an unknown hand while he was marshalling his forces for battle against the Huns, and riding up and down the line encouraging his men. This war was otherwise almost a bloodless one so far as the Franks were concerned, and ended most satisfactorily, although by reason of its magnitude it was long protracted.

The Saxon war next came to an end as successful as the struggle had been

long. The Bohemian and Linonian wars that next broke out could not last long; both were quickly carried through under the leadership of the younger Charles. The last of these wars was the one declared against the Northmen called Danes. They began their career as pirates, but afterwards took to laying waste the coasts of Gaul and Germany with their large fleet. Their King, Godfred, was so puffed with vain aspirations that he counted on gaining empire over all Germany, and looked upon Saxony and Frisia as his provinces. He had already subdued his neighbours the Abodriti, and made them tributary, and boasted that he would shortly appear with a great army before Aix-la-Chapelle, where the King held his court. Some faith was put in his words, empty as they sound, and it is supposed that he would have attempted something of the sort if he had not been prevented by a premature death. He was murdered by one of his own bodyguard, and so ended at once his life and the war that he had begun.

Such are the wars, most skilfully planned and successfully fought, which this most powerful king waged during the forty-seven years of his reign. He so largely increased the Frank kingdom, which was already great and strong when he received it at his father's hands, that more than double its former territory was added to it. The authority of the Franks was formerly confined to that part of Gaul included between the Rhine and the Loire, the Ocean and the Balearic Sea; to that part of Germany which is inhabited by the so-called Eastern Franks, and is bounded by Saxony and the Danube, the Rhine and the Saale — this stream separates the Thuringians from the Sorabians; and to the country of the Alemanni and Bavarians. By the wars above mentioned he first made tributary Aquitania, Gascony, and the whole of the region of the Pyrenees as far as the River Ebro, which rises in the land of the Navarrese, flows through the most fertile districts of Spain, and empties into the Balearic Sea, beneath the walls of the city of Tortosa. He next reduced and made tributary all Italy from Aosta to Lower Calabria, where the boundary-line runs between the Beneventans and the Greeks, a territory more than a thousand miles long; then Saxony, which constitutes no small part of Germany, and is reckoned to be twice as wide as the country inhabited by the Franks, while about equal to it in length; in addition, both Pannonias, Dacia beyond the Danube, and Istria, Liburnia, and Dalmatia, except the cities on the coast, which he left to the Greek Emperor for friendship's sake, and because of the treaty that he had made with him. In fine, he vanquished and made tributary all the wild and barbarous tribes dwelling in Germany between the Rhine and the Vistula, the Ocean and the Danube, all of which speak very much the same language, but differ widely from one another in customs and dress. The chief among them are the Welatabians, the Sorabians, the Abodriti, and the Bohemians, and he had to make war upon these; but the rest, by far the larger number, submitted to him of their own accord.

He added to the glory of his reign by gaining the good-will of several kings and nations; so close, indeed, was the alliance that he contracted with Alphonso, King of Galicia and Asturias, that the latter, when sending letters or ambassadors to Charles, invariably styled himself his man. His munificence won the kings of the Scots also to pay such deference to his wishes that they never gave him any other title than lord, or themselves than subjects and slaves: there are letters from them extant in which these feelings in his regard are expressed. His relations with Aaron, King of the Persians, who ruled over almost the whole of the East, India excepted, were so friendly that this prince preferred his favour to that of all the kings and potentates of the earth, and considered that to him alone marks of honour and munificence were due. Accordingly, when the ambassadors sent by Charles to visit the most holy sepulchre and place of resurrection of our Lord and Saviour presented themselves before him with gifts, and made known their master's wishes, he not only granted what was asked, but gave possession of that holy and blessed spot. When they returned, he despatched his ambassadors with them, and sent magnificent gifts, besides stuffs, perfumes, and other rich products of the Eastern lands. A few years before this, Charles had asked him for an elephant, and he sent the only one that he had. The Emperors of Constantinople, Nicephorus, Michael, and Leo, made advances to Charles, and sought friendship and alliance with him by several embassies; and even when the Greeks suspected him of designing to wrest the empire from them, because of his assumption of the title of Emperor, they made a close alliance with him, that he might have no cause of offence. In fact, the power of the Franks was always viewed by the Greeks and Romans with a jealous eye, whence the Greek proverb, "Have the Frank for your friend, but not for your neighbour."

This King, who showed himself so great in extending his empire and subduing foreign nations, and was constantly occupied with plans to that end, undertook also very many works calculated to adorn and benefit his kingdom, and brought several of them to completion. Among these, the most deserving of mention are the basilica of the Holy Mother of God at Aix-la-Chapelle, built in the most admirable manner, and a bridge over the Rhine at Mayence, half a mile long, the breadth of the river at this point. This bridge was destroyed by fire the year before Charles died, but, owing to his death so soon after, could not be repaired, although he had intended to rebuild it in stone. He began two palaces of beautiful workmanship — one near his manor called Ingelheim, not far from Mayence; the other at Nimeguen, on the Waal, the stream that washes the south side of the island of the Batavians. But, above all, sacred edifices were the object of his care throughout his whole kingdom; and whenever he found them falling to ruin from age, he commanded the priests and fathers who had charge of them to repair them, and made sure by commissioners that his instructions were obeyed. He also fitted out a fleet for the war with the Northmen;

the vessels required for this purpose were built on the rivers that flow from Gaul and Germany into the Northern Ocean. Moreover, since the Northmen continually overran and laid waste the Gallic and German coasts, he caused watch and ward to be kept in all the harbours, and at the mouths of rivers large enough to admit the entrance of vessels, to prevent the enemy from disembarking; and in the South, in Narbonensis and Septimania, and along the whole coast of Italy as far as Rome, he took the same precautions against the Moors, who had recently begun their piratical practices. Hence, Italy suffered no great harm in his time at the hands of the Moors, nor Gaul and Germany from the Northmen, save that the Moors got possession of the Etruscan town of Civita Vecchia by treachery, and sacked it, and the Northmen harried some of the islands in Frisia off the German coast.

Thus did Charles defend and increase as well as beautify his kingdom, as is well known; and here let me express my admiration of his great qualities and his extraordinary constancy alike in good and evil fortune. I will now forthwith proceed to give the details of his private and family life.

After his father's death, while sharing the kingdom with his brother, he bore his unfriendliness and jealousy most patiently, and, to the wonder of all, could not be provoked to be angry with him. Later he married a daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, at the instance of his mother; but he repudiated her at the end of a year for some reason unknown, and married Hildegard, a woman of high birth, of Suabian origin. He had three sons by her — Charles, Pepin, and Lewis — and as many daughters — Hruodrud, Bertha, and Gisela. He had three other daughters besides these — Theoderada, Hiltrud, and Ruodhaid — two by his third wife, Fastrada, a woman of East Frankish (that is to say, of German) origin, and the third by a concubine, whose name for the moment escapes me. At the death of Fastrada, he married Liutgard, an Alemannic woman, who bore him no children. After her death he had three concubines — Gersuinda, a Saxon, by whom he had Adaltrud; Regina, who was the mother of Drogo and Hugh; and Ethelind, by whom he had Theodoric. Charles's mother, Berthrada, passed her old age with him in great honour; he entertained the greatest veneration for her; and there was never any disagreement between them except when he divorced the daughter of King Desiderius, whom he had married to please her. She died soon after Hildegard, after living to see three grandsons and as many grand-daughters in her son's house, and he buried her with great pomp in the Basilica of St. Denis, where his father lay. He had an only sister, Gisela, who had consecrated herself to a religious life from girlhood, and he cherished as much affection for her as for his mother. She also died a few years before him in the nunnery where she had passed her life.

The plan that he adopted for his children's education was, first of all,

to have both boys and girls instructed in the liberal arts, to which he also turned his own attention. As soon as their years admitted, in accordance with the custom of the Franks, the boys had to learn horsemanship, and to practise war and the chase, and the girls to familiarize themselves with cloth-making, and to handle distaff and spindle, that they might not grow indolent through idleness, and he fostered in them every virtuous sentiment. He only lost three of all his children before his death, two sons and one daughter, Charles, who was the eldest, Pepin, whom he had made King of Italy, and Hruodrud, his oldest daughter, whom he had betrothed to Constantine, Emperor of the Greeks. Pepin left one son, named Bernard, and five daughters, Adelaide, Atula, Guntrada, Berthaid, and Theoderada. The King gave a striking proof of his fatherly affection at the time of Pepin's death: he appointed the grandson to succeed Pepin, and had the grand-daughters brought up with his own daughters. When his sons and his daughter died, he was not so calm as might have been expected from his remarkably strong mind, for his affections were no less strong, and moved him to tears. Again, when he was told of the death of Hadrian, the Roman Pontiff, whom he had loved most of all his friends, he wept as much as if he had lost a brother, or a very dear son. He was by nature most ready to contract friendships, and not only made friends easily, but clung to them persistently, and cherished most fondly those with whom he had formed such ties. He was so careful of the training of his sons and daughters that he never took his meals without them when he was at home, and never made a journey without them; his sons would ride at his side, and his daughters follow him, while a number of his bodyguard, detailed for their protection, brought up the rear. Strange to say, although they were very handsome women, and he loved them very dearly, he was never willing to marry any of them to a man of their own nation or to a foreigner, but kept them all at home until his death, saying that he could not dispense with their society. Hence, though otherwise happy, he experienced the malignity of fortune as far as they were concerned; yet he concealed his knowledge of the rumours current in regard to them, and of the suspicions entertained of their honour.

By one of his concubines he had a son, handsome in face, but hunch-backed, named Pepin, whom I omitted to mention in the list of his children. When Charles was at war with the Huns, and was wintering in Bavaria, this Pepin shammed sickness, and plotted against his father in company with some of the leading Franks, who seduced him with vain promises of the royal authority. When his deceit was discovered, and the conspirators were punished, his head was shaved, and he was suffered, in accordance with his wishes, to devote himself to a religious life in the monastery of Prüm. A formidable conspiracy against Charles had previously been set on foot in Germany, but all the traitors were banished, some of them without mutilation, others after their eyes had been put out. Three of them

only lost their lives; they drew their swords and resisted arrest, and, after killing several men, were cut down, because they could not be otherwise overpowered. It is supposed that the cruelty of Queen Fastrada was the primary cause of these plots, and they were both due to Charles's apparent acquiescence in his wife's cruel conduct, and deviation from the usual kindness and gentleness of his disposition. All the rest of his life he was regarded by everyone with the utmost love and affection, so much so that not the least accusation of unjust rigour was ever made against him.

He liked foreigners, and was at great pains to take them under his protection. There were often so many of them, both in the palace and the kingdom, that they might reasonably have been considered a nuisance; but he, with his broad humanity, was very little disturbed by such annoyances, because he felt himself compensated for these great inconveniences by the praises of his generosity and the reward of high renown.

Charles was large and strong, and of lofty stature, though not disproportionately tall (his height is well known to have been seven times the length of his foot); the upper part of his head was round, his eyes very large and animated, nose a little long, hair fair, and face laughing and merry. Thus his appearance was always stately and dignified, whether he was standing or sitting; although his neck was thick and somewhat short, and his belly rather prominent; but the symmetry of the rest of his body concealed these defects. His gait was firm, his whole carriage manly, and his voice clear, but not so strong as his size led one to expect. His health was excellent, except during the four years preceding his death, when he was subject to frequent fevers; at the last he even limped a little with one foot. Even in those years, he consulted rather his own inclinations than the advice of physicians, who were almost hateful to him, because they wanted him to give up roasts, to which he was accustomed, and to eat boiled meat instead. In accordance with the national custom, he took frequent exercise on horseback and in the chase, accomplishments in which scarcely any people in the world can equal the Franks. He enjoyed the exhalations from natural warm springs, and often practised swimming, in which he was such an adept that none could surpass him; and hence it was that he built his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, and lived there constantly during his latter years until his death. He used not only to invite his sons to his bath, but his nobles and friends, and now and then a troop of his retinue or body-guard, so that a hundred or more persons sometimes bathed with him.

He used to wear the national, that is to say, the Frank, dress — next his skin a linen shirt and linen breeches, and above these a tunic fringed with silk; while hose fastened by bands covered his lower limbs, and shoes his feet, and he protected his shoulders and chest in winter by a close-fitting coat of otter or marten skins. Over all he flung a blue cloak, and he always had a sword girt about him, usually one with a gold or silver hilt and belt; he sometimes carried a jewelled sword, but only on great feast-days or at

the reception of ambassadors from foreign nations. He despised foreign costumes, however handsome, and never allowed himself to be robed in them, except twice in Rome, when he donned the Roman tunic, chlamys, and shoes; the first time at the request of Pope Hadrian, the second to gratify Leo, Hadrian's successor. On great feast-days he made use of embroidered clothes, and shoes bedecked with precious stones; his cloak was fastened by a golden buckle, and he appeared crowned with a diadem of gold and gems: but on other days his dress varied little from the common dress of the people.

Charles was temperate in eating, and particularly so in drinking, for he abominated drunkenness in anybody, much more in himself and those of his household; but he could not easily abstain from food, and often complained that fasts injured his health. He very rarely gave entertainments, only on great feast-days, and then to large numbers of people. His meals ordinarily consisted of four courses, not counting the roast, which his huntsmen used to bring in on the spit; he was more fond of this than of any other dish. While at table, he listened to reading or music. The subjects of the readings were the stories and deeds of olden time: he was fond, too, of St. Augustine's books, and especially of the one entitled "The City of God." He was so moderate in the use of wine and all sorts of drink that he rarely allowed himself more than three cups in the course of a meal. In summer, after the midday meal, he would eat some fruit, drain a single cup, put off his clothes and shoes, just as he did for the night, and rest for two or three hours. He was in the habit of awaking and rising from bed four or five times during the night. While he was dressing and putting on his shoes, he not only gave audience to his friends, but if the Count of the Palace told him of any suit in which his judgment was necessary, he had the parties brought before him forthwith, took cognizance of the case, and gave his decision, just as if he were sitting on the judgment-seat. This was not the only business that he transacted at this time, but he performed any duty of the day whatever, whether he had to attend to the matter himself, or to give commands concerning it to his officers.

Charles had the gift of ready and fluent speech, and could express whatever he had to say with the utmost clearness. He was not satisfied with command of his native language merely, but gave attention to the study of foreign ones, and in particular was such a master of Latin that he could speak it as well as his native tongue; but he could understand Greek better than he could speak it. He was so eloquent, indeed, that he might have passed for a teacher of eloquence. He most zealously cultivated the liberal arts, held those who taught them in great esteem, and conferred great honours upon them. He took lessons in grammar of the deacon Peter of Pisa, at that time an aged man. Another deacon, Albin of Britain, surnamed Alcuin, a man of Saxon extraction, who was the greatest scholar of the day, was his teacher in other branches of learning. The King spent much

time and labour with him studying rhetoric, dialectics, and especially astronomy; he learned to reckon, and used to investigate the motions of the heavenly bodies most curiously, with an intelligent scrutiny. He also tried to write, and used to keep tablets and blanks in bed under his pillow, that at leisure hours he might accustom his hand to form the letters; however, as he did not begin his efforts in due season, but late in life, they met with ill success.

He cherished with the greatest fervour and devotion the principles of the Christian religion, which had been instilled into him from infancy. Hence it was that he built the beautiful basilica at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he adorned with gold and silver and lamps, and with rails and doors of solid brass. He had the columns and marbles for this structure brought from Rome and Ravenna, for he could not find such as were suitable elsewhere. He was a constant worshipper at this church as long as his health permitted, going morning and evening, even after nightfall, besides attending mass; and he took care that all the services there conducted should be administered with the utmost possible propriety, very often warning the sextons not to let any improper or unclean thing be brought into the building, or remain in it. He provided it with a great number of sacred vessels of gold and silver, and with such a quantity of clerical robes that not even the door-keepers, who fill the humblest office in the church, were obliged to wear their everyday clothes when in the exercise of their duties. He was at great pains to improve the church reading and psalmody, for he was well skilled in both, although he neither read in public nor sang, except in a low tone and with others.

He was very forward in succouring the poor, and in that gratuitous generosity which the Greeks call alms, so much so that he not only made a point of giving in his own country and his own kingdom, but when he discovered that there were Christians living in poverty in Syria, Egypt, and Africa, at Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Carthage, he had compassion on their wants, and used to send money over the seas to them. The reason that he zealously strove to make friends with the kings beyond seas was that he might get help and relief to the Christians living under their rule. He cherished the Church of St. Peter the Apostle at Rome above all other holy and sacred places, and heaped its treasury with a vast wealth of gold, silver, and precious stones. He sent great and countless gifts to the popes; and throughout his whole reign the wish that he had nearest at heart was to re-establish the ancient authority of the city of Rome under his care and by his influence, and to defend and protect the Church of St. Peter, and to beautify and enrich it out of his own store above all other churches. Although he held it in such veneration, he only repaired to Rome to pay his vows and make his supplications four times during the whole forty-seven years that he reigned.

When he made his last journey thither, he had also other ends in view.

The Romans had inflicted many injuries upon the Pontiff Leo, tearing out his eyes and cutting out his tongue, so that he had been compelled to call upon the King for help. Charles accordingly went to Rome, to set in order the affairs of the Church, which were in great confusion, and passed the whole winter there. It was then that he received the titles of Emperor and Augustus, to which he at first had such an aversion that he declared that he would not have set foot in the Church the day that they were conferred, although it was a great feast-day, if he could have foreseen the design of the Pope. He bore very patiently with the jealousy which the Roman emperors showed upon his assuming these titles, for they took this step very ill; and by dint of frequent embassies and letters, in which he addressed them as brothers, he made their haughtiness yield to his magnanimity, a quality in which he was unquestionably much their superior.

It was after he had received the imperial name that, finding the laws of his people very defective (the Franks have two sets of laws, very different in many particulars), he determined to add what was wanting, to reconcile the discrepancies, and to correct what was vicious and wrongly cited in them. However, he went no further in this matter than to supplement the laws by a few capitularies, and those imperfect ones; but he caused the unwritten laws of all the tribes that came under his rule to be compiled and reduced to writing. He also had the old rude songs that celebrate the deeds and wars of the ancient kings written out for transmission to posterity. He began a grammar of his native language. He gave the months names in his own tongue, in place of the Latin and barbarous names by which they were formerly known among the Franks. He likewise designated the winds by twelve appropriate names; there were hardly more than four distinctive ones in use before. He called January Wintarmanoth; February, Hornung; March, Lentzinmanoth; April, Ostarmanoth; May, Winnemanoth; June, Brachmanoth; July, Heuvimanoth; August, Aranmanoth; September, Witumanoth; October, Windumemanoth; November, Herbistmanoth; December, Heilagmanoth. He styled the winds as follows: Subsolanus, Ostroniwint; Eurus, Ostsundroni; Euroauster, Sundostroni; Auster, Sundroni; Austro-Africus, Sunwestroni; Africus, Westsundroni; Zephyrus, Westroni; Caurus, Westnordroni; Circius, Nordwestroni; Septentrio, Nordroni; Aquilo, Nordostroni; Vulturnus, Ostnordroni.

Towards the close of his life, when he was broken by ill-health and old age, he summoned Lewis, King of Aquitania, his only surviving son by Hildegard, and gathered together all the chief men of the whole kingdom of the Franks in a solemn assembly. He appointed Lewis, with their unanimous consent, to rule with himself over the whole kingdom, and constituted him heir to the imperial name; then, placing the diadem upon his son's head, he bade him be proclaimed Emperor and Augustus. This step was hailed by all present with great favour, for it really seemed as if God had

prompted him to it for the kingdom's good; it increased the King's dignity, and struck no little terror into foreign nations. After sending his son back to Aquitania, although weak from age he set out to hunt, as usual, near his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, and passed the rest of the autumn in the chase, returning thither about the first of November. While wintering there, he was seized, in the month of January, with a high fever, and took to his bed. As soon as he was taken sick, he prescribed for himself abstinence from food, as he always used to do in case of fever, thinking that the disease could be driven off, or at least mitigated, by fasting. Besides the fever, he suffered from a pain in the side, which the Greeks call pleurisy; but he still persisted in fasting, and in keeping up his strength only by draughts taken at very long intervals. He died January twenty-eighth, the seventh day from the time that he took to his bed, at nine o'clock in the morning, after partaking of the holy communion, in the 72d year of his age and the 47th of his reign.

His body was washed and cared for in the usual manner, and was then carried to the church, and interred amid the greatest lamentations of all the people. There was some question at first where to lay him, because in his lifetime he had given no directions as to his burial; but at length all agreed that he could nowhere be more honourably entombed than in the very basilica that he had built in the town at his own expense, for love of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honour of the Holy and Eternal Virgin, His Mother. He was buried there the same day that he died, and a gilded arch was erected above his tomb with his image and an inscription. The words of the inscription were as follows: " In this tomb lies the body of Charles, the Great and Orthodox Emperor, who gloriously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and reigned prosperously for forty-seven years. He died at the age of seventy, in the year of our Lord 814, the 7th Indiction, on the 28th day of January."

Very many omens had portended his approaching end, a fact that he had recognized as well as others. Eclipses both of the sun and moon were very frequent during the last three years of his life, and a black spot was visible on the sun for the space of seven days. The gallery between the basilica and the palace, which he had built at great pains and labour, fell in sudden ruin to the ground on the Day of the Ascension of our Lord. The wooden bridge over the Rhine at Mayence, which he had caused to be constructed with admirable skill, at the cost of ten years' hard work, so that it seemed as if it might last for ever, was so completely consumed in three hours by an accidental fire that not a single splinter of it was left, except what was under water. Moreover, one day in his last campaign into Saxony against Godfred, King of the Danes, Charles himself saw a ball of fire fall suddenly from the heavens with a great light, just as he was leaving camp before sunrise to set out on the march. It rushed across the clear sky from right to left, and everybody was wondering what was the meaning

of the sign, when the horse which he was riding gave a sudden plunge, head foremost, and fell, and threw him to the ground so heavily that his cloak-buckle was broken and his sword-belt shattered; and after his servants had hastened to him and relieved him of his arms, he could not rise without their assistance. He happened to have a javelin in his hand when he was thrown, and this was struck from his grasp with such force that it was found lying at a distance of twenty feet or more from the spot. Again, the palace at Aix-la-Chapelle frequently trembled, the roofs of whatever buildings he tarried in kept up a continual crackling noise, the basilica in which he was afterwards buried was struck by lightning, and the gilded ball that adorned the pinnacle of the roof was shattered by the thunderbolt and hurled upon the bishop's house adjoining. In this same basilica, on the margin of the cornice that ran around the interior, between the upper and lower tiers of arches, a legend was inscribed in red letters, stating who was the builder of the temple, the last words of which were *Karolus Princeps*. The year that he died it was remarked by some, a few months before his decease, that the letters of the word *Princeps* were so effaced as to be no longer decipherable. But Charles despised, or affected to despise, all these omens, as having no reference whatever to him.

It had been his intention to make a will, that he might give some share in the inheritance to his daughters and the children of his concubines; but it was begun too late and could not be finished. Three years before his death, however, he made a division of his treasures, money, clothes, and other movable goods in the presence of his friends and servants, and called them to witness it, that their voices might insure the ratification of the disposition thus made. He had a summary drawn up of his wishes regarding his distribution of his property, the terms and text of which are as follows:

"In the name of the Lord God, the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is the inventory and division dictated by the most glorious and most pious Lord Charles, Emperor Augustus, in the 811th year of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the 43d year of his reign in France and 37th in Italy, the 11th of his empire, and the 4th Indiction, which considerations of piety and prudence have determined him, and the favour of God enabled him, to make of his treasures and money ascertained this day to be in his treasure-chamber. In this division he is especially desirous to provide not only that the largess of alms that Christians usually make of their possessions shall be made for himself in due course and order out of his wealth, but also that his heirs shall be free from all doubt, and know clearly what belongs to them, and be able to share their property by suitable partition without litigation or strife. With this intention and to this end he has first divided all his substance and movable goods ascertained to be in his treasure-chamber on the day aforesaid in gold, silver, precious

stones, and royal ornaments into three lots, and has subdivided and set off two of the said lots into twenty-one parts, keeping the third entire. The first two lots have been thus subdivided into twenty-one parts because there are in his kingdom twenty-one recognized metropolitan cities, and in order that each archbishopric may receive by way of alms, at the hands of his heirs and friends, one of the said parts, and that the archbishop who shall then administer its affairs shall take the part given to it, and share the same with his suffragans in such manner that one third shall go to the Church, and the remaining two thirds be divided among the suffragans. The twenty-one parts into which the first two lots are to be distributed, according to the number of recognized metropolitan cities, have been set apart one from another, and each has been put aside by itself in a box labelled with the name of the city for which it is destined. The names of the cities to which this alms or largess is to be sent are as follows: Rome, Ravenna, Milan, Friuli, Grado, Cologne, Mayence, Salzburg, Treves, Sens, Besançon, Lyons, Rouen, Rheims, Arles, Vienne, Moutiers-en-Tarantaise, Embrun, Bordeaux, Tours, and Bourges. The third lot, which he wishes to be kept entire, is to be bestowed as follows: While the first two lots are to be divided into the parts aforesaid, and set aside under seal, the third lot shall be employed for the owner's daily needs, as property which he shall be under no obligation to part with in order to the fulfilment of any vow, and this as long as he shall be in the flesh, or consider it necessary for his use. But upon his death, or voluntary renunciation of the affairs of this world, this said lot shall be divided into four parts, and one thereof shall be added to the aforesaid twenty-one parts; the second shall be assigned to his sons and daughters, and to the sons and daughters of his sons, to be distributed among them in just and equal partition; the third, in accordance with the custom common among Christians, shall be devoted to the poor; and the fourth shall go to the support of the men-servants and maid-servants on duty in the palace. It is his wish that to this said third lot of the whole amount, which consists, as well as the rest, of gold and silver, shall be added all the vessels and utensils of brass, iron, and other metals, together with the arms, clothing, and other movable goods, costly and cheap, adapted to divers uses, as hangings, coverlets, carpets, woollen stuffs, leathern articles, pack-saddles, and whatsoever shall be found in his treasure-chamber and wardrobe at that time, in order that thus the parts of the said lot may be augmented, and the alms distributed reach more persons. He ordains that his chapel — that is to say, its church property, as well that which he has provided and collected as that which came to him by inheritance from his father — shall remain entire, and not be dissevered by any partition whatever. If, however, any vessels, books, or other articles be found therein which are certainly known not to have been given by him to the said chapel, whoever wants them shall have them on paying their value at a fair estimation. He likewise commands that

the books which he has collected in his library in great numbers shall be sold for fair prices to such as want them, and the money received therefrom given to the poor. It is well known that among his other property and treasures are three silver tables, and one very large and massive golden one. He directs and commands that the square silver table, upon which there is a representation of the city of Constantinople, shall be sent to the Basilica of St. Peter the Apostle at Rome, with the other gifts destined therefor; that the round one, adorned with a delineation of the city of Rome, shall be given to the Episcopal Church at Ravenna; that the third, which far surpasses the other two in weight and in beauty of workmanship, and is made in three circles, showing the plan of the whole universe, drawn with skill and delicacy, shall go, together with the golden table, fourthly above mentioned, to increase that lot which is to be devoted to his heirs and to alms.

" This deed, and the disposition thereof, he has made and appointed in the presence of the bishops, abbots, and counts able to be present, whose names are hereto subscribed: Bishops — Hildebald, Ricolf, Arno, Wolfar, Bernoin, Laidrad, John, Theodulf, Jesse, Heito, Waltgaud. Abbots — Fredugis, Adalung, Angilbert, Irmino. Counts — Walacho, Meginher, Otulf, Stephen, Unruoch, Burchard, Meginhard, Hatto, Rihwin, Edo, Ercangar, Gerold, Bero, Hildiger, Rocculf."

Charles's son Lewis, who by the grace of God succeeded him, after examining this summary, took pains to fulfil all its conditions most religiously as soon as possible after his father's death.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

1181–1226

By JACOBUS DE VORAGINE[1] (*About* 1230–1298)

FRANCIS, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assisi, and was made a merchant unto the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man. The old enemy the devil enforced him to let him of his holy purpose. But he was comforted of our Lord, which heard a voice saying to him: " Francis, take the bitter things for the sweet, and despise thyself if thou desire to know me."

On a time he met a leper, whom naturally men abhor, but he remembered him of the word that was said of God, and ran to him and kissed him, and anon the lazar vanished away; wherefore he went to the habitation of the lazars and kissed devoutly their hands, and gave to them money, and let them have no need of such as he might do.

On a time he entered into the church of St. Damian for to make his prayers, and the image of Jesus Christ spake unto him and said: " Francis, go and repair my house, which is all destroyed as thou seest." And from that hour the soul of him liquefied, and the passion of Jesus Christ was marvellously infixed in his heart. And then he did great pain and was busy in repairing the church, and sold all that he had, and gave the money thereof to a priest; and he durst not receive it for fear of his parents and kin. Then he, casting it away tofore the priest as dust, setting not thereby, wherefore he was taken of his father and bound, and he restored to him his money, and resigned also his clothes, and so naked he fled to our Lord, and clad him with hair. And then the blessed Francis went unto a simple man, whom he took instead of his father, and prayed him that like as his father doubled on him his curses, that in contrary he should bless him. His own brother germane seeing him in a winter time have on him but foul and few clothes, and that he trembled for cold and was entending to his prayers, said to his fellow: " Go to Francis and say to him that he sell to thee a pennyworth of his sweat." And when he heard it he answered with a glad cheer: " I will sell it unto my Lord God." On a day he heard in the church that which our

[1] Reprinted from *The Golden Legend,* English version by William Caxton. The spelling has been for the most part modernized.
The Golden Legend was written originally in Latin, and first printed in 1473.

Lord said to his disciples when he sent them to preach, and anon he addressed him with all his might to do and keep all those things; he did off his hoses and shoon from his feet and clad him with a foul coat, and took a cord for his girdle.

He went on a time in a snow by a wood, and was taken by thieves, and they demanded him what he was, and he said that he was the messenger of God, and anon they took him and cast him in the snow, saying to him: "Lie there, thou villain messenger of God."

Many noble and unnoble clerks and laymen had despised the world and begun to follow him, and the holy father enseigned and taught them the perfection of the gospel, which was for to be in poverty, and that they should go by the way of simpleness. He wrote then a rule, after the gospel, to himself and his brethern, had and to be had, which Pope Innocent confirmed. And from then forthon he began to spread more ardently the seeds of the Word of God, and went about cities and castles by a fervent and marvellous desire.

There was a friar which seemed outward of marvellous holiness, and kept silence so straitly that he would not be shriven by words but by signs, and every man praised him as a saint. This holy man Francis came thither and said: "Leave ye brethern to praise him, for I shall not yet praise him lest it be by feigntise of the devil; let him be warned to be shriven twice in the week by word and speaking, and if he do it not, this is but temptation of the devil and fraudelous deceit." And then the friars warned him so to do, and he put his finger to his mouth, and shook his head, and showed that in no wise he would confess him. And anon after he returned again to worldly life as a hound to his vomit, and went out of his order, and finished his life in sinful acts and works.

On a time St. Francis was weary of going, and rode upon an ass, and his fellow, one Leonard of Assisi, was also weary of going, and St. Francis began to think thus and to say in himself: "His kin and my kin were not like"; and incontinent he alighted down, and said to the friar: "It appertaineth not to me to ride and thee to go afoot, for thou art more noble than I am." And the friar was abashed, and kneeled down and required pardon.

On a time a poor labourer was almost lost in a wood for thirst, and this holy saint impetred a fountain by his prayers. He said on a time to a friar, that was familiar with him, this secret which was showed to him by the Holy Ghost. "There is a servant of God living in the world on this day, for whose sake, as long as he shall live, our Lord shall suffer no famine among the people." But without doubt it is said that, when he was dead all that condition was changed to the contrary, for after his blessed death he appeared to the same friar and said to him: "Lo! now is the famine come, which as long as I lived upon earth, our Lord would not suffer to come."

On an Easter day the friars Greek that were in desert had laid their table more curiously than in another time, and had made ready the glasses and set them on the board. And when St. Francis saw that he anon withdrew him, and set on his head the hat of a poor man which was there, and bare his staff in his hand, and went out and abode at the gate. And when the friars ate at dinner, he cried at the door that they should give for the love of God an alms to a poor sick man. Then the poor man was called in and entered and sat down alone upon the earth, and set his dish in the dust, which when the friars saw they were abashed and were sore aghast. And he said to them: "I see the table arrayed and adorned, and I know well that it is not for poor men that seek their meat from door to door." He loved poverty in himself and in all others, so that he always called poverty his lady, but when he saw one more poor than himself he had thereof envy, and doubted to be overcome of him. On a day he saw a poor woman and he showed her to his fellow and said: "The poverty of this woman doth to us shame, and reproveth strongly our poverty, for for my riches I have chosen my lady poverty, and she shineth more in this woman than in me." When on a time a poor man passed tofore him, and the holy man was moved with inward compassion, his fellow said to him: "Though this man be poor, peradventure there is not a richer of his will in all the province." Then St. Francis said to him anon: "Despoil thee of thy coat and give it to the poor man, and knowledge thyself culpable and kneel down to his feet"; to whom anon he obeyed and did so.

On a time as he came to the city of Arezzo, and a mortal battle was moved in the city, this holy man saw within the burgh, on the ground, the devils making joy, and were glad. Then he called his fellow named Silvester, and said to him: "Go to the gate of the city and command to these devils in God's name, that is Almighty, that they go out of the city." Then he went hastily and cried strongly: "All ye devils depart from hence in the name of God and by the commandment of Francis our Father." And they went away, and then the citizens anon became to accord.

The foresaid Sylvester, when he was yet a secular priest, saw in his sleep a golden cross issue out of the mouth of St. Francis, of the which the over end touched heaven and the arms of the cross stretched forth from that one to that other part of the world. Then this priest had compunction and left the world, and followed perfectly this holy man Francis.

And on a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name, and when the holy man had answered him, he said: "None in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him our Lord would pardon him; but who that slayeth himself by hard penance shall never find mercy." And anon this holy man knew by the revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him for to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grevious temptation of the flesh, and when this holy

servant of God felt that, he despoiled him of his clothes and beat himself right hard with a hard cord, saying: " Thus, brother ass, it behoveth thee to remain and to be beaten "; and when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow all naked. And anon the devil departed from him all confused, and St. Francis returned again into his cell, glorifying God.

And as he dwelled on a time with Leo the cardinal of St. Cross, in a night the devils came to him and beat him right grievously. Then he called his fellow and said to him: " These be devils, jailers of our Lord, whom he sendeth to punish the excesses, but I can remember me of none offences that I have done, but by the mercy of God I have washed them away by satisfaction. But peradventure he hath sent me them because he will not suffer me to fall, because I dwell in the courts of great lords, which thing peradventure engendereth not good suspection to my right poor brethern, which suppose I abound in delices." And early in the morning he arose and departed thence.

There was a friar which was fellow of St. Francis was on a time ravished, and saw in spirit the glorious place in heaven, wherein he saw, among other seats, a right noble seat, shining of more noble glory than all the others. And as he marvelled for whom this noble seat was kept, he heard that it was said that this seat belonged sometime to one of the princes that fell, and is now made ready to the meek and humble Francis. And when St. Francis issued from his prayers, that friar demanded him: " Father, what weenest thou of thyself? " And he said: " I ween that I am greatest of all sinners." And anon the spirit came into the heart of the friar and said: " Behold what was the vision that thou sawest, for humility shall lift up the most meek man unto the seat lost by pride."

This holy man St. Francis saw in a vision above him a seraphin crucified, the which emprinted in him the signs of his crucifying, that him-seemed that he was crucified, and that in his hands, his feet and in his side him-seemed were the sign of the wounds of the crucifying. But he did hide these tokens as much as he might, that no man should see them. And yet nevertheless some saw them in his life, and at his death they were seen of many, and were showed by many miracles that those signs were true. Of which miracles twain shall suffice for to be set here. There was a man named Rogier, and was in Apulia tofore the image of St. Francis, and began to think and say: " May this be true that this man was so ennobled by such miracle, or was this an illusion or an invention dissimuled of his brethern the friars? " And as he thought this, he heard suddenly a sound like as a quarel had been shot out of an arbalast or a cross-bow, and he felt him grievously hurt in his left hand, but there appeared no hurt in his glove, and then he took off his glove, and saw in the palm of his hand a wound as it had been of an arrow, out of which wound there issued so great pain of ache and burning, that almost he died for sorrow and pain. And then

he repented him, and said that he believed right verily the signs and tokens of St. Francis; and when he had prayed by two days St. Francis by his holy signs and stigmata, he was anon delivered of his pain and made all whole.

The two clerks, great luminaries of the world, that is to say St. Dominic and St. Francis, were in the city of Rome tofore the Lord Hostience, which afterward was pope of Rome. And this bishop said to them: " Wherefore make ye not of your friars bishops and prelates, which should prevail more by teaching and example giving? " And there was long contention between them who should first answer, and humility overcame Francis that he would not speak tofore that other, and then St. Dominic humbly obeyed and said: " Sire, our brethern be lifted up in good degree if they know it, and I shall never suffer to my power that ever they shall hope to have any higher dignity." After that answered St. Francis: " Sire, my brethern be called minors, because they would not be made greater."

The blessed St. Francis, full of right great simplicity, admonished and warned all creatures to love their creator. He preached to birds and was heard of them, they suffered him to touch them, and without licence they would not return ne flee from him. And on a time when he preached, the swallows chittered and sang, and anon by his commandment they were still. There was also, on a time, a bird on a fig-tree beside his cell which sang oft full sweetly. And St. Francis put forth his hand and called that bird, and anon the bird obeyed and came upon his hand. And he said to her: " Sing, my sister, and praise thy Lord," and then anon she sang, and departed not till she had licence.

He spared to touch lights, lamps, and candles, because he would not defile them with his hands. He went honourably upon the stones for the worship of him that was called Stone. He gathered the small worms out of the way because they should not be trodden with the feet of them that passed by. He commanded in winter to give honey unto bees, that they should not perish for hunger. He called all beasts his brethern. He was replenished of marvellous joy for the love of his Creator. He beheld the sun, the moon, and the stars, and summoned them to the love of their Maker.

On a time, as St. Francis was sick on his eyes for continual weeping, his brethern said to him that he should refrain him from weeping, and he answered: " The visitation of the light perdurable is not to be put away for the light that we have here with the flies." And when his brethern constrained him to take a medicine for his eyes, and the surgeon held a burning iron in his hand, the blessed Francis said: " My brother fire, be thou to me in this hour debonair and curable: I pray to our Lord that made thee, that thou attemper my heat." And then he made the sign of the cross against the fire, and the fiery iron was put in his tender flesh from his ear unto his eyelids, and he felt no pain.

He was strongly sick in the desert of St. Urban, and when he felt that nature failed in him he asked for to drink wine, and there was none. And they brought to him water, and he blessed it and made the sign of the cross thereon, and it was converted and turned into right good wine. And the holy man gat of our Lord that which the poverty of the desert might not get. And as soon as he had tasted it, he became strong and was all whole.

He had liefer hear blame of himself than praising, and for because that the people praised him anything of merit of holiness, he commanded to some brother to say to him in his ear some villainy in blaming him and defouling. And when such a brother, so constrained against his will, called him villain merchant, and unprofitable fool, then was he glad and blessed him, and said: "God bless thee, for thou sayest right very true words, and this thing appertaineth to me for to hear."

And this holy St. Francis would never be more master ne governor, but he would be more subject, ne so willingly command as obey. And therefore he left for to be general, and demanded to be under the warden, to whose will he always submitted himself in all things. He promised always obedience to the friar with whom he went, and kept it.

He went on a time by the morass of Venice and found there a great multitude of birds singing, and he said to his fellows: "Our sisters, these birds, give laud to their Maker; let us go in the middle of them, and sing we our hours canonical to our Lord." And they entered in among them and they moved not, but because they might not hear each other for the chittering and noise of birds he said: "My sister birds, cease your songs till we have yielded unto our Lord due praisings." And then they held them still, and when they had finished their lauds, he gave to them licence to sing again, and anon they reprised their song after their custom.

On a time when he preached at the castle Almarye, and he might not be heard for the swallows which made their nests, to whom he said: "My sister swallows, it is time that I speak, for ye have said enough; be ye now still till the word of God be accomplished." And they obeyed and were still anon.

He was on a time harboured with a knight, and St. Francis said to him: "Brother, fair host, agree to that I shall say to thee, confess thy sins, for thou shalt soon eat in another place." And anon he granted that to him, and ordained for his meiny, and took penance of health. And also soon as they went to the table the host died suddenly.

And as this holy man St. Francis passed through Apulia, he found in his way a purse full of money, and when his fellows saw it, they would have taken it for to have given it to the poor people, but he would not suffer him in no manner, and said to him: "Son, it appertaineth not to thee to take the goods of others." And when his fellow hasted to take it, St. Francis prayed a little, and after, commanded him to take the purse, which then found therein a great adder, instead of money. And when the

friar saw that he began to doubt, but he would obey and took the purse in his hands, and there sprang out anon a serpent venomous. And then St. Francis said to him: " Money is none other thing to the servant of God but the devil, which is a serpent venomous."

There was a friar grievously tempted, and he began to think that if he had anything written with the hand of their father St. Francis, that that temptation should be chased away anon, but he durst in no wise discover this thing. On a time St. Francis called him and said: " Son, bring to me parchment and ink, for I will write something praising to God." And when he had written he said: " Take this charter and keep it unto the day of thy death diligently "; and anon all this temptation went away. And the same friar, when St. Francis lay sick, began to think: " Our father approacheth the death, and if I might have, after his death, his coat, I should be greatly comforted." And after this the saint called him and said: " I give to thee this my coat; if thou have thereto, after my death, plain right." He would also that right great reverence should be done to the hands of priests, to whom was given power to sacre the blessed sacrament of our Lord. And then he said oft: " If it happed me to meet any saint coming from heaven, and also a poor priest, I would first go kiss the priest's hands, and would say to the saint: ' Holy saint, abide a while, for the hands of this priest have handled the son of life, and hath performed a thing above humanity.' "

He was ennobled in his life by many miracles, for the bread that was brought to him to bless gave health to many sick men. He converted the water into wine, of which a sick man anon tasted and received anon health, and also did many other miracles. And when his last days approached, and he was grieved by long infirmity, then he made himself to be laid upon the bare ground, and did call all the friars that were there, and when they were all present he blessed them. And like as our Lord fed his disciples at supper on Shere-Thursday, he gave to each of them a morsel of bread, and warned them, as he was wont to do, to give laud to their Maker. And the very death which is to all men horrible and hateful he admonished them to praise it; and also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said: " Death, my sister, welcome be thou " ; and when he came at the last hour he slept in our Lord. Of whom a friar saw the soul in the manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity and to the sun in clearness.

There was a friar named Augustin, which was minister and servant in the Labour of the Earth, and as he was in his last end, and had lost his speech, he escried suddenly and said: " Abide me, father, abide, I shall go with thee." Then the friars demanded him what he said, and he said: " See ye not our father Francis that goeth unto heaven? " And anon he slept in peace, and followed his holy father.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

1265–1321

By Giovanni Boccaccio [1] (1313–1375)

Solon, whose bosom was reputed a human temple of divine wisdom, and whose sacred laws are manifest proof to modern men of ancient justice, used frequently to say, as some relate, that all republics, like men, walk and stand on two feet. With sound judgment he declared the right foot to be the punishment of every crime, and the left the remuneration of every virtuous deed. He added that if either of these two things through carelessness or corruption be neglected, the republic that so acts must unquestionably walk lame; and that if she should be so unfortunate as to sin against both these canons, almost certainly she could not stand at all. Moved, then, by this commendable and obviously true precept, many ancient and illustrious peoples did honour to their men of worth, sometimes by deification, again by a marble statue, often by splendid obsequies, now by an arch of triumph, and now by a laurel crown, according to the merits of their lives. The punishments, on the other hand, that were meted to the culpable, I do not care to rehearse.

By virtue of these honours and corrections, Assyria, Macedonia, Greece, and finally the Roman Republic expanded, reaching with their deeds the ends of the earth and with their fame touching the stars. But their modern successors, and especially my Florentines, have not only followed feebly in the footsteps of these noble exemplars, but have so far departed therefrom that ambition usurps all the rewards of virtue. Wherefore it is with the greatest affliction of mind that I, and whoever else views it with the eye of reason, see evil and perverse men raised to high places, to the chief offices and rewards, and good men banished, depreciated, and debased. What end the judgment of God reserves for such action, let them consider who hold the helm of this vessel, for we of the humbler throng are borne on the wave of fortune, and are not partakers in their guilt.

Although what has been said above could be verified by countless cases of ingratitude, and by instances of shameless indulgence plain to all, it

[1] Reprinted from *The Earliest Lives of Dante*, etc., translated by James Robinson Smith, N. Y., 1901. Copyright, 1901, by the translator, by whose permission it is here used.

The biography was originally written in Italian.

A few pages of digressions, which do not properly belong in the *Life*, are omitted by the editor.

will suffice for me to instance one case alone, in order that I may the less expose our faults, and that I may come to my principal purpose. Nor is the case in point an ordinary or slight one, for I am going to record the banishment of that most illustrious man, Dante Alighieri, an ancient citizen and born of no mean parents, who merited as much through his virtue, learning, and good services as is adequately shown and will be shown by the deeds he wrought. If such deeds had been done in a just republic, we believe they would have earned for him the highest rewards.

O iniquitous design! O shameless deed! O wretched example, clear proof of ruin to come! Instead of these rewards there was meted to him an unjust and bitter condemnation, perpetual banishment with alienation of his paternal goods, and, could it have been effected, the profanation of his glorious renown by false charges. The recent traces of his flight, his bones buried in an alien land, and his children scattered in the houses of others, still in part bear witness to these things. If all the other iniquities of Florence could be hidden from the all-seeing eyes of God, should not this one suffice to provoke his wrath upon her? Yea, in truth. Of him who, on the other hand, may be exalted, I deem it fitting to be silent.

Indeed, the close observer sees that the modern world has not only departed from the pathway of the former world, whereon I touched above, but it has turned its feet in quite the opposite direction. Wherefore it seems manifest that if we and others who live contrary to the above-cited maxim of Solon remain on our feet without falling, the reason must be that the nature of things has changed, as we often notice, through long operation, or that God unexpectedly and miraculously sustains us through the merits of some action of our past; or else, perchance, his patience awaits our repentance. If this in due time does not follow, let none doubt that his wrath, which with slow pace moves to vengeance, reserves for us treatment so much the more grievous as fully to compensate for his delay.

But inasmuch as we should not only flee evil deeds, albeit they seem to go unpunished, but also by right action should strive to amend them, I, although not fitted for so great a task, will try to do according to my little talent what the city should have done with magnificence, but has not. For I recognize that I am a part, though a small one, of that same city whereof Dante Alighieri, if his merits, his nobleness, and his virtue be considered, was a very great part, and that for this reason I, like every other citizen, am personally responsible for the honours due him. Not with a statue shall I honour him, nor with splendid obsequies — which customs no longer hold among us, nor would my powers suffice therefor — but with words I shall honour him, feeble though they be for so great an undertaking. Of these I have, and of these will I give, that other nations may not say that his native land, both as a whole and in part, has been equally ungrateful to so great a poet.

And I shall write in a style full light and humble, for higher my art

does not permit me; and in the Florentine idiom, that it may not differ from that which Dante used in the greater part of his writings. I shall first record those things about which he himself preserved a modest silence, namely the nobleness of his birth, his life, his studies, and his habits. Afterwards I shall gather under one head the works he composed, whereby he has rendered himself so evident to posterity that perchance my words will throw as much darkness upon him as light, albeit this is neither my intention nor wish. For I am content always to be set right, here and elsewhere, by those wiser than I, in all that I have spoken mistakenly. And that I may not err, I humbly pray that He who, as we know, drew Dante to his vision by a stair so lofty, will now aid and guide my spirit and my feeble hand.

Florence, the noblest of Italian cities, had her beginning, as ancient history and the general opinion of the present time seem to declare, from the Romans. Increasing in size as years went on, and filled with people and famous men, she began to appear to all her neighbours not only as a city but a power. What the cause of change was from these great beginnings — whether adverse fortune, or unfavourable skies, or the deserts of her citizens — we cannot be sure. But certain it is that, not many centuries later, Attila, that most cruel King of the Vandals, and general spoiler of nearly all Italy, after he had slain or dispersed all or the greater part of the citizens that were known for their noble blood or for some other distinction, reduced the city to ashes and ruins.

In this condition it is thought to have remained for more than three hundred years. At the end of that period, the Roman Empire having been transferred, and not without cause, from Greece to Gaul, Charles the Great, then the most clement King of the French, was raised to the imperial throne. At the close of many labours, moved, as I believe, by the Divine Spirit, he turned his imperial mind to the rebuilding of the desolated city. He it was who caused it to be rebuilt and inhabited by members of the same families from which the original founders were drawn, making it as far as possible like to Rome. And although he reduced the circumference of the walls, he nevertheless gathered within them the few descendants of the ancient fugitives.

Now among the new inhabitants (perhaps, as fame attests, the director of the rebuilding, allotter of the houses and streets, and giver of wise laws to the new people) was one who came from Rome, a most noble youth of the house of the Frangipani, whom everybody called Eliseo. When he had finished the main work for which he had come, he became, either from love of the city newly laid out by him, or from the pleasantness of the site, to which he perceived perhaps that the skies were in the future to be propitious, or drawn on by whatever other cause, a permanent citizen there. And the family of children and descendants, not small, nor little to be praised, which he left behind him, abandoned the ancient surname of their

ancestors, and took in its stead the name of their founder in Florence, and all called themselves the Elisei.

Among the other members of this family, as time went on and son descended from father, there was born and there lived a knight by the name of Cacciaguida, in arms and in judgment excellent and brave. In his youth his elders gave him for a bride a maiden born of the Aldighieri of Ferrara, prized for her beauty and her character, no less than for her noble blood. They lived together many years, and had several children. Whatever the others may have been called, in one of the children it pleased the mother to renew the name of her ancestors — as women often are fond of doing — and so she called him Aldighieri, although the word later, corrupted by the dropping of the ' d ', survived as Alighieri. The excellence of this man caused his descendants to relinquish the title Elisei, and take as their patronymic Alighieri; which name holds to this day. From him were descended many children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and, during the reign of Emperor Frederick II, an Alighieri was born who was destined, more through his son than of himself, to become famous. His wife in her pregnancy, and near the time of her delivery, saw in a dream what the fruit of her womb was to be; although the matter was not then understood by her nor by any other, and only from that which followed is today manifest to all.

This gentle lady seemed in her dream to be beneath a lofty laurel tree, in a green meadow, beside a clear spring, and there she felt herself delivered of a son. And he, partaking merely of the berries that fell from the laurel and of the waters of the clear spring, seemed almost immediately to become a shepherd that strove with all his power to secure some leaves of the tree whose fruit had nourished him. And as he strove she thought he fell, and when he rose again she perceived that he was no longer a man but a peacock; whereat so great wonder seized her that her sleep broke. Not long after it befell that the due time for her labour arrived, and she brought forth a son whom she and his father by common consent named Dante; and rightly so, for as will be seen as we proceed, the issue corresponded exactly to the name.

This was that Dante of whom the present discourse treats. This was that Dante given to our age by the special grace of God. This was that Dante who was the first to open the way for the return of the Muses, banished from Italy. By him the glory of the Florentine idiom has been made manifest; by him all the beauties of the vulgar tongue have been set to fitting numbers; by him dead poesy may truly be said to have been revived. A due consideration of these things will show that he could rightly have had no other name than Dante.

This special glory of Italy was born in our city in the year of the saving incarnation of the King of the universe 1265, when the Roman Empire was without a ruler owing to the death of the aforesaid Frederick, and Pope

Urban the Fourth was sitting in the chair of Saint Peter. The family into which he was born was of a smiling fortune — smiling, I mean, if we consider the condition of the world that then obtained. I will omit all consideration of his infancy — whatever it may have been — wherein appeared many signs of the coming glory of his genius. But I will note that from his earliest boyhood, having already learned the rudiments of letters, he gave himself and all his time, not to youthful lust and indolence, after the fashion of the nobles of today, lolling at ease in the lap of his mother, but to continued study, in his native city, of the liberal arts, so that he became exceedingly expert therein. And as his mind and genius ripened with his years, he devoted himself, not to lucrative pursuits, whereto everyone in general now hastens, but, with a laudable desire for perpetual fame, scorning transitory riches, he freely dedicated himself to the acquisition of a complete knowledge of poetic creations and of their exposition by rules of art. In this exercise he became closely intimate with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius, and with every other famous poet. And not only did he delight to know them, but he strove to imitate them in lofty song, even as his works demonstrate, whereof we shall speak at the proper time.

He perceived that poetical creations are not vain and simple fables or marvels, as many blockheads suppose, but that beneath them are hid the sweetest fruits of historical and philosophical truth, so that the conceptions of the poets cannot be fully understood without history and moral and natural philosophy. Proportionately distributing his time, he therefore strove to master history by himself, and philosophy under divers teachers, though not without long study and toil. And, possessed by the sweetness of knowing the truth of the things shut up by heaven, and finding naught else in life more dear than this, he utterly abandoned all other temporal cares, and devoted himself wholly to this alone. And to the end that no region of philosophy should remain unvisited by him, he penetrated with acute genius into the profoundest depths of theology. Nor was the result far distant from the aim. Unmindful of heat and cold, vigils and fasts, and every other physical hardship, by assiduous study he grew to such knowledge of the Divine Essence and of the other Separate Intelligences as can be compassed here by the human intellect. And as by application various sciences were learned by him at various periods, so he mastered them in various studies under various teachers.

The first rudiments of knowledge, as stated above, he received in his native city. Thence he went to Bologna, as to a place richer in such food. And, when verging on old age, he went to Paris, where in many disputations he displayed the loftiness of his genius with so great glory to himself that his auditors still marvel when they speak thereof. For studies so many and so excellent he deservedly won the highest titles, and while he lived some ever called him poet, others philosopher, and many theologian. But since the victory is more glorious to the victor, the greater the might of

the vanquished, I deem it fitting to make known from how surging and tempestuous a sea, buffeted now this way, now that, triumphant alike over waves and opposing winds, he won the blessed haven of the glorious titles aforenamed.

Studies in general, and speculative studies in particular — to which, as has been shown, our Dante wholly applied himself — usually demand solitude, remoteness from care, and tranquillity of mind. Instead of this retirement and quiet, Dante had, almost from the beginning of his life down to the day of his death, a violent and insufferable passion of love, a wife, domestic and public cares, exile, and poverty, not to mention those more particular cares which these necessarily involve. The former I deem it fitting to explain in detail, in order that their burden may appear the greater.

In that season wherein the sweetness of heaven reclothes the earth with all its adornments, and makes her all smiling with varied flowers scattered among green leaves, the custom obtained in our city that men and women should keep festival in different gatherings, each person in his neighbourhood. And so it chanced that among others Folco Portinari, a man held in great esteem among his fellow citizens, on the first day of May gathered his neighbours in his house for a feast. Now among these came the aforementioned Alighieri, followed by Dante, who was still in his ninth year; for little children are wont to follow their fathers, especially to places of festival. And mingling here in the house of the feast-giver with others of his own age, of whom there were many, both boys and girls, when the first tables had been served he boyishly entered with the others into the games, so far as his tender age permitted.

Now amid the throng of children was a little daughter of the aforesaid Folco, whose name was Bice, though he always called her by her full name, Beatrice. She was, it may be, eight years old, very graceful for her age, full gentle and pleasing in her actions, and much more serious and modest in her words and ways than her few years required. Her features were most delicate and perfectly proportioned, and, in addition to their beauty, full of such pure loveliness that many thought her almost a little angel. She, then, such as I picture her, or it may be far more beautiful, appeared at this feast to the eyes of our Dante; not, I suppose, for the first time, but for the first time with power to inspire him with love. And he, though still a child, received the lovely image of her into his heart with so great affection that it never left him from that day forward so long as he lived.

Now just what this affection was no one knows, but certainly it is true that Dante at an early age became a most ardent servitor of love. It may have been a harmony of temperaments or of characters, or a special influence of heaven that worked thereto, or that which we know is experienced at festivals, where because of the sweetness of the music, the general happiness, and the delicacy of the dishes and wines, the minds, not only

of youths but even of mature men, expand and are prone to be caught readily by whatever pleases them. But passing over the accidents of youth, I say that the flames of love multiplied with years in such measure that naught else gave him gladness, or comfort, or peace, save the sight of Beatrice. Forsaking, therefore, all other matters, with the utmost solicitude he went wherever he thought he might see her, as if he were to attain from her face and her eyes all his happiness and complete consolation.

O insensate judgment of lovers! who but they would think to check the flames by adding to the fuel? Dante himself in his *Vita Nuova* in part makes known how many and of what nature were the thoughts, the sighs, the tears, and the other grievous passions that he later suffered by reason of this love, wherefore I do not care to rehearse them more in detail. This much alone I do not wish to pass over without mention, namely, that according as he himself writes, and as others to whom his passion was known bear witness, this love was most virtuous, nor did there ever appear by look or word or sign any sensual appetite either in the lover or in the thing beloved; no little marvel to the present world, from which all innocent pleasure has so fled, and which is so accustomed to have the thing that pleases it conform to its lust before it has concluded to love it, that he who loves otherwise has become a miracle, even as a thing most rare.

If such love for so long season could interrupt his eating, his sleep, and every quietness, how great an enemy must we think it to have been to his sacred studies and to his genius? Certainly no mean one, although many maintain that it urged his genius on, and argue for proof from his graceful rimed compositions in the Florentine idiom, written in praise of his beloved and for the expression of his ardours and amorous conceits. But truly I should not agree with this, unless I first admitted that ornate writing is the most essential part of every science — which is not true.

As everyone may plainly perceive, there is nothing stable in this world, and, if anything is subject to change, it is our life. A trifle too much cold or heat within us, not to mention countless other accidents and possibilities, easily leads us from existence to non-existence. Nor is gentle birth privileged against this, nor riches, nor youth, nor any other worldly dignity. Dante must needs experience the force of this general law by another's death before he did by his own. The most beautiful Beatrice was near the end of her twenty-fourth year when, as it pleased Him who governs all things, she left the sufferings of this world, and passed to the glory that her virtues had prepared for her. By her departure Dante was thrown into such sorrow, such grief and tears, that many of those nearest him, both relatives and friends, believed that death alone would end them. They expected that this would shortly come to pass, seeing that he gave no ear to the comfort and consolation offered him. The days were like the nights, and the nights like the days. Not an hour of them passed with-

out groans, and sighs, and an abundant quantity of tears. His eyes seemed two copious springs of welling water, so that most men wondered whence he received moisture enough for his weeping.

But even as we see that sufferings through long experience become easy to bear, and that similarly all things in time diminish and cease, so it came to pass that in the course of several months Dante seemed to remember without weeping that Beatrice was dead. And with truer judgment, as grief somewhat gave place to reason, he came to recognize that neither weeping, nor sighs, nor aught else could restore his lost lady to him, wherefore he prepared to sustain the loss of her presence with greater patience. Nor was it long, now that the tears had ceased, before the sighs, which were already near their end, began in great measure to depart without returning.

Through weeping and the pain that his heart felt within, and through lack of any care of himself, he had become outwardly almost a savage thing to look upon — lean, unshaven, and almost utterly transformed from that which he was wont to be formerly; so that his aspect moved to pity not only his acquaintances but all others who saw him, although he let himself be seen but little by anyone save his friends while this so tearful state endured. Their compassion and fear of worse to come made his relatives attentive to his comfort. And when they saw that his tears had somewhat ceased, and knew that the burning sighs gave a little respite to his troubled bosom, they began again to solicit the broken-hearted one with consolations that had long been unheeded. And though up to that hour he had obstinately closed his ears to everyone, he now began not only to open them somewhat, but willingly to listen to that which was said for his comfort.

When his relatives perceived this, to the end that they might not only completely draw him from his sorrow but might also restore him to happiness, they took counsel together to give him a wife. They thought that as the lost lady had been the cause of sadness, so the newly acquired one might be the occasion of joy. And having found a young girl who was suited to his condition, they unfolded their purpose to Dante, employing those arguments that seemed to them most convincing. Not to touch particularly on each point, after a long and continued struggle, the natural result followed their reasoning with him, and he was married.

O blind intellects! O darkened understandings! O vain reasoning of mortal men! how frequently are results contrary to your opinions, and for the most part not without cause! What man under pretence of the excessive heat would lead one from the soft air of Italy to the burning sands of Libya in order that he might cool himself, or from the island of Cyprus to the eternal shades of the Rhodopean Mountains in order that he might be warmed? What physician would strive to expel an acute fever by means of fire, or a chill from the marrow of the bones with ice or snow? Surely none save he who thinks to assuage the sorrows of love by means of a

new bride. They who hope to do this do not know the nature of love, nor how it adds every other passion to its own. In vain is aid or counsel brought against its power, if once it has taken firm root in the heart of him who has long loved. Even as in the first stages every little resistance avails, so in its later growth the greater checks are frequently wont to work harm. But we must return to our subject, and concede for the moment that there may be things that in themselves can make one forget the troubles of love.

What, in truth, will he have done who, in order to free me from one trying thought, plunges me into a thousand more grievous still? Truly naught else, save that by adding to my ill he will make me wish to return to that from which he drew me. We see this happen to most of those who, in order to escape from or be relieved of troubles, blindly marry, or are married by others. They do not perceive that, though clear of one perplexity, they have entered into a thousand, until experience proves it to them when they are no longer able, though repentant, to turn back. His relatives and friends gave Dante a wife, that his tears for Beatrice might cease. I do not know that, as a result of this — although his tears passed away, or rather, perhaps, had already departed — the flame of love also passed away, and indeed I do not believe that such was the case. But, granting that it was extinguished, many fresh and more grievous trials might befall.

Accustomed to pursue his sacred studies far into the night, as often as was his pleasure he discoursed with kings, emperors, and other most exalted princes, disputed with philosophers, and delighted in the most agreeable of poets; and, through listening to the sufferings of others, he allayed his own. But now he is bound to withdraw from this illustrious company whenever his new lady wishes him to listen to the talk of such women as she chooses, with whom he must not only agree against his pleasure, but whom he must praise, if he would not add to his troubles. It had been his custom, whenever the vulgar crowd wearied him, to retire to some solitary spot, and there in speculation to discover what spirit moves the heavens, whence comes life to animals, what are the causes of things; to forecast strange inventions or compose something that should make him live after death among future generations. But now not only is he drawn from these sweet contemplations as often as it pleases his new lady, but he must consort with company ill fitted for such things. He who was free to laugh or weep, to sigh or sing, as sweet or bitter passions moved him, now does not dare, for he must needs give account to his lady, not only of greater things, but even of every little sigh, explaining what produced it, whence it came, and whither it went. For she takes his light-heartedness as evidence of love for another, and his sadness, of hatred for herself.

O the incalculable weariness of having to live and converse, and finally to grow old and die, with so suspicious a creature! I prefer to pass over the new and heavy cares which the unwonted must bear, especially in our

city; namely, the provision of clothes, ornaments, and roomfuls of needless trifles, which women make themselves believe are necessary to proper living; the provisions of menservants, maidservants, nurses, and chambermaids; the furnishing of banquets, gifts, and presents, which must be made to the bride's relatives, since husbands wish that their wives should think they love these persons. Moreover, there are many other things that free men never knew before. And I now come to things that cannot be evaded.

Who doubts that the judgment of the people concerns itself with one's wife, as to whether she be fair or no? And if she be reputed beautiful, who doubts that she straightway will have many admirers, who will importunately besiege her fickle mind, one with his good looks, another with his noble birth, this one with marvellous flattery, that one with presents, and still another with his pleasing ways? What is desired by many is hardly defended from everyone, and the purity of women need be overthrown but once to make themselves infamous and their husbands for ever miserable. And if, through the ill-luck of him who leads her home, she be not fair, inasmuch as we frequently see the most beautiful women soon become tiresome, what may we think with regard to these plain women, save that not only they themselves, but every place where they may be found, will be held in hatred by those who must always have them for their own? Hence arises their wrath. Nor is any brute more cruel than an angry woman, nay, nor so cruel. No man can feel safe who commits himself to one who thinks she has reason to be wroth. And they all think that.

What shall I say of their ways? If I were to show how and to how great an extent wives run counter to the peace and repose of men, I should stretch my discourse too far. It therefore suffices to speak of one thing alone, common to nearly all women. They reflect that good conduct on the part of the meanest servant retains him in the household, and that bad conduct leads to his dismissal. So they think that if they themselves do well, their fate is only that of a servant, and they feel that they are ladies only so long as, while doing ill, they yet escape the end which menials reach. But why should I describe in detail what most of us know? I deem it better to keep silent than to offend the lovely women by speaking. Who does not know that a purchaser, before he buys, makes trial of everything save of a wife, and that this exception occurs through fear that she may displease him before he leads her home? Whoso takes a wife must needs have her not such as he would choose, but such as fortune grants him.

And if these things are true, as he knows who has proved them, we may imagine how much unhappiness is hidden in rooms that are reputed places of delight by those whose eyes cannot pierce the walls. Assuredly I do not affirm that these things fell to the lot of Dante; for I do not know that they did. But, whether things like these or others were the cause, true it

is that when once he had parted from his wife, who had been given him as a consolation in his troubles, he never would go to her, nor let her come to him, albeit he was the father of several children by her. Let no one suppose that I would conclude from what has been said above that men should not marry. On the contrary, I decidedly commend it, but not for everyone. Philosophers should leave it to wealthy fools, to noblemen, and to peasants, while they themselves find delight in philosophy, a far better bride than any other.

It is the general nature of things temporal that one thing entails another. Domestic cares drew Dante to public ones, where the vain honours that are attached to state positions so bewildered him that, without noting whence he had come and whither he was bound, with free rein he almost completely surrendered himself to the management of these matters. And therein fortune was so favourable to him that no legation was heard or answered, no law established or repealed, no peace made nor public war undertaken, nor, in short, was any deliberation of weight entered upon, until Dante had first given his opinion relative thereto. On him all public faith, all hope, and, in a word, all things human and divine seemed to rest. But although Fortune, the subverter of our counsels and the foe of all human stability, kept him at the summit of her wheel for several years of glorious rule, she brought him to an end far different from his beginning, since he trusted her immoderately.

In Dante's time the citizens of Florence were perversely divided into two factions, and by the operations of astute and prudent leaders each party was very powerful, so that sometimes one ruled and sometimes the other, to the displeasure of its defeated rival. In his wish to unite the divided body of his republic, Dante brought all genius, all art, all study to bear, showing the wiser citizens how great things soon perish through discord, and how little things through harmony have infinite growth. Finding, however, that his auditors' minds were unyielding and that his labour was in vain, and believing it the judgment of God, he at first purposed to drop entirely all public affairs and live a private life. But afterwards he was drawn on by the sweetness of glory, by the empty favour of the populace, and by the persuasions of the chief citizens, coupled with his own belief that, should the occasion offer, he could accomplish much more good for his city if he were great in public affairs than he could in his private capacity completely removed therefrom.

O fond desire of human splendours, how much stronger is thy power than he who has not known thee can believe! This man, mature as he was, bred, nurtured, and trained in the sacred bosom of philosophy, before whose eyes was the downfall of kings ancient and modern, the desolation of kingdoms, provinces, and cities, and the furious onslaughts of fortune though he sought naught else than the highest, lacked either the knowledge or the power to defend himself from thy charms.

Dante decided, then, to pursue the fleeting honour and false glory of public office. Perceiving that he could not support by himself a third party, which, in itself just, should overthrow the injustice of the two others and reduce them to unity, he allied himself with that faction which seemed to him to possess most of justice and reason — working always for that which he recognized as salutary to his country and her citizens. But human counsels are commonly defeated by the powers of heaven. Hatred and enmities arose, though without just cause, and waxed greater day by day; so that many times the citizens rushed to arms, to their utmost confusion. They purposed to end the struggle by fire and sword, and were so blinded by wrath that they did not see that they themselves would perish miserably thereby.

After each of the factions had given many proofs of their strength to their mutual loss, the time came when the secret counsels of threatening Fortune were to be disclosed. Rumour, who reports both the true and the false, announced that the foes of Dante's faction were strengthened by wise and wonderful designs and by an immense multitude of armed men, and by this means so terrified the leaders of his party that she banished from their minds all consideration, all forethought, all reason, save how to flee in safety. Together with them Dante, instantly precipitated from the chief rule of his city, beheld himself not only brought low to the earth, but banished from his country. Not many days after this expulsion, when the populace had already rushed to the houses of the exiles, and had furiously pillaged and gutted them, the victors reorganized the city after their pleasure, condemning all the leaders of their adversaries to perpetual exile as capital enemies of the republic, and with them Dante, not as one of the lesser leaders, but as it were the chief one. Their real property was meanwhile confiscated or alienated to the victors.

This reward Dante gained for the tender love which he had borne his country! This reward Dante gained for his efforts to allay the civic discord! This reward Dante gained for having given all his care to the welfare, the peace, the tranquillity of his fellow citizens! It is manifest from this how void of truth are the favours of the people, and how little trust may be placed therein. He in whom, but a short time before, every public hope, all the affections of the citizens, every refuge of the people, seemed to be placed, suddenly, for no just cause, for no offence or crime, is furiously driven into irrevocable exile, and all by means of that very Fame who aforetime had frequently been heard to lift his praises to the stars. This was the marble statue raised to the eternal memory of his virtue! With these letters was his name inscribed on tables of gold among the fathers of his country! By such commendatory reports were thanks rendered him for his good deeds! Who, then, in view of these things, will say that our republic does not halt upon this foot?

O vain confidence of mortals, by how many lofty examples art thou

continually reproved, admonished, and chastised! Alas! if Camillus, Rutilius, Coriolanus, the two Scipios, and the other ancient worthies have passed from thy memory through lapse of time, let this recent instance make thee pursue thy pleasure with more temperate rein. Nothing in this world has less stability than popular favour. There is no hope more insane, no counsel more foolish than that which encourages one to trust therein. Let our minds, then, be lifted up to Heaven, in whose everlasting law, in whose eternal splendours, in whose true beauty, is clearly manifest the stability of Him who moves all things according to reason; and thus, leaving transitory things, we may, to avoid deception, fasten our every hope on Him, as on a fixed goal.

In such wise, then, Dante left that city whereof not only he was a citizen, but of which his ancestors had been the rebuilders. He left his wife there, together with his children, whose youthful age ill adapted them for flight. At ease concerning his wife, for he knew that she was related to one of the leaders of the opposing faction, but uncertain of his own course, he wandered now here, now there, throughout Tuscany. Under the title of her dowry, his wife with difficulty defended a small portion of his possessions from the fury of the citizens, and from the fruits therof obtained a meagre support for herself and her little children. Therefore Dante in poverty was forced to get his living by a kind of industry to which he was a stranger.

O what righteous indignation must he repress, more bitter than death for him to bear, while hope promised him that his exile would be short — and then the return! But, after leaving Verona, whither he had first fled and where he had been graciously received by Messer Alberto della Scala, he tarried year after year, contrary to his expectation, first with the Count Salvatico in the Casentino, then with the Marquis Moruello Malaspina in Lunigiana, and finally with the della Faggiuola in the mountains near Urbino, most suitably honoured in each case according to the times and the means of his host. Thence he later departed to Bologna, and from there, after a short stay, he went on to Padua, and then back again to Verona. But perceiving that the way of return was closed on every side, and that his hope was more vain from day to day, he abandoned not only Tuscany but all Italy, and, crossing the mountains that divide it from the province of Gaul, he made his way as best he could to Paris. There he gave his whole time to the study of philosophy and theology, though likewise regathering to himself such parts of the other sciences as had gone from him by reason of his adversities.

While he was thus spending his time in study, it came to pass, beyond his expectation, that Henry, Count of Luxemburg, at the desire and command of Clement V, who was pope at this time, was elected King of the Romans, and was afterwards crowned Emperor. When Dante heard that he had left Germany in order to subjugate Italy, which in parts was rebellious to his Majesty, and that he was already besieging Brescia with

a powerful force, believing, for many reasons, that the Emperor would be victor, he conceived the hope of returning to Florence by means of Henry's power and justice, although he knew that Florence was opposed to him. Wherefore, recrossing the Alps, he joined the many enemies of the Florentine party, and by embassies and letters strove to draw the Emperor from the siege of Brescia, in order that he might turn against Florence, who was the principal member of his enemies. He showed him that if she were overcome, he would have little or no trouble in securing free and unimpeded possession and dominion of all Italy.

But although Dante, and others of the same purpose, succeeded in drawing Henry thither, his coming did not have the expected result, for the resistance was far stronger than they had anticipated. And so, without having accomplished anything worthy of mention, the Emperor left, almost in despair, and directed his way toward Rome. And though in one part and another he achieved much, righted many things, and planned to do more, his too early death ruined the whole. As a consequence of his death everyone who had looked to him lost courage, and especially Dante. Without making further effort toward his return, he crossed the Apennines and entered Romagna, where his last day, which was to end all his troubles, awaited him.

At that time the Lord of Ravenna, that famous and ancient city of Romagna, was a noble knight by the name of Guido Novello da Polenta. Trained in liberal studies, he greatly honoured men of worth, and especially those who excelled in knowledge. When it came to his ears that Dante was then unexpectedly in Romagna and stood in great despair, he resolved to receive and honour him, for of his worth he had known by reputation long before. Nor did the lord wait for this to be asked of him, but reflecting what shame good men must feel in asking favours, he generously came to Dante with proffers, asking as a special favour that which he knew Dante in time must ask of him, namely, that Dante should find it his pleasure to reside with him.

Since, then, the two desires, that of the invited one and that of the host, concurred in the same end, and since the liberality of the noble knight was especially pleasing to Dante, and, on the other hand, since need pressed him, without waiting for further invitation he went to Ravenna. Here he was honourably received by the lord of the city, who revived his fallen hope by kindly encouragement, gave him an abundance of suitable things, and kept the poet with him for several years, even to the end of Dante's life.

Neither amorous desires, nor tears of grief, nor household cares, nor the tempting glory of public office, nor miserable exile, nor insufferable poverty, could ever by their power divert Dante from his main intent, that of sacred studies. For, as will be seen later when separate mention is made of his works, in the midst of whatever was most cruel of the aforementioned troubles, he will be found to have employed himself in composition. And

if in spite of the many and great obstacles recounted above, by force of genius and perseverance he became so illustrious as we see him to be, what may we think he would have become with as many allies as others have, or at least with no enemies or very few? Certainly I do not know, but, were it permitted, I should say he would have become a god on earth.

Since all hope, though not the desire, of ever returning to Florence was gone, Dante continued in Ravenna several years, under the protection of its gracious lord. And here he taught and trained many scholars in poetry, and especially in the vernacular, which he first, in my opinion, exalted and made esteemed among us Italians, even as Homer did his tongue among the Greeks, and Virgil his among the Latins. Although the vulgar tongue is supposed to have originated some time before him, none thought or dared to make the language an instrument of any artistic matter, save in the numbering of syllables, and in the consonance of its endings. They employed it, rather, in the light things of love. Dante showed in effect that every lofty subject could be treated of in this medium, and made our vulgar tongue above all others glorious.

But even as the appointed hour comes for every man, so Dante also, at or near the middle of his fifty-sixth year, fell ill. And having humbly and devoutly received the sacraments of the Church according to the Christian religion, and having reconciled himself to God in contrition for all that he, as a mortal, had committed against His pleasure, in the month of September in the year of Christ 1321, on the day whereon the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is celebrated by the Church, not without great sorrow on the part of the aforesaid Guido and in general of all the other citizens of Ravenna, he rendered to his Creator his weary spirit, the which, I doubt not, was received in the arms of his most noble Beatrice, with whom, in the sight of Him who is the highest Good, having left behind him the miseries of the present life, he now lives most blissfully in that life to whose felicity we believe there is no end.

The noble-minded knight had the body of Dante placed upon a bier and adorned with a poet's ornaments, and this he had borne on the shoulders of the most eminent citizens of Ravenna to the convent of the Minor Friars in that city, with the honour he thought due to such a person. And thereupon he caused the body, followed thus far by the lamentings of nearly the whole city, to be placed in a stone sarcophagus, in which it lies to this day. Returning to the house where Dante had resided, he made, according to the custom of Ravenna, a long and elaborate discourse, both as a tribute to the virtue and high learning of the deceased, and by way of consolation to the friends whom he left behind in bitter grief. Guido purposed, if his life and fortune should continue, to honour him with so magnificent a sepulchre that if no merit of his own should render himself memorable to posterity, this of itself would do so.

This praiseworthy proposal soon became known to certain most excellent

poets of Romagna who were living at that time. Thereupon, both to publish their own ability and to show their goodwill toward the dead poet, as well as to win the love and favour of the lord who was known to desire it, each one wrote verses which, placed for an epitaph upon the proposed tomb, by their fitting praises should testify to posterity who it was that lay therein. They sent these verses to the noble lord, but he, not long after, lost his station through great misfortune, and died at Bologna; and the erection of the tomb and the inscription of the proffered verses thereon were for this reason left undone.

These verses were shown to me some time afterwards, and finding that they had not been used, owing to the event already mentioned, and reflecting that this present composition, though not a tomb for Dante's body, is, nevertheless, as that would have been, a perpetual preserver of his memory, I have deemed it appropriate to insert the verses at this place. But inasmuch as only one of the many poems composed would have been engraven on the marble, I think it is necessary to subjoin but one here. Wherefore, having examined them all, I consider the most worthy in form and thought to be the fourteen lines written by Master Giovanni del Virgilio, at that time a great and famous poet of Bologna, and an intimate friend of Dante. These are the verses:

Theologus Dantes, nullius dogmatis expers,
Quod foveat claro philosophia sinu:
Gloria musarum, vulgo gratissimus auctor,
Hic jacet, et fama pulsat utrumque polum:
Qui loca defunctis gladiis regnumque gemellis
Distribuit, laicis rhetoricisque modis.
Pascua Pieriis demum resonabat avenis;
Atropos heu letum livida rupit opus.
Huic ingrata tulit tristem Florentia fructum,
Exilium, vati patria cruda suo.
Quem pia Guidonis gremio Ravenna Novelli
Gaudet honorati continuisse ducis,
Mille trecentenis ter septem Numinis annis,
Ad sua septembris idibus astra redit.

O ungrateful fatherland! What madness, what recklessness possessed thee, when with unwonted cruelty thou didst put to flight thy most precious citizen, thy chief benefactor, thy supreme poet? Or what has since possessed thee? If perchance thou excuse thyself, laying the blame of thy evil purpose on the general fury of the time, why, when thy wrath had ceased and thy peace of mind was restored, and when thou hadst repented of the deed, didst thou not recall him? Ah! be not loth to reason a little with me, thy son, and receive what righteous indignation makes me say, as from a man who desires that thou amend, and not that thou be punished.

Does it seem to thee that thou art glorious in so many and so great titles that thou shouldst have wished to banish from thee that one, the like of whom no neighbouring city can boast? Ah! tell me with what victories, what triumphs, with what virtues and worthy citizens art thou resplendent? Thy riches, a thing transient and uncertain; thy beauties, a thing fragile and failing; thy luxuries, a thing effeminate and reprehensible — these make thee famous in the false judgment of the people, who ever look more to appearances than to the truth. Alas! wilt thou glory in thy merchants and the artists in whom thou dost abound? Foolishly wilt thou do so. The former with constant avarice ply a servile trade, and art, which once was ennobled by men of genius, in that they made it their second nature, is now corrupted by this very avarice, and become of no account. Wilt thou glory then in the sloth and cowardice of those who, calling to mind their ancestors, would gain within thy walls high station in that nobility which they work against by robbery, treachery, and deceit? Worthless glory will be thine, and the scorn of those whose opinion has a fitting basis and firm stability.

Alas! wretched mother, open thine eyes and see with some remorse what thou hast done. Be ashamed, thou that art reputed wise, for the false choice thou hast made in thine errors. Ah! if thou didst not have such counsel in thyself, why didst thou not imitate the actions of those cities which are still famous for their praiseworthy deeds? Athens, one of the eyes of Greece, equally splendid in learning, eloquence, and military power, when on her rested the rule of the world; Argos, still glorious in the titles of her kings; Smyrna, for ever to be revered for the sake of Nicholas, her bishop; Pylos, renowned for her aged Nestor; Cyme, Chios, and Colophon, splendid cities of the past — none of these was ashamed nor did they hesitate in their most glorious days eagerly to discuss the birthplace of the poet Homer, each city affirming that he was drawn from her. So strong did each one make her claim that it is not certain whence he did come; and the dispute still continues, for all make equal boast of this great citizen. And Mantua, our neighbour, from what does she derive greater fame than from the fact that Virgil, whose name they still hold in great reverence, was a Mantuan? So acceptable to all is he that his image is seen not only in public but also in many private places, showing that, notwithstanding the fact that his father was a potter, he was the ennobler of them all. Sulmona glories in Ovid, Venosa in Horace, Aquino in Juvenal, and so with many others, each arguing her claim to her son.

It had been no shame for thee to have followed the example of these cities, for it is not likely that without cause they have been so fond and tender toward such citizens. They realized what thou likewise couldst have known and canst now, namely, that the ever-enduring influence of these men, even after the ruin of the cities themselves, would keep their names eternal; even as now, published throughout the world, they make

the cities known to those who have never seen them. Thou alone, blinded by I know not what infatuation, hast chosen a different course, and, as if full glorious in thyself, hast not cared for this splendour. Thou alone, as if the Camilli, the Publicoli, the Torquati, the Fabricii, the Fabii, the Catos, and the Scipios had been thine, and by their splendid deeds had made thee famous, not only hast suffered thine ancient citizen Claudian to fall from thy hands, but hast neglected thy present poet and hast driven him from thee, banished him, and wouldst have deprived him, had it been possible, of thy name. I cannot escape being ashamed in thy behalf.

But lo! not fortune, but the natural course of things, has been so favourable to thy vicious appetite that it has performed by its eternal law what thou in brutal eagerness wouldst willingly have done, if he had fallen into thy hands — slain him. Dead is thy Dante Alighieri in that exile to which thou, jealous of his worth, didst unjustly condemn him. O crime immemorable, that the mother should envy the virtue of any of her sons! Now at last art thou free from anxiety. Now by reason of his death thou livest secure in thy faults, and canst end thy long and unjust persecutions. He cannot, dead, do that to thee which, living, he never would have done. He lies beneath another sky than thine, nor mayst thou think ever to see him more, save on that day when thou shalt see all thy citizens examined and punished by a just judge.

If then hatred, anger, and enmities cease at the death of anyone, as is believed, begin to return to thyself and thy right mind. Begin to be ashamed of having acted contrary to thine ancient humanity. Begin to wish to appear a mother, and no longer a foe. Pay the debt of weeping to thy son. Proffer him thy maternal pity, and him whom thou didst cast out when he was alive, yea, didst banish as a suspect, desire at least to recover now that he is dead. Restore thy citizenship, thy bosom, thy favour to his memory. Verily, for all that thou wert ungrateful and arrogant toward him, yet ever like a son he held thee in reverence. Never did he wish to deprive thee of the honour that would come to thee through his works, as thou didst deprive him of thy citizenship. Notwithstanding his exile was a long one, he always called himself, and wished to be called, a Florentine. Ever he preferred thee above all others, ever he loved thee.

What, then, wilt thou do? Wilt thou always persist in thine iniquity? Shall there be in thee less of humanity than in barbarians, whom we find not only to have demanded the bodies of their dead, but to have been ready to die manfully in order to recover them? Thou desirest that the world consider thee the granddaughter of famous Troy, and the daugther of Rome. Surely children should resemble their fathers and grandfathers. Priam in his grief not only begged for the body of the dead Hector, but bought it back by the payment of much gold. And the Romans, as some believe, brought the bones of the first Scipio from Liternum, albeit for good reasons he had forbidden it at his death. Though Hector by his

prowess was long the defence of the Trojans, and Scipio was the liberator not only of Rome, but of all Italy, and though none can properly credit two like services to Dante, yet is he not to be held in less esteem. There was never yet a time when arms did not give way to learning.

If thou didst not at first, when it would have been most fitting, imitate the deeds and example of these wise cities, amend now and follow them. There was none of the seven that did not build a true or a false tomb for Homer. And who doubts that the Mantuans, who continue to honour the fields and the poor cottage at Piettola that belonged to Virgil, would have erected a splendid tomb for him, if Octavian Augustus, who transported his bones from Brindisi to Naples, had not ordered that the spot where he laid them should be their perpetual resting-place? Sulmona wept long merely because a spot in the island of Pontus held her Ovid. Parma, on the other hand, rejoiced in the possession of Cassius. Strive to be, therefore, the guardian of thy Dante. Beg for him. Perform this act of humanity even if thou have no desire to recover him. By this pretence partially rid thyself of the reproach previously incurred. Beg for him. I am certain that he will not be returned to thee, but thou, at the same moment, wilt have shown thyself to be full of pity, and in thine innate cruelty wilt rejoice in not recovering him.

But to what do I encourage thee? I can scarce believe that, if the dead have aught of feeling, the body of Dante would leave its resting-place in order to return to thee. He lies with company far more to be praised than that which thou couldst afford him. He sleeps in Ravenna, a city much more to be revered than thou; and, although her age somewhat disfigures her, she was far more flourishing in her youth than thou art now. She is, as it were, a general sepulchre of most sacred persons, and there is no spot in her where one can keep from treading on venerable ashes. Who, then, would desire to return to thee and lie among thine ashes, which may be thought to preserve the wrath and iniquity that was theirs in life, and, at ill accord, to stand apart like the flames of the two Thebans?

Albeit Ravenna in ancient days was almost completely bathed in the precious blood of many martyrs, and today keeps their bodies out of reverence, as well as the remains of many magnificent emperors and others illustrious for their ancient families and for virtuous deeds, she rejoices not a little in having been granted by God, in addition to her other gifts, the perpetual guardianship of such a treasure as the body of him whose works hold the whole world in admiration, and of whom thou hast not known how to make thyself worthy. But certainly the joy of possessing him is not so great as the envy she bears thee in that thou holdest the title of his birthplace. And she half scorns the fact that, while she will be remembered for his last days, thou wilt be named with her for his first. Wherefore do thou remain in thine iniquity, and let Ravenna, happy in thine honours, take glory among future generations.

Such as described above was the end of Dante's life, worn out by his various studies. And since I think I have adequately shown, according to my promise, his amorous flames, his domestic and public cares, his miserable exile, and his death, I deem it proper to proceed to speak of his bodily stature, of his external appearance, and in general of the most conspicuous customs observed by him in his life. I shall then immediately pass to his notable works, composed in a time rent by the fierce whirlwind which has been briefly described above.

Our poet was of moderate height, and, after reaching maturity, was accustomed to walk somewhat bowed, with a slow and gentle pace, clad always in such sober dress as befitted his ripe years. His face was long, his nose aquiline, and his eyes rather large than small. His jaws were large, and the lower lip protruded beyond the upper. His complexion was dark, his hair and beard thick, black, and curled, and his expression ever melancholy and thoughtful. And thus it chanced one day in Verona, when the fame of his works had spread everywhere, particularly that part of his *Commedia* entitled the *Inferno,* and when he was known by sight to many, both men and women, that, as he was passing before a doorway where sat a group of women, one of them softly said to the others, — but not so softly but that she was distinctly heard by Dante and such as accompanied him — " Do you see the man who goes down into hell and returns when he pleases, and brings back tidings of them that are below? " To which one of the others naïvely answered, " You must indeed say true. Do you not see how his beard is crisped, and his colour darkened, by the heat and smoke down there? " Hearing these words spoken behind him, and knowing that they came from the innocent belief of the women, he was pleased, and, smiling a little as if content that they should hold such an opinion, he passed on.

In both his domestic and his public demeanour he was admirably composed and orderly, and in all things courteous and civil beyond any other. In food and drink he was most temperate, both in partaking of them at the appointed hours and in not passing the limits of necessity. Nor did he show more epicurism in respect of one thing than another. He praised delicate viands, but ate chiefly of plain dishes, and censured beyond measure those who bestow a great part of their attention upon possessing choice things, and upon the extremely careful preparation of the same, affirming that such persons do not eat to live, but rather live to eat.

None was more vigilant than he in study and in whatever else he undertook, insomuch that his wife and family were annoyed thereby, until they grew accustomed to his ways, and after that they paid no heed thereto. He rarely spoke unless questioned, and then thoughtfully, and in a voice suited to the matter whereof he treated. When, however, there was cause he was eloquent and fluent in speech, and possessed of an excellent and ready delivery. In his youth he took the greatest delight in music and song,

and enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of all the best singers and musicians of his time. Led on by this delight he composed many poems, which he made them clothe in pleasing and masterly melody.

How devoted a vassal to love Dante was, has already been shown. It is the firm belief of all that this love inspired his genius to compose poetry in the vulgar tongue, first through imitation, afterwards through a desire for glory and for a more perfect manifestation of his feelings. By a careful training of himself in the vernacular, he not only surpassed all his contemporaries, but so elucidated and beautified the language that he made then, and has made since, and will make in the future, many persons eager to be expert therein. He delighted also in being alone and removed from people, to the end that his meditations might not be disturbed. If, moreover, any particularly pleasing contemplation came upon him when he was in company, it mattered not what it was that was asked of him, he would never answer the question until he had ended or abandoned his train of thought. This peculiarity often showed itself when he was at table, or in travel with companions, and elsewhere.

In his studies he was most assiduous, insomuch that while he was occupied therewith no news that he heard could divert him from them. Some trustworthy persons relate, anent this complete devotion of his to the thing that pleased him, that once, when he chanced to be at an apothecary's shop in Siena, there was brought him a little book, very famous among men of understanding, but which he had not yet seen, although it had been promised him. He did not have, as it happened, room to place it elsewhere, so, lying breast-downwards upon a bench in front of the apothecary's, he laid the book before him and began to read with great eagerness. Now a little later in this same neighbourhood, by reason of some general festival of the Sienese, there took place a grand tournament of young noblemen which created among the bystanders a great uproar — such noise as many instruments and applauding voices are wont to produce. And though many other things were done to attract attention, such as dancing by fair ladies and numerous games of youths, none saw Dante move from his position, or once lift his eyes from his book. Indeed, although he had taken his station there about the hour of three, it was after six before, having examined and summarized all the points of the book, he rose from his position. Yet he afterwards declared to some who asked him how he could keep from watching so fine a festival as had taken place before him, that he had heard nothing. Whereupon to the first wonder of the questioners was not unduly added a second.

Moreover this poet possessed marvellous capacity, a most retentive memory, and a keen intellect. Indeed, when he was at Paris, in a disputation *de quolibet* held there in the schools of theology, wherein fourteen different theses were being maintained by various able men on divers subjects, Dante without a break gathered all the theses together in their

sequence, with the arguments *pro* and *con* that were advanced by his opponents, and then, following the same order, recited them, subtly solved them, and refuted the counter-arguments — a feat that was reputed all but a miracle by them that stood by. He was possessed also of exalted genius and subtle invention, as his works, to those that understand them, reveal far more clearly than could any words of mine.

He had a consuming love for honour and fame, perchance a greater love than befitted his noble nature. But indeed what life is so humble as not to be touched by the sweetness of glory? It was due to this desire, I suppose, that he loved poetry beyond any other study. For he saw that, while philosophy surpasses all other studies in nobility, yet its excellence can be communicated to but few, and besides there are already many famous philosophers throughout the world; whereas poetry is more obvious and more delightful to everyone, and poets are exceeding rare. So he hoped through poetry to obtain the unusual and splendid honour of coronation with the laurel, and therefore dedicated himself to its study and composition.

And surely his desire had been fulfilled, if fortune had been so gracious as to permit him ever to return to Florence, where alone, at the font of San Giovanni, he was minded to be crowned, in order that there, where in baptism he had received his first name, now by coronation he might receive his second. But things so turned out that, albeit his gifts would have enabled him to receive the honour of the laurel wherever he pleased (the which rite does not increase knowledge, but is its ornament and true witness of its acquisition), yet since he ever waited for that return which never was to be, he was unwilling to receive the much-coveted honour anywhere else, and so at length died without achieving it.

But inasmuch as frequent question is made among readers as to what poetry is and what poets are, whence the word is derived and why poets are crowned with the laurel, and since few seem to have explained these matters, it pleases me to make a digression here, in which I may throw some light on the subject, returning as soon as I am able to my theme.

Our poet, in addition to what has been said above, was of a lofty and disdainful spirit. On one occasion a friend, moved by entreaties, laboured that Dante might return to Florence — which thing the poet desired above all else — but he found no way thereto with those who then held the government in their hands save that Dante should remain in prison for a certain time, and after that be presented as a subject for mercy at some public solemnity in our principal church, whereby he should be free and exempt from all sentences previously passed upon him. But this seemed to Dante a fitting procedure for abject, if not infamous, men and for no others. Therefore, notwithstanding his great desire, he chose to remain in exile rather than return home by such a road. O laudable and magnanimous scorn, how manfully hast thou acted in repressing the ardent

desire to return, when it was only possible by a way unworthy of a man nourished in the bosom of philosophy!

Dante in many similar ways set great store by himself, and, as his contemporaries report, did not deem himself worth less than in truth he was. This trait, among other times, appeared once notably, when he was with his party at the head of the government of the republic. The faction that was out of power had, through Pope Boniface VIII, summoned a brother or relative of Philip, King of France, whose name was Charles, to direct the affairs of the city. All the chiefs of the party to which Dante held were assembled in council to look to this matter, and there among other things they provided that an embassy should be sent to the Pope, who was then at Rome, in order to persuade him to oppose the coming of the said Charles, or to make him come with the consent of the ruling party. When they came to consider who should be the head of this embassy, all agreed on Dante. To their request he replied, after quietly meditating on it for awhile, " If I go, who stays? And if I stay, who goes? " as if he alone was of worth among them all, and as if the others were nothing worth except through him. These words were understood and remembered, but that which followed from them is not pertinent to the present subject, wherefore I leave it and pass on.

Furthermore, this excellent man was most undaunted in all his adversities. In one thing alone he was, I do not know whether I should say passionate, or merely impatient: to wit, that after he went into exile he devoted himself much more to party affairs than befitted his quality, and more than he was willing to have others believe. To the end that it may be clear for what party he was so vehement and determined, it seems to me that I ought to write something further.

I believe it was the just anger of God which permitted, a long time ago, that nearly all Tuscany and Lombardy should be divided into two parties. Whence they received these names I do not know, but one was called, and is still called, the Guelf party, and the other the Ghibelline. Of such power and reverence were these two names in the foolish minds of many, that, in order to defend his party against the other, it was not hard for a man to lose all his possessions, nay, and finally his life too, if there were need. Under these titles the Italian cities sustained most grievous oppression and vicissitudes, and among them our city, which was as it were the head, now of one party, and now of the other, according as the citizens changed. Dante's ancestors, for example, were twice, as Guelfs, exiled by the Ghibellines, and it was under the title of Guelf that he held the reins of the republic in Florence. It was not, however, by the Ghibellines, but by the Guelfs, that he was banished. And when he found that he could not return, his sympathies changed, so that none was a fiercer Ghibelline and more violent adversary of the Guelfs than he.

Now that for which I am most ashamed in the service of his memory

is that, according to the common report in Romagna, any feeble woman or child, in speaking of parties and condemning the Ghibellines, could move him to such rage that he would have been led to throw stones if the speaker had not become silent. This bitterness continued even to his death. I am ashamed to sully the reputation of so great a man by the mention of any fault in him, but my purpose to some extent requires it, for if I am silent about the things less worthy of praise, I shall destroy much faith in the laudable qualities already mentioned. I ask, therefore, the pardon of Dante, who perchance, while I am writing this, looks down at me with scornful eye from some high region of heaven.

Amid so great virtue, amid so much learning, as we have seen was the portion of this wondrous poet, licentiousness found a large place; and this not only in his youth, but also in his maturity. Although this vice is natural, common, and in a certain sense necessary, it not only cannot be commended, but cannot even be decently excused. But what mortal shall be the just judge to condemn it? Not I. O little strength! O bestial appetite of men! What influence cannot women have over us if they will, since without caring they have so much? They possess charm, beauty, natural desire, and many other qualities that continually work in their behalf in the hearts of men.

To show that this is true, let us pass over what Jupiter did for the sake of Europa, Hercules for Iole, and Paris for Helen, since these are matters of poetry, and many of little judgment would call them fables. But let the matter be illustrated by instances fitting for none to deny. Was there yet more than one woman in the world when our first father, breaking the commandment given him by the very mouth of God, yielded to her persuasions? In truth there was but one. And David, notwithstanding the fact that he had many wives, no sooner caught sight of Bathsheba than for her sake he forgot God, his own kingdom, himself, and his honour, becoming first an adulterer and then a homicide. What may we think he would have done, had she laid any commands upon him? And did not Solomon, to whose wisdom none ever attained save the Son of God, forsake Him who had made him wise, and kneel to adore Balaam in order to please a woman? What did Herod? What did many others, led by naught else save their pleasure? Among so many and so great ones, then, our poet may pass on, not excused, but accused with a brow much less drawn than if he were alone. Let this recital of his more notable customs suffice for the present.

This glorious poet composed many works during his lifetime, an orderly arrangement of which would, I think, be fitting, in order that his works may not be attributed to someone else, and that the works of another may not be ascribed to him.

In the first place, while his tears still flowed for the death of Beatrice, in his twenty-sixth year or thereabouts, he brought together in a little

volume, entitled *Vita Nuova,* certain marvellously beautiful pieces in rime, like sonnets and canzoni, which he had previously written at various times. Before each one he wrote in order the causes that had led him to compose it, and after each one he placed its divisions. Although in his maturer years he was greatly ashamed of this little book, nevertheless, if his age be considered, it is very beautiful and pleasing, especially to the common people.

Several years after this compilation, he looked down from the summit of the government over which he was placed, and saw on a large scale, as from such places may be seen, what is the life of men, what are the faults of the crowd, how few rise above the masses, and of how great honour these are worthy. He observed, too, those who hold close to the crowd, and how great should be their confusion. And while he was condemning the pursuits of such men, and much more commending his own, there came into his mind a lofty thought, in the execution of which he purposed at one time — that is, in the same work — to punish the vicious with the heaviest penalties, and honour the worthy with the highest rewards. And in showing his ability he hoped to gain for himself eternal glory. And since, as has been shown, he preferred poetry to every other study, he planned to create a poetic composition. Having long premeditated what was to be done, in his thirty-fifth year he began to put into effect what he had before deliberated upon, namely, to censure and reward the lives of men according to the diversity of their merits. And inasmuch as he saw that life was of three sorts — the vicious life, the life of departing from vice and advancing toward virtue, and the virtuous life — he admirably divided his work, which he entitled *Commedia,* into three books, in the first of which he censured the wicked and in the last rewarded the good. The three books he again divided into cantos, and the cantos into rhythms (*ritmi*), as may be plainly seen. He composed it in rime in the vernacular with such art, and in so wonderful and beautiful an order, that there has yet been none who could justly find any fault therewith.

How subtle a poet he was throughout this work can be seen by those to whom is given a faculty great enough to understand the poem. But as we see that great things cannot be comprehended in a short space of time, we must conclude that an undertaking so great, so lofty, and so elaborate, as was the poetic inclusion under rimed vernacular verse of all the actions of men and their deserts, could not be brought to its end in a little while. Especially would this be true of a man agitated by many and varied chances of fortune, all of them full of anguish and poisoned with bitterness, as was shown above to have been the lot of Dante. Therefore from the hour when, as stated above, he gave himself to this high work, even to the end of his life did his labour continue; yet he composed other works in the meantime, as will appear. Nor will it be beside the mark to touch in part on certain accidents that befell the beginning and the end of this work.

The first part of the poem, a wonderful invention, Dante entitled the *Inferno*. He wrote it not in the manner of a pagan, but as a most Christian poet; a thing which had never before been done under this title. And now when he was most intent on his glorious work and had completed the first seven cantos, occurred the grievous misfortune of his banishment, or flight, as it is proper to call it. As a result, he abandoned this work of his and all else, and wandered uncertain of himself for many years among divers friends and lords.

But even as we certainly must believe that Fortune can work nothing contrary to what God ordains, whereby she can divert the force of its destined end, though she can perhaps delay it, so it happened that someone found the seven cantos that Dante had composed. He made the discovery while searching for some needed document among the chests of Dante's things, which had been hastily removed into sacred places at the time when the ungrateful and lawless multitude, more eager for booty than for just revenge, tumultuously rushed to his house.

This person read the cantos with admiration, though he did not know what they were; and, impelled by his exceeding delight in them, he carefully withdrew them from the place where they lay, and brought them to one of our citizens, by name Dino di Messer Lambertuccio, a famous poet of that time, and a man of high intelligence. Upon reading them, Dino marvelled no less than he who had brought them, both because of their beautiful, polished, and ornate style, and because of the depth of meaning that he seemed to discover hidden under the beautiful covering of words.

By reason of these qualities, and of the place where the cantos were found, Dino and the other deemed them to be the work of Dante, as in truth they were. Troubled because the work was unfinished, and unable of themselves to imagine its issue, they determined to find out where Dante was and to send him what they had found, in order that he might, if possible, give the contemplated end to so fine a beginning.

They found, after some investigation, that he was with the Marquis Moruello. Accordingly they wrote of their desire, not to Dante, but to the Marquis, and forwarded the seven cantos. When the latter, who was a man of great understanding, read them, he greatly praised them to himself, and, showing them to Dante, asked him if he knew whose work they were. Dante, recognizing them at once, replied that they were his own. Whereupon the Marquis begged of him that it might be his pleasure not to leave so lofty a beginning without its fitting end. " I naturally supposed," said Dante, " that, in the general ruin of my things, these and many other books of mine were lost. Both from this belief and from the multitude of other troubles that came upon me by reason of my exile, I had utterly abandoned the high design laid hold of for this work. But since fortune unexpectedly has restored the work to me, and since it is agreeable to you, I will try to recall the original idea, and proceed according as grace shall

be given me." And so after a time and not without toil he resumed the interrupted subject, and wrote:

Io dico, seguitando, che assai prima, etc.,

where the coupling of the parts of the work may be clearly recognized upon close examination.

When Dante had thus recommenced the great work, he did not finish it, as many might think, without frequent interruption. Indeed many times, according as the seriousness of supervening events demanded, he put it aside, sometimes for months, again for years, unable to accomplish anything on it. Nor could he make such haste that death did not overtake him before he was able to publish all of it.

It was his custom, when he had finished six or eight cantos, more or less, to send them, from wherever he might be, before any other person saw them, to Messer Cane della Scala, whom he held in reverence beyond all other men. After he had seen them, Dante would make a copy of the cantos for whoever wished them. In such wise he had sent Messer Cane all save the last thirteen cantos — and these he had written — when he died without making any provision therefor. And although his children and disciples made frequent search for many months among his papers, to see if he had put an end to his work, in no way could they find the remaining cantos. All his friends were therefore distressed that God had not lent him to the world at least long enough for him to complete the little of his work that remained. And since they could not find the cantos, they abandoned further search in despair.

Dante's two sons, Jacopo and Piero, both of whom were poets, being persuaded thereto by their friends, resolved to complete their father's work, so far as in them lay, that it might not remain unfinished. But just at this time Jacopo, who was much more fervent in this matter than his brother, saw a remarkable vision, that not only put an end to his foolish presumption, but revealed to him where the thirteen cantos were that were missing.

An excellent man of Ravenna by the name of Piero Giardino, long time a disciple of Dante, related that eight months after the death of his master the aforesaid Jacopo came to him one night near the hour of dawn, and told him that in his sleep a little while before on the same night he had seen Dante, his father, draw near to him. He was clad in the whitest raiment, and his face shone with unwonted light. The son in his dream asked him if he were living, and heard him reply, " Yes, not in our life, but in the true." Again he seemed to question him, asking if he had finished his poem before passing to that true life, and, if he had completed it, where was the missing part which they had never been able to find. And again he seemed to hear in answer, " Yes, I finished it." And then it seemed to him that his father took him by the hand and led him to the room where he was wont to sleep when alive, and touching a spot there, said, " Here is that for which

thou hast so long sought." And with these words his sleep and his father left him.

Jacopo said that he could not postpone coming to Messer Piero to tell him what he had seen, in order that together they might go and search the place — which he kept exactly in his memory — and learn whether it was a true spirit or a false delusion that had revealed this to him. While there still remained a good part of the night they set out together, and, coming to the designated spot, they found a matting fastened to the wall. Gently lifting this, they discovered a little opening which neither of them had ever seen or known of before. Therein they found some writings, all mildewed by the dampness of the wall, and on the point of rotting had they remained there a little longer. Carefully cleaning them of the mould, they read them, and found that they were the long sought thirteen cantos. With great joy, therefore, they copied them, and sent them first, according to the custom of the author, to Messer Cane, and then attached them, as was fitting, to the incomplete work. In such wise the poem that had been many years in composition was finished.

Many persons, and among them wise ones, ask some such question as this. Inasmuch as Dante was a most distinguished man of learning, why did he choose to compose so great and notable a work, and one dealing with so lofty a subject as that of his *Commedia,* in the Florentine idiom, and why not rather in Latin verse, as preceding poets had done? To this question I reply that two principal reasons, among many, occur to me. The first is that he did it in order to be of the most general use to his fellow citizens and to other Italians. For he knew that if he wrote in Latin metre, as previous poets had done, he would have been useful only to the learned, while by writing in the vernacular he would accomplish something that had never been done before, without preventing his being understood by men of letters. While showing the beauty of our idiom and his own excellent art therein, he gave both delight and understanding of himself to the unlearned, who formerly had been neglected by everyone.

The second reason that moved him to employ the vernacular was this. When he saw what liberal studies had been forsaken by all, and especially by princes and other great men to whom poetic works are commonly dedicated, and that, as a result, the divine works of Virgil and of other lofty poets not only were come to be held in light regard, but were almost despised by the majority, he actually began, as his lofty subject demanded, in this manner:

Ultima regna canam, fluido contermina mundo,
Spiritibus que lata patent, que premia solvunt
Pro meritis cuicumque suis, etc.

There, however, he let it stand, for he believed that in vain would crusts of bread be put in the mouths of those who were still sucking milk. He

therefore began his work anew in a style suited to modern feelings, and continued it in the vulgar tongue.

This book of the *Commedia,* as someone tells us, he dedicated to three illustrious Italians, according to its threefold division, to each one his part, as follows. The first part, the *Inferno,* he dedicated to Uguccione della Faggiuola, then greatly celebrated in Tuscany as the Lord of Pisa. The second part, the *Purgatorio,* he dedicated to the Marquis Moruello Malaspina; and the third, the *Paradiso,* to Frederick III, King of Sicily. There are some who maintain that he dedicated the whole to Messer Cane della Scala. As to which of these two statements is correct, we have no evidence save the gratuitous opinions of different persons; nor is it so important a matter as to need serious investigation.

At the coming of the Emperor Henry VII, this illustrious author wrote another book, in Latin prose, called the *De Monarchia.* This he divided into three books, in accordance with three questions which he settled therein. In the first book he proves by argument of logic that the Empire is necessary for the well-being of the world. This is his first point. In the second book, proceeding by arguments drawn from history, he shows that Rome rightly holds the title of the Empire. This is his second point. In the third book by theological arguments he proves that the authority of the Empire proceeds directly from God, and not through the mediation of any vicar, as the clergy appear to maintain. This is his third point.

This book, several years after the death of its author, was condemned by Cardinal Beltrando of Poggetto, Papal Legate in the parts of Lombardy, during the pontificate of John XXII. The reason of the condemnation was this. Louis, Duke of Bavaria, had been chosen King of the Romans by the Electors of Germany, and came to Rome for his coronation, against the pleasure of the aforenamed Pope John. And, while there, against ecclesiastical ordinances he created pope a Minor Friar called Brother Piero della Corvara, besides many cardinals and bishops; and had himself crowned there by this new pontiff.

Now inasmuch as his authority was questioned in many cases, he and his followers, having found this book by Dante, began to make use of its arguments to defend themselves and their authority; whereby the book, which was scarcely known up to this time, became very famous. Afterwards, however, when Louis had returned to Germany, and his followers, especially the clergy, began to decline and disperse, the aforesaid Cardinal, since there was none to oppose him therein, seized the book and condemned it in public to the flames, charging that it contained heretical matters.

In like manner he attempted to burn the bones of the author, and would have done so, to the eternal infamy and confusion of his own memory, had he not been opposed by a good and noble Florentine knight, by name Pino della Tosa. This man and Messer Ostagio da Polenta were great

in the sight of the Cardinal, and happened to be in Bologna where this matter was being mooted.

Besides the foregoing, Dante composed two very beautiful eclogues, which he dedicated and sent, in reply to certain verses, to Master Giovanni del Virgilio, of whom mention has already been made. He composed also a comment in prose in the Florentine vulgar tongue on three of his elaborated canzoni. Although he seems to have had the intention, when he began, of commenting on them all, nevertheless, owing either to change of plan or to lack of time, we find no more than these three treated of by him. This comment he entitled the *Convivio,* a very beautiful and admirable little work.

Later, when already near his death, he wrote a little book in Latin prose which he entitled *De Vulgari Eloquentia,* wherein he purposed to give instruction in the writing of rime to whoever wished to undertake it. Though he seems to have had in mind to compose four parts to this little work, either he was overtaken by death before he finished it, or the other parts have been lost, since only two remain. This excellent poet also wrote many letters in Latin prose, whereof several are still extant. Moreover he composed many elaborated canzoni, sonnets, and *ballate,* both on love and on morals, in addition to those that appear in the *Vita Nuova,* but of these I do not care at present to make especial mention.

In such matters, then, as are told of above, this illustrious man consumed what time he could steal from amorous sighs, piteous tears, private and public cares, and from the various fluctuations of hostile fortune — works much more acceptable to God and man than the deceits, frauds, falsehoods, robberies, and treacheries which the majority of men practise today, seeking as they do by different ways one and the same goal, namely to become rich, as if on that rested all good, all honour, all felicity.

O foolish minds! A brief portion of an hour, when the spirit is separated from the perishable body, will reduce all these shameful toils to naught. And time, wherein all things are consumed, will either straightway efface all memory of the rich man, or will preserve it for a certain period to his great shame. This certainly will not befall our poet, but rather, even as instruments of war become brighter through use, so it will be with his name; the more it is furbished by time, the more brilliant it will ever be. Therefore let him labour in his vanities who will, and let that suffice him, without desiring to blame the virtuous action of another with censure that he himself does not understand.

It has been briefly shown — besides certain other matters by way of digression — what were the origin, studies, the life, habits, and works of that glorious man and illustrious poet, Dante Alighieri, so far as it has been granted me by Him who is the giver of every grace. I know well that it could have been told by many others much better and more discreetly, but of him who does what he can no more is required. That I have written

as best I could, does not take away the power of speech from another who thinks he can write better than I have done. Indeed, if I have erred in any part, I shall give material to another for writing in order that he may tell the truth of our Dante; for I have found no one who has written of him down to this time. But my labour is not yet at an end. A small matter which I promised in the course of this little work, remains for me to declare — namely, the dream that the poet's mother had when she was pregnant with him. Of this I intend to speak as briefly as I may, and bring my discourse to an end.

This gentle lady in her pregnancy dreamed that she lay at the foot of a lofty laurel tree, beside a clear spring, and that she there brought forth a little son. He, as I have before narrated, while partaking of the berries that fell from the laurel and of the waters of the spring, suddenly became a great shepherd, and showed himself passing fond of the leaves of the tree. While he was endeavouring to obtain them he seemed to fall, and suddenly she seemed to see a most beautiful peacock in his stead. Stirred by this marvel, the gentle lady broke her sweet slumber, and saw him no more.

The Divine Goodness, today and from eternity, foresees every future event, when nature, its general minister, is about to produce some strange effect among mortals. Moved by its own goodness, it is wont to make us aware thereof through some demonstration, either by sign or by dream, or in some other manner, to the end that we may be convinced by this foreshadowing that all knowledge rests in the Lord of nature, the all-producer.

Such prefiguration, if we observe closely, was made for the coming into the world of that poet of whom so much has been said above. And by whom could He have made it seen or observed with such affection as by her who was to be, indeed was already, the mother of the thing revealed? Certainly to her only was it shown. And what God revealed to her is already manifest to us through the above account, but what He intended thereby must be scrutinized with a keener vision. It seemed to the lady that she gave birth to a son, and this in truth came to pass a little after the vision was seen, but what the lofty laurel signifies, beneath which she bore him, is now to be examined.

It is the opinion of astrologers and of many natural philosophers that by the virtue and influence of the superior bodies the inferior are produced, nourished, and, if a most powerful cause illumined by divine grace does not resist, are guided. Wherefore, observing what superior body is most powerful in the degree which mounts above the horizon at the hour when anyone is born, they say that that person is completely controlled by this more potent body, that is, in accordance with its qualities. It seems to me therefore that by the laurel, beneath which it appeared to the lady that she gave our Dante to the world, the disposition of heaven is shown, for this at his nativity foretold magnanimity and poetic eloquence. Both these qualities

are signified by the laurel, the tree of Phoebus, with whose leaves poets are wont to be crowned, as has already been clearly shown above.

The berries whereof the child took nourishment I understand to be the issues proceeding from such a disposition of heaven. These issues are the books of poetry and their teachings whereon our Dante was most deeply nourished, that is to say, instructed. The clear spring, of whose waters he seemed to drink, signifies naught else, I think, save the richness of the teachings of moral and natural philosophy. Even as a spring proceeds from abundance hidden in the bowels of the earth, so these teachings take essence and cause from a wealth of demonstrative reasonings, which we may call earthly abundance. And even as food cannot be well digested without drink, so no knowledge can be well adapted to the intellect unless it be ordered and disposed by philosophic demonstration. Wherefore we may definitely conclude that by the clear water, that is by philosophy, he digested in his stomach, in other words in his intellect, the berries whereon he fed, namely poetry, which, as has already been said, he studied with all industry.

His sudden transformation into a shepherd illustrates the excellence of his genius, for he straightway became a man of such power that in a short time he comprehended through study that which was needed to become a shepherd, that is, a giver of pasturage to other minds that have need thereof. Now, as everyone may easily understand, there are two kinds of shepherds: the one, shepherds of the body; the other, shepherds of the soul. Those of the body are of two sorts. First there are those who are commonly called shepherds, namely, the keepers of sheep, oxen, and of other animals. The second class is made up of fathers of families, by whose care the flocks of children, servants, and of others subject to them, must be fed, guarded, and governed.

Likewise the shepherds of the soul may be divided into two classes: those who feed the souls of the living with the word of God, such as prelates, priests, and preachers, to whose custody are committed the frail souls of those who are subject to the government ordained for each one; and secondly, those of an excellent learning who, either by reading what men in the past have written, or by writing what seems to them to have been omitted or not very clearly explained, inform the minds and souls of hearers and readers. This latter class are generally called doctors, in whatever faculty it may be. This kind of shepherd our poet immediately, or in a short time, became.

To verify this let us pass over his other works, and observe his *Commedia,* which by the beauty and agreeableness of its text feeds not only men, but women and children as well, while by the admirable sweetness of the profound meaning therein concealed it refreshes and nourishes great intellects, after it has for awhile held them in suspense. His endeavour to acquire the leaves of the tree whose fruit had fed him signifies naught else save

his ardent desire for the laurel crown, which was touched on above, for the one cause of this desire is that the leaves may bear witness to the fruit. His mother says that while he was most ardently longing for the leaves she saw him fall, this falling being none other than that which all of us make without rising, namely, the act of dying. This, if we well recall what was said above, we shall find to have occurred while he was most desirous of his laureation.

Continuing, his mother says that she saw him suddenly change from a shepherd into a peacock. By this transformation we may easily understand his posthumous fame, which, though it rests upon his other works, lives especially through his *Commedia*. This book, according to my judgment, is in perfect conformity with the peacock, if the properties of each are observed. The peacock, it appears, has four notable characteristics. The first is his angelic plumage, whereon are a hundred eyes. The second is his foul feet and noiseless step. The third is his voice, horrible to hear. The fourth and last is his fragrant and incorruptible flesh. The *Commedia* of our poet also fully possesses these four attributes. But inasmuch as the given order cannot fittingly be followed, I will proceed to adapt now one, now another, as they come most to my purpose, beginning with the last.

I say that the sense of our *Commedia* is like the flesh of the peacock, for, whether you call its sense moral or theological, it is, in whatever part of the book most pleases you, simple and immutable truth, and as such not only cannot receive corruption, but, the more it is examined, the greater odour of its incorruptible sweetness does it bring to those who perceive it. Of this many examples might easily be given, if the present subject permitted. I shall not advance any, but leave the search thereof to men of understanding.

Angelic plumage covers his flesh. I say angelic, not because I know that angels have such plumage; but, hearing that angels fly, I reason as a mortal that they must have feathers. And since I do not know of any plumage so rare and beautiful as the plumage of the peacock, I imagine their plumage to resemble his. Now I do not name the plumage of the angels from that of the peacock, but the peacock's plumage from that of the angels, for the angel is a nobler bird than the peacock. By the feathers wherewith his body is covered I understand the beauty of the rare narrative, seen in the letter and on the surface of the *Commedia*. Witness the descent into Hell; the sight of the place; its character and the various conditions of its inhabitants; the ascent of the Mountain of Purgatory, together with the tears and laments of those who aspire to be holy; and finally the ascent into Paradise and the vision of the ineffable glory of the blessed — a story so beautiful and rare that no man ever imagined or heard one more so. It is divided into a hundred cantos, even as the peacock is said to have a hundred eyes on its tail. These cantos distinguish the fitting varieties of the work, even as the eyes distinguish the colours and diversity of the things

presented to them. It is clear, therefore, that the flesh of our peacock is covered with angelic plumage.

Similarly the feet of the peacock are foul, and his step soft, which things perfectly correspond with the *Commedia* of our author. For even as it is clear that the whole body is sustained by the feet, so *prima facie* it appears that every written work is sustained by its manner of expression. And the vulgar tongue, by which and on which every joint of this poem is upheld, is foul in comparison with the lofty, masterful style used by every other poet, although it is more beautiful than other styles, and is conformable to our present way of thinking. The soft tread of the peacock signifies the humility of the style. This is demanded in comedies, as is known to those who understand what comedy means.

Finally, I note that the voice of the peacock is horrible, and this, although at first blush there seems great sweetness in the words of our poet, is perfectly in accord therewith, if we will closely observe the inner marrow. Who cries out more horribly than he, when in the bitterest fiction he censures the faults of many who are living, and chastises those of the dead? What voice is more terrible than that of the chastiser to him who is inclined to sin? Certainly none. By his demonstrations he in the same breath terrifies the good and casts down the wicked. Therefore, as far as this point concerns us, he truly may be said to have a horrible voice. For this reason and for the others touched on above, it is sufficiently clear why he, who, when alive, was a shepherd, after his death became a peacock; even as we may believe it to have been revealed by divine inspiration to his dear mother in her sleep.

I know that I have made this explanation of the dream of our poet's mother very superficially; and this for many reasons. In the first place, because I may not possess the ability required for such a task. Secondly, assuming that I had the ability, my main theme would not permit it. And finally, even if I had the ability, and the subject had suffered it, I should have done well not to say more than has been said, in order that something should be left for him who has greater ability than I, and greater desire. So now that I have spoken as much as is sufficient and proper for me, let whatever is lacking be left to the care of him who follows.

My little bark is come to the port whither it directed its prow on leaving the opposite shore. Although its voyage has been short, and the sea it has ploughed tranquil and not deep, none the less, since it has come without hindrance, thanks are due to Him who has lent a fair wind to its sails, to whom with all the humility. all the devotion, all the affection that I can command, I render not such thanks as are fitting, but such as I can give, blessing his name and his might for ever and ever.

JEANNE D'ARC

1411–1431

By C. A. Sainte-Beuve[1] (1804–1869)

From whatever point of view she be regarded, and however our enthusiasm be restrained, is there a more touching figure, one more worthy of pity and admiration, than Jeanne d'Arc? France, at the moment when she appeared, was at the lowest possible ebb. During fourteen years of a warfare which had opened with the disaster of Agincourt, nothing had occurred which could restore the morale of a country afflicted by foreign invasion. The English King was occupying Paris; the French Dauphin found it difficult to maintain himself upon the Loire. One of those who accompanied him among his secretaries, one indeed of the most esteemed writers of the day, Alain Chartier, has emphatically set forth the distressing state of affairs when, for a well-disposed scholar, there remained not a single peaceful refuge in all the land save behind the walls of a few cities; for then "one could not hear the open country spoken of without terror," a country that seemed to have become a sea over which reigned no other right than force, and in which "each possessed authority only as he had the strength to maintain it." It was then that in a village of the valley of the Meuse, on the confines of Lorraine, a valley which had also just been invaded by troops and had shared in the common affliction, a young girl, born of honest farmers, simple and well conducted, thought that she heard a voice. She was then (in 1425) some thirteen years of age. This voice came to her first on a summer's day at noon, while she was in her father's garden. She had fasted that morning and all the day before. Thereafter the voice continued to be heard by her several times a week, with some regularity, and at certain hours, giving her counsel. By such counsel she was advised to behave well, to attend church, and to visit neighbouring France. On each occasion this last command grew more insistent and imperious, and the poor child could scarcely remain where she was.

These mysterious and solitary communications, these inner conflicts, continued for two or three years, each report of public misfortune redoubling her anguish. The voice never ceased repeating to the maid that she should, at all costs, go to France; it grew especially insistent from the

[1] Especially translated for this collection by Frank W. Chandler, from the *Causeries du Lundi*. It first appeared in a Paris newspaper in 1851.

A few introductory passages are omitted.

moment when the English had laid siege to Orleans, that siege the issue of which was then holding all hearts in suspense. The voice bade her go raise the siege as soon as possible. And when the child replied that she was only a poor girl ignorant of horsemanship or of warfare, the voice replied that she should reck nothing for that but should proceed forthwith.

This adventurous idea, tempting Jeanne to go fight in France, had become known, in spite of her, and greatly displeased her father, an honest fellow of well-ordered life, who said that rather than be witness to such a thing, he would prefer to see his daughter drowned, or to drown her with his own hands. The voice enabled Jeanne to elude this opposition, and, under pretext of going to visit an uncle in the neighbourhood, she left her native village, and then induced her uncle to conduct her to Captain Robert de Baudricourt who was in command at Vaucouleurs. Robert at first received her cavalierly and jested at her, saying that her uncle should return her to her father and box her ears. But, moved by her insistence, and the precision and vigour of her notions and her speech, and seeing her determined to set forth in spite of everything, he finally yielded. Jeanne, in the meantime, had been conducted before the Duke of Lorraine who had given her money. The people of Vaucouleurs themselves, being interested in her, raised funds to provide her with an outfit. The uncle and another townsman bought her a horse for which Robert de Baudricourt offered to reimburse them. And then he, not without some soldierly quips, set her upon her horse in male attire, and gave her a safe conduct to proceed to the Dauphin. " Go," said he, beholding her depart, " and happen what will! "

Jeanne rode forth and after eleven days of travel without accident, reached the presence of the Dauphin, who was then, in March, 1429, at Chinon. It is here, at the age of seventeen, that her public life commences. After being recognized and accepted by Charles, she resolutely assumes the rôle dictated by her faith in God, and by that voice which she never ceases to hear. She advises what is to be done, commanding all. At the end of April, she is beneath the walls of Orleans; she enters there, and after a series of actions which are at least remarkable in view of the strategy of the period, she causes the siege to be raised. She was evidently endowed with the instinctive ability to size up at a glance a military situation. The following months are filled with her successes and exploits: at Jargeau, at Beaugency, at the Battle of Patay where Talbot is made prisoner, at Troyes which she forces to surrender to the King, at Rheims where she causes him to be crowned, these are for her four months replete with glory. Wounded before Paris on September 8, she sees fortune fail her for the first time, and the advice of her voices at fault, or at least their counsel paralysed and negated by the stubborn hesitation and evil will of men. From that moment she experiences only flashes of success; her star declines, but not her devotion or her courage. After a series of setbacks and

various vain attempts, she is taken in a sortie before Compiègne, on May 23, 1430, a little less than thirteen months after her glorious appearance before Orleans. Cast into prison, handed over by the Burgundians to the English, and by them to the ecclesiastical court and the Inquisition, her trial begins at Rouen in January, 1431, and concludes with the atrocious scene of her execution, when she is burned alive on May 13 of the same year as one relapsed, convicted of schism, heresy, idolatry, and of commerce with the devil. She was then just short of twenty.

Now are you not immediately struck by the swiftness of this career, by the fact that Jeanne's life was only a flash of lightning, as is usually the case with these marvellous and brilliant children of destiny?

After experiencing the first sentiment of interest and admiration with regard to this young, simple, and generous victim, one feels the need, in order the better even to admire her, of explaining her more completely, of weighing her sincerity and the impulses that made her act, and the faith to which she clung. And one's thought goes even farther to the point of inquiring what there can have been of reality at the basis of her inspiration itself. In a word, one is forced to ask willy nilly this question: Can Jeanne d'Arc be explained as a natural personage, heroic, sublime, who thought herself inspired, without being so other than by human sentiments? Or is it necessary to give up altogether the attempt to explain her, at least admitting as she did herself, in her case supernatural intervention?

Monsieur Quicherat's volume, entitled *The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc,* provides most of the elements for treating henceforth this delicate matter. Unfortunately, one essential piece, which, if it existed, would be the principal document for judging aright the setting forth of Jeanne d'Arc and her first intentions, this piece is missing and has never been found. When Jeanne first reached Charles VII, that prince caused her to be questioned and examined at Poitiers in order to be well assured of her truth and candour. It is this first naïve deposition of Jeanne made on the day of her arrival at court which would be of inestimable value; for, although later she was forced to answer the same questions before the judges who condemned her, she no longer replied with the same naïveté nor with the same enthusiasm which she must have shown in making her first deposition. In spite of this irreparable loss, we have from her lips a series of answers which reveal her real state of mind since childhood. Without permitting myself to raise here a question which is altogether physiological and scientific, I would simply say that the mere fact of having heard voices and hearing them habitually, of supposing that thoughts from within were external or superior suggestions, is a phenomenon later recognized by science, one assuredly rare and exceptional but by no means miraculous, one which certainly does not imply madness in the subject: one which, properly speaking, constitutes only *hallucination.*

" In combining the proofs furnished by documents, the idea that I gain

of the young girl of Domremy," says M. Quicherat, judiciously, " is that of a serious and religious child, endowed in the highest degree with an intelligence to be found only among superior folk of a primitive society. Almost always alone at church or in the fields, she was absorbed in deep thought, communicating with the saints whose images she contemplated, and with the heaven where she was often seen to fix her eyes." The hut of her father stood close to the church. At a short distance in ascending one could reach the Fountain of the Gooseberries, under a venerable beech tree called the Fair May, or the Tree of the Ladies or Fairies. These Fairies, to whom the judges of Jeanne d'Arc attached such importance in convicting her of commerce with evil spirits, and whose names she scarcely knew, expressed however the idea of mystery and religion which reigned in this place, the atmosphere of respect and vague fear that one breathed there. Farther along was the *Bois Chesnu,* the wood of oak, from which, according to tradition, would some day come a woman destined to save the kingdom lost by a woman (by Isabeau of Bavaria). Jeanne knew this tradition of the Druid forest and repeated it quietly, applying it to herself. On certain fête days the young girls of the village would go to the Tree of Ladies to carry wreaths and cakes and to dance there. Jeanne would go with them but would not dance and would often sit alone, brooding over her secret thoughts. But from the day when the enemy brought murder and rapine into the valley her inspiration became clearer and closer to realization. Her fixed idea was projected outside her like an ardent prayer and returned to her as an echo: it was the *voice* henceforth which spoke to her like that of a superior being, a being distinct from herself, which, in her simplicity and modesty, she adored. What is touching and truly sublime is that the first inspiration of this humble child, the source of her honest illusion, was the immense pity that she felt for the land of France and for the persecuted Dauphin, its symbol. Bred upon the ideas of the time, she little by little grew accustomed to hear her voices and to distinguish them as those of the angels of God and of the saints best known and dearest to her. These familiar angels were Michael and Gabriel; and the saints of good counsel were Catherine and Marguerite. Asked, during her trial, as to the doctrine taught her by Saint Michael, her principal patron and guide, she answered that the angel, to arouse her, described to her " the calamities and sufferings of the kingdom of France."

Pity was the inspiration of Jeanne, not the pity of a woman who weeps and groans, but the magnanimous pity of a heroine who feels called to a mission and takes the sword to succor others.

There are, it seems to me, two Jeannes that have been often confused, the first of whom it is perhaps difficult today to restore: yet the work of M. Quicherat sets us on the way to do this. The first Jeanne is not at all that of tradition and legend (a legend which in her case began very early); the first Jeanne is not so sweet nor so formal as the second, but she is more

energetic and true. When, some twenty or twenty-five years after the condemnation of the heroine, her tardy recognition by Charles VII started and brought to an end the process of her rehabilitation, inquiry was made, old witnesses were interrogated, of whom a large number were still living. But, shall I say it? Well, I venture to do so only after M. Quicherat who has examined closely all these matters: these surviving witnesses were already themselves under the influence of the universal legend. And they did not perhaps succeed in freeing themselves wholly from it in their depositions. They seemed for the most part preoccupied, not only with clearing the memory of Jeanne, but with embellishing it, representing her wholly by what was beautiful (that was simple), but also by what was tender, to make of her the wisest, most exemplary, most sedate, of children; and it is to be believed that they suppressed many oddities of character. Thus a wide difference exists between this little Jeanne, somewhat sweetened and softened, and the Jeanne who jested at Vaucouleurs with Captain Robert de Baudricourt, and who remarked rather roguishly regarding marriage: "Yes, when I have accomplished all that God by revelation commands me to do, then I shall have three sons, of whom the first will be pope, the second emperor, and the third king." It was only a military pleasantry in response to some joke of the captain, and no doubt she merely returned him the change for his money, as we say. He retorted like a true soldier: "I would wish then that one of those children might be mine (ergo ego vellem tibi facere unum), since they are to be personages of such mark and I would like to improve my future condition." To this she answered with raillery: "Gentle Robert, nay, nay; there isn't time: the Holy Spirit will provide for that." I would question the whole conversation but for the last reply which is too witty for Baudricourt who tells of it, and who would seem not to have invented it.

When this child of sixteen left her village determined to make her conquest of France, she possessed a vigour and bravery as much of words as of deeds which she had already somewhat lost and forgotten in the long months of her imprisonment at Rouen. Gaiety and confidence shone forth in each of her words. She bore in hand, according to the custom of the time, when she was not holding a standard or a sword, a staff, and this staff served her for several purposes and also to swear by: "By my *martin,*" she said of the bourgeois of Orleans, "I will make them carry provisions." This *martin* which was always on her lips was her *martin-bâton,* or staff, her habitual oath. When she heard the brave Chevalier La Hire swear in the name of the Lord, she reproved him and bade him do like her and swear by his staff.

At the siege of Orleans, being in the city, and informed by Dunois that an English corps commanded by Falstoff was approaching to succour the besiegers, she expressed delight, and, fearing that she might not be summoned in time to go to the encounter, she said to Dunois: "Bastard, bas-

tard, in the name of God " (she may have said: " By my *martin*," but the witness who attested the fact judged the word too ignoble) " I command that as soon as you know of the coming of the said Falstoff, you let me know; for if he passes without my knowing it, I will cut off your head." Even though that threat were but pleasantry, it indicates at least the tone of Jeanne, that of the true and primitive Jeanne.

It has been said that she was afraid of blood. Questioned before the judges as to which she preferred to carry, the standard or the sword, she replied that she liked the standard forty times better; she added that she bore that standard when she flung herself into the midst of the enemy, in order to avoid killing any one, and that indeed she had never slain a man. This testimony is precise; and it is in accord with legend, poetry, and the little statue full of grace which a young princess has left of Jeanne d'Arc reining in her horse at the sight of a corpse. Jeanne was no Judith. Let us not, however, imagine too sweet and complacent a virgin. There is an admirable saying of hers. She declared that she had never seen French blood without the hair standing on end on her head. But it must be recognized that she esteemed the blood of Burgundians and the English rather less. As a child she knew in her neighbourhood but one Burgundian, and she would not have minded, she said, if he had had his head cut off, if at the same time God would have agreed. In the siege of Orleans she was seen, says her steward d'Aulon, laying on sharp and bold against the enemy. Attacking at first the bastille of Saint-Loup, where were about three hundred English (some say five hundred and fifty), she planted her standard at the edge of the moat. Those of the place wished to surrender to her, but she refused to accept them on terms of ransom, and cried out that she would take them in spite of themselves. Then she commanded the assault, and almost all were put to death. Speaking of a certain sword which was taken from a Burgundian she said that she used it because it was a good war sword, fit for giving good buffets and swipes. This fact shows that if she did not, as we say, thrust with the point and strike with the edge, if she employed the point as little as possible, she loved to strike with the flat of the blade, as she gladly did also with her staff. I do not say this to diminish in the least the beauty of her figure, but to avoid being untrue to what was vigorous and frank in her character at first.

A young lord (Gui de Laval), who saw her in the moment of her glory, and who wrote a letter to his mother and his grandmother, has drawn a full-length portrait of her from life: " I saw her mount her horse," he said, " armed all in white, except her head, a little battle-axe in hand, on a great black courser, which at the door of her lodging pranced boldly and would not at first suffer her to mount; and then she said: ' Lead him to the Cross.' This Cross was close to the church at the edge of the road. And then she mounted while he stood as quiet as though he had been bound." Already the young narrator came near seeing a marvel in the

way in which the courser of Jeanne allowed himself to be mounted by her beside the Cross. All the narrators and witnesses of the time are agreed when they speak of her, and the least circumstances, the most natural incidents seem to them to be miracles. " Finally mounted on her courser, the Maid," continues Gui de Laval, " turned toward the door of the church which was near and said in a clear feminine voice: ' You priests and church folk, go in procession and make prayers to God.' Then she took the road saying: ' Forward! Forward! ' Before her marched her folded standard, borne by a gentle page, and she had her little battle-axe in hand."

Behold Jeanne in all the beauty of her military grace, speaking in a feminine voice, but with a tone of command whether she addressed her pages or gave orders to the priests and congregation.

One cannot doubt that she must have had on the day after the siege of Orleans a moment of exultation and intoxication. In the plenitude of her mission, she was tempted like all seers to say: " I, I am God, I am the voice of God! " She wrote to the towns to open their gates to the Maid in the tone of a warrior chief and an envoy from on high; she issued summons to the Duke of Bedford, to the Duke of Burgundy " by the king of Heaven, my righteous guide and sovereign Lord," as she called Him. She herself when they later presented her letters in prison could scarcely in her calm mood recognize them; yet she had in a way dictated them. She wrote to the Hussites of Bohemia to make them return to their duty. " I, the Maid Jeanne, to tell you truly the truth, I would long ago have visited you with my avenging arm, if the war against the English had not kept me here. But if I do not soon hear of your amendment, your return to the bosom of the Church, I shall perhaps leave the English and turn against you to extirpate your dreadful superstition. . . ." The clerk who served her as secretary, may have arranged her phrases, but this must have been her thought. The Count d'Armagnac wrote her from the Spanish border to ask which of the three popes of the time (there were three at the moment) was the true and legitimate. She replied to him that she was too much taken up with the war to satisfy him on the instant: " But when you learn that I am in Paris send a messenger before me, and I will let you know truly in whom you should believe, and what I have learned by the counsel of my righteous guide and sovereign Lord, the King of all the world." From such letters exhibited during the trial came direct support for the accusation made against her that she had attempted to usurp the office of the angels of God and of his vicars on earth. It appears to me certain that if fortune had continued to favour her, and if those about her had accepted her in the rôle which she naïvely assumed, she would have been pushed far by the counsel of her voices and that she would have considered herself destined to do more than raise the siege of Orleans and achieve the crowning at Rheims. This young soul would freely have given herself a larger flight. Again, I believe that I see there a primitive Jeanne d'Arc, possessed by her demon or genius (call it what you will),

a genius dressed out in the fashion of the time, the true Maid in person, without anything silly or mawkish about her, but gay, proud, rather rude, swearing by her staff and using it at need, somewhat exalted and dizzy with her rôle, doubting nothing, saying: "As for me, I am the voice of God," speaking and writing as from the Heavenly Father to princes, lords, the bourgeois of the towns, the heretics of distant kingdoms, disposed to determine questions of orthodoxy and Christianity but for the little time she was left to hear her voices. Already people urged her on and were disposed beforehand to believe anything of her in their devotion, to accept everything on their knees. But this great rôle she could only outline and catch a glimpse of in the few months of her triumph, and it is not to be regretted that she did not pursue it farther; it was in her special and restrained rôle that she was touching and sublime.

The witnesses, her contemporaries, felt this after her death. Moreover, almost all those who were favourable to her (and all were more or less so during the trial of her rehabilitation) professed to believe and sought to make others believe that she thought of herself only as destined to a very special rôle, for example, raising the siege of Orleans and conducting the King to Rheims, and nothing more. In that case all that her voices had predicted she accomplished. But there we have the complacence of the national and popular imagination which, after the event, would render Jeanne infallible. It is apparent from positive testimony, known today, that she promised and that her voices promised much more than she succeeded in achieving; and at the time of her death it must have required of her an effort of faith and of supreme confidence in God, after her agony and swooning, to raise herself and cry even in the midst of the flames that her voices absolutely had never deceived her.

If I have insisted upon the energetic and somewhat rough side of the noble shepherdess, I would not be understood to refuse her the gift of sweetness, a sweetness which was only the more real for not being excessive. During the march from Rheims to Paris (in August, 1429) as she arrived with the King at Ferté-Milon and Crépy-en-Valois, the people came in crowds to meet her crying, "Noël!" The Maid, who at the moment was on horseback between the Archbishop of Rheims and Count Dunois, said to them: "Behold this good people; I have never seen any other more greatly rejoice at the arrival of so noble a King. And please God that I may be so happy when I shall have finished my days as to be interred here." Whereupon the Archbishop said to her: "O Jeanne, in what region do you wish to die?" And she replied: "Where it pleases God, for I am no more assured of the time nor the place than you yourself; and please God, my Creator, that I may now retire, leaving my arms, and go serve my father and my mother, watching their sheep with my sister and my brothers, who will be filled with joy to see me!" Such is the true tenderness of Jeanne after her moment of exaltation and when her war fury had passed.

Is it necessary to remark that she was perfectly chaste? All the wit-

nesses are agreed upon this point. The old squire Bertrand de Poulengy who, in his youth, had the honour of escorting Jeanne on her first journey from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, said that in all the nights and resting-places of the journey he had never a thought of desire toward her. The Duke d'Alençon said the same thing. Although at the time young and fair, and greatly preferred by her among all the captains because he was the son-in-law of the imprisoned Duke of Orleans, to whose cause she was vowed, he testified that he had often bivouacked beside her; he admitted that he had even seen her undress several times, and that he saw what her cuirass ordinarily concealed (aliquando videbat ejus mammas, quae pulchrae erant). " And yet," said he, " I never had the least carnal desire toward her." She had that simplicity of honour and of virtue which drove away such thoughts.

The judges who condemned her were cruel, and the Bishop of Beauvais who conducted the whole affair joined to his cruelty consummate artifice; but what strikes us above all today on reading of the progress of her trial, is the brutality and materialism of these practical theologians who understood nothing of the living inspiration of Jeanne, who, in all their questions, tended always to lower her elevated and simple meaning, and who could not succeed in rendering it gross. They showed themselves above all curious to know under what form she had seen Saint Michael: " Did he wear a crown? Was he clad? Was he not quite naked? " To which Jeanne replied disconcertingly: " Do you think that God lacked that which could clothe him? " They returned again and again to this foolish question; she cut them short in saying that the archangel, when he appeared to her, " was in the costume and form of a good and true man " — of a perfect honest man.

These questions concerning the archangel Michael brought her good luck. One day at Poitiers, on the occasion of her first approach to the King, one of the doctors of the place wished to know of her what language the angel used in speaking with her, and she replied to this over-curious Limousin: " He speaks a better French than you."

How remarkable that the record of the condemnation intended and phrased to flay the memory of Jeanne should be the very monument to consecrate her! I would even think, with M. Quicherat, that, although edited by her judges and enemies, it is more to the honour of the veritable Jeanne whom I would call primitive and more likely to make her well known, more worthy of confidence as to what concerns her, than the lawsuit for rehabilitation already somewhat affected by legend. The most beautiful sayings of Jeanne, the simple, true, heroic, are registered by her judges and transmitted by them to us. The trial was much more regular and legal (from the point of view of the inquisitorial law then in force) than has since been thought and declared. This is not to say that it was less odious and execrable. But these judges, like all the pharisees of the world, like those who condemned Socrates, like those who condemned Jesus, did not

know what they were doing, and the authentic signed and sealed record of their trial became the immortal and avenging page, the gospel of the victim.

These judges, wholly occupied in convicting of idolatry this simple girl, questioned her tediously concerning her standard, and the image that she had caused to be painted on it, asking if she did not believe that standards like this were more lucky than others in war. To which she answered that the only sorcery upon which she relied was to say to her followers, "Ride boldly among the English!" And that she rode so herself.

On the same standard which she was reproached for having had borne in the cathedral of Rheims at the coronation, in preference to those of all other captains, she replied with the words so often quoted: "It had borne the stress of battle, hence it should share the honour."

In Homer there is an admirable passage. When Hector, having repulsed the Greeks before the walls of Troy, came to besiege them in their camp and delivered an assault even in their trenches, having decided to set afire their vessels; suddenly a prodigy burst forth: an eagle appeared in the air bearing in his talons a serpent which, wounded as he was, tore the breast of his proud enemy and forced him to loose his hold. At this sight, a Trojan learned in augury, Polydamas, approached Hector and, explaining to him the meaning of the prodigy, counselled him to retreat from this camp which he already considered to be his prey. At these words, furious Hector menaced Polydamas with his lance, and said: "Little do I care what the birds say! For myself I have the direct word and command of great Jove: he is the only god whose word counts. There is but one sovereign augury, and that is to fight for one's country."

When Jeanne d'Arc delivered her assault upon Paris on September 8, 1429, an assault in which she was wounded, and which marked the stoppage of her successes, it was a fête day, the day of the nativity of Our Lady; and this was also one of the points by which the doctors, her judges, wished to find her guilty of irreverence and lack of devotion: "Was that a fête day?" they asked her. She replied that she believed indeed that it was. And when they insisted, adding, "Was it well done for you then to deliver an assault on that day?" she was content to avoid the question, to be silent, lowering her eyes: "Pass," said she, "to something else."

The noble Maid, threatened in her turn by the serpent, dared not reply like Hector, but she thought as did he. Like him, she had the direct command and counsel of the supreme God. What to her mattered the other auguries?

In direct inspiration lay the faith and the power of Jeanne d'Arc, as did also her great crime in the sight of her judges. She believed firmly in the reality and divinity of her voices; like all seers, she thought that she had caught the spirit at its very source bubbling from the bosom of God Himself. The hieratic and official Church, the Church as then organized,

appeared to her to be respectable no doubt, but it seemed to come only after her voices. She felt empowered to give commands to congregations and to priests, to reprove and set them straight upon the road, just as she set straight the princes, knights, and captains. Moreover, in the later law process for her rehabilitation Rome proved to be less earnest and kindly disposed than one would have expected. The King was obliged to force the hand of the Pope, and Jeanne who had so many virtues and qualities requisite for canonization as a saint, according to the understanding of the time, remained only the Saint of the people and of France, the Saint of the nation.

Historians, during recent years, have finally come to understand her, presenting her in a true light, and it is impossible not to recall here what is said of her in Book V of the *History of France* by M. Michelet. He is not a severe and precise critic; a critic of simple taste could not have allowed to remain in that brilliant and vivid fragment so many inaccuracies and departures from the true tone of the subject. The author, as always, strives for effect; he forces his colours, makes his personages grimace, jests out of season; he shows himself unnaturally gay, lively, brisk, and smart; he dramatizes, he symbolizes. In describing the trial he imagines, between one question and the next, events that fail to emerge from a reading of the evidence itself. In general, the impression conveyed by such a reading, when it is done consecutively, is much more grave, naïve, and simple. But, in spite of all these reservations, we must recognize that M. Michelet has caught the very thought of the character, that he has rendered with dash and verve the movement of the whole, the intoxication of the people, the acclaim of public enthusiasm, which, truer than any reflection or doctrine, stronger than any authorized power, was then raised in honour of the noble child, and which in spite of Chapelain or Voltaire, has never ceased to resound since that day. The Jeanne l'Arc of M. Michelet is truer than any preceding her.

There remains, I think, a last Jeanne d'Arc to disengage from the pieces now published by M. Quicherat, a Jeanne d'Arc displayed in greater dignity and simplicity, and upon whom criticism will maintain its hold, omitting scarcely anything to satisfy minds both generous and judicious. Even if criticism and science find in Jeanne d'Arc features forever inexplicable, I believe that this, after all, matters little, and that there is nothing therein to surprise us. Shakespeare has made Hamlet say finely: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But, after attentively reading these documents, and even taking into consideration the difficulties mentioned by M. Quicherat, I do not think it at all impossible to draw from the materials, carefully studied and impartially interpreted, a Jeanne d'Arc at once sincere, sublime, and natural.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

1431–After 1463

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON [1] (1850–1894)

PERHAPS one of the most curious revolutions in literary history is the sudden bull's-eye light cast by M. Longnon on the obscure existence of François Villon. His book is not remarkable merely as a chapter of biography exhumed after four centuries. To readers of the poet it will recall, with a flavour of satire, that characteristic passage in which he bequeaths his spectacles — with a humorous reservation of the case — to the hospital for blind paupers known as the Fifteen-Score. Thus equipped, let the blind paupers go and separate the good from the bad in the cemetery of the Innocents! For his own part the poet can see no distinction. Much have the dead people made of their advantages. What does it matter now that they have lain in state beds and nourished portly bodies upon cakes and cream! Here they all lie, to be trodden in the mud; the large estate and the small, sounding virtue and adroit or powerful vice, in very much the same condition; and a bishop not to be distinguished from a lamp-lighter with even the strongest spectacles.

Such was Villon's cynical philosophy. Four hundred years after his death, when surely all danger might be considered at an end, a pair of critical spectacles have been applied to his own remains; and though he left behind him a sufficiently ragged reputation from the first, it is only after these four hundred years that his delinquencies have been finally tracked home, and we can assign him to his proper place among the good or wicked. It is a staggering thought, and one that affords a fine figure of the imperishability of men's acts, that the stealth of the private inquiry office can be carried so far back into the dead and dusty past. We are not so soon quit of our concerns as Villon fancied. In the extreme of dissolution, when not so much as a man's name is remembered, when his dust is scattered to the four winds, and perhaps the very grave and the very graveyard where he was laid to rest have been forgotten, desecrated, and buried under populous towns, — even in this extreme let an antiquary fall across a sheet of manuscript, and the name will be recalled, the old infamy will pop out into daylight like a toad out of a fissure in the rock, and the shadow of the

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shade of what was once a man will be heartily pilloried by his descendants. A little while ago and Villon was almost totally forgotten; then he was revived for the sake of his verses; and now he is being revived with a vengeance in the detection of his misdemeanours. How unsubstantial is this projection of a man's existence, which can lie in abeyance for centuries and then be brushed up again and set forth for the consideration of posterity by a few dips in an antiquary's inkpot! This precarious tenure of fame goes a long way to justify those (and they are not few) who prefer cakes and cream in the immediate present.

François de Montcorbier, *alias* François des Loges, *alias* François Villon, *alias* Michel Mouton, Master of Arts in the University of Paris, was born in that city in the summer of 1431. It was a memorable year for France on other and higher considerations. A great-hearted girl and a poor-hearted boy made, the one her last, the other his first appearance on the public stage of that unhappy country. On the 30th of May the ashes of Joan of Arc were thrown into the Seine, and on the 2d of December our Henry Sixth made his Joyous Entry dismally enough into disaffected and depopulating Paris. Sword and fire still ravaged the open country. On a single April Saturday twelve hundred persons, besides children, made their escape out of the starving capital. The hangman, as is not uninteresting to note in connection with Master Francis, was kept hard at work in 1431; on the last of April and on the 4th of May alone, sixty-two bandits swung from Paris gibbets. A more confused or troublous time it would have been difficult to select for a start in life. Not even a man's nationality was certain; for the people of Paris there was no such thing as a Frenchman. The English were the English indeed, but the French were only the Armagnacs, whom, with Joan of Arc at their head, they had beaten back from under their ramparts not two years before. Such public sentiment as they had centred about their dear Duke of Burgundy, and the dear Duke had no more urgent business than to keep out of their neighbourhood. . . . At least, and whether he liked it or not, our disreputable troubadour was tubbed and swaddled as a subject of the English crown.

We hear nothing of Villon's father except that he was poor and of mean extraction. His mother was given piously, which does not imply very much in an old Frenchwoman, and quite uneducated. He had an uncle, a monk in an abbey at Angers, who must have prospered beyond the family average, and was reported to be worth five or six hundred crowns. Of this uncle and his money-box the reader will hear once more. In 1448 Francis became a student of the University of Paris; in 1450 he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1452 that of Master of Arts. His *bourse,* or the sum paid weekly for his board, was of the amount of two sous. Now two sous was about the price of a pound of salt butter in the bad times of 1417; it was the price of half-a-pound in the worse times of 1419; and in 1444, just four years before Villon joined the University, it seems to have been taken

as the average wage for a day's manual labour. In short, it cannot have been a very profuse allowance to keep a sharp-set lad in breakfast and supper for seven mortal days; and Villon's share of the cakes and pastry and general good cheer, to which he is never weary of referring, must have been slender from the first.

The educational arrangements of the University of Paris were, to our way of thinking, somewhat incomplete. Worldly and monkish elements were presented in a curious confusion, which the youth might disentangle for himself. If he had an opportunity, on the one hand, of acquiring much hair-drawn divinity and a taste for formal disputation, he was put in the way of much gross and flaunting vice upon the other. The lecture room of a scholastic doctor was sometimes under the same roof with establishments of a very different and peculiarly unedifying order. The students had extraordinary privileges, which by all accounts they abused extraordinarily. And while some condemned themselves to an almost sepulchral regularity and seclusion, others fled the schools, swaggered in the street " with their thumbs in their girdle," passed the night in riot, and behaved themselves as the worthy forerunners of Jehan Frollo in the romance of *Notre Dame de Paris*. Villon tells us himself that he was among the truants, but we hardly needed his avowal. The burlesque erudition in which he sometimes indulged implies no more than the merest smattering of knowledge; whereas his acquaintance with blackguard haunts and industries could only have been acquired by early and consistent impiety and idleness. He passed his degrees, it is true; but some of us who have been to modern universities will make their own reflections on the value of the test. As for his three pupils, Colin Laurent, Girard Gossouyn, and Jehan Marceau — if they were really his pupils in any serious sense — what can we say but God help them! And sure enough, by his own description, they turned out as ragged, rowdy, and ignorant as was to be looked for from the views and manners of their rare preceptor.

At some time or other, before or during his university career, the poet was adopted by Master Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of Saint Benoît-le-Bétourné near the Sorbonne. From him he borrowed the surname by which he is known to posterity. It was most likely from his house, called the *Porte Rouge*, and situated in a garden in the cloister of Saint Benoît, that Master Francis heard the bell of the Sorbonne ring out the Angelus while he was finishing his *Small Testament* at Christmastide in 1456. Toward this benefactor he usually gets credit for a respectable display of gratitude. But with his trap and pitfall style of writing, it is easy to make too sure. His sentiments are about as much to be relied on as those of a professional beggar; and in this, as in so many other matters, he comes toward us whining and piping the eye, and goes off again with a whoop and his finger to his nose. Thus, he calls Guillaume de Villon his " more than father," thanks him with a great show of sincerity for having helped him

out of many scrapes, and bequeaths him his portion of renown. But the portion of renown which belonged to a young thief, distinguished (if, at the period when he wrote this legacy, he was distinguished at all) for having written some more or less obscene and scurrilous ballads, must have been little fitted to gratify the self-respect or increase the reputation of a benevolent ecclesiastic. The same remark applies to a subsequent legacy of the poet's library, with specification of one work which was plainly neither decent nor devout. We are thus left on the horns of a dilemma. If the chaplain was a godly, philanthropic personage, who had tried to graft good principles and good behaviour on this wild slip of an adopted son, these jesting legacies would obviously cut him to the heart. The position of an adopted son toward his adopted father is one full of delicacy; where a man lends his name he looks for great consideration. And this legacy of Villon's portion of renown may be taken as the mere fling of an unregenerate scapegrace who has wit enough to recognize in his own shame the readiest weapon of offence against a prosy benefactor's feelings. The gratitude of Master Francis figures, on this reading, as a frightful *minus* quantity. If, on the other hand, those jests were given and taken in good humour, the whole relation between the pair degenerates into the unedifying complicity of a debauched old chaplain and a witty and dissolute young scholar. At this rate the house with the red door may have rung with the most mundane minstrelsy; and it may have been below its roof that Villon, through a hole in the plaster, studied, as he tells us, the leisures of a rich ecclesiastic.

It was, perhaps, of some moment in the poet's life that he should have inhabited the cloister of Saint Benoît. Three of the most remarkable among his early acquaintances are Catherine de Vausselles, for whom he entertained a short-lived affection and an enduring and most unmanly resentment; Regnier de Montigny, a young blackguard of good birth; and Colin de Cayeux, a fellow with a marked aptitude for picking locks. Now we are on a foundation of mere conjecture, but it is at least curious to find that two of the canons of Saint Benoît answered respectively to the names of Pierre de Vaucel and Etienne de Montigny, and that there was a householder called Nicolas de Cayeux in a street — the Rue des Poirées — in the immediate neighbourhood of the cloister. M. Longnon is almost ready to identify Catherine as the niece of Pierre; Regnier as the nephew of Etienne, and Colin as the son of Nicolas. Without going so far, it must be owned that the approximation of names is significant. As we go on to see the part played by each of these persons in the sordid melodrama of the poet's life, we shall come to regard it as even more notable. Is it not Clough who has remarked that, after all, everything lies in juxtaposition? Many a man's destiny has been settled by nothing apparently more grave than a pretty face on the opposite side of the street and a couple of bad companions round the corner.

Catherine de Vausselles (or de Vaucel — the change is within the limits of Villon's licence) had plainly delighted in the poet's conversation; near neighbours or not, they were much together; and Villon made no secret of his court, and suffered himself to believe that his feeling was repaid in kind. This may have been an error from the first, or he may have estranged her by subsequent misconduct or temerity. One can easily imagine Villon an impatient wooer. One thing, at least, is sure: that the affair terminated in a manner bitterly humiliating to Master Francis. In presence of his lady-love, perhaps under her window and certainly with her connivance, he was unmercifully thrashed by one Noë le Joly — beaten, as he says himself, like dirty linen on the washing-board. It is characteristic that his malice had notably increased between the time when he wrote the *Small Testament* immediately on the back of the occurrence, and the time when he wrote the *Large Testament* five years after. On the latter occasion nothing is too bad for his " damsel with the twisted nose," as he calls her. She is spared neither hint nor accusation, and he tells his messenger to accost her with the vilest insults. Villon, it is thought, was out of Paris when these amenities escaped his pen; or perhaps the strong arm of Noë le Joly would have been again in requisition. So ends the love story, if love story it may properly be called. Poets are not necessarily fortunate in love; but they usually fall among more romantic circumstances and bear their disappointment with a better grace.

The neighbourhood of Regnier de Montigny and Colin de Cayeux was probably more influential on his after life than the contempt of Catherine. For a man who is greedy of all pleasures, and provided with little money and less dignity of character, we may prophesy a safe and speedy voyage downward. Humble or even truckling virtue may walk unspotted in this life. But only those who despise the pleasures can afford to despise the opinion of the world. A man of a strong, heady temperament, like Villon, is very differently tempted. His eyes lay hold on all provocations greedily, and his heart flames up at a look into imperious desire; he is snared and broached to by anything and everything, from a pretty face to a piece of pastry in a cook-shop window; he will drink the rinsing of the wine cup, stay the latest at the tavern party; tap at the lit windows, follow the sound of singing, and beat the whole neighbourhood for another reveller, as he goes reluctantly homeward; and grudge himself every hour of sleep as a black empty period in which he cannot follow after pleasure. Such a person is lost if he have not dignity, or, failing that, at least pride, which is its shadow and in many ways its substitute. Master Francis, I fancy, would follow his own eager instincts without much spiritual struggle. And we soon find him fallen among thieves in sober, literal earnest, and counting as acquaintances the most disreputable people he could lay his hands on: fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat; sergeants of the criminal court, and archers of the watch; blackguards who slept at night under the

butchers' stalls, and for whom the aforesaid archers peered about carefully with lanterns; Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, and their crew, all bound on a favouring breeze toward the gallows; the disorderly abbess of Port Royal, who went about at fair time with soldiers and thieves, and conducted her abbey on the queerest principles; and most likely Perette Mauger, the great Paris receiver of stolen goods, not yet dreaming, poor woman! of the last scene of her career when Henry Cousin, executor of the high justice, shall bury her, alive and most reluctant, in front of the new Montigny gibbet. Nay, our friend soon began to take a foremost rank in this society. He could string off verses, which is always an agreeable talent; and he could make himself useful in many other ways. The whole ragged army of Bohemia, and whosoever loved good cheer without at all loving to work and pay for it, are addressed in contemporary verses as the "Subjects of François Villon." He was a good genius to all hungry and unscrupulous persons; and became the hero of a whole legendary cycle of tavern tricks and cheateries. At best, these were doubtful levities, rather too thievish for a schoolboy, rather too gamesome for a thief. But he would not linger long in this equivocal borderland. He must soon have complied with his surroundings. He was one who would go where the cannikin clinked, not caring who should pay; and from supping in the wolves' den, there is but a step to hunting with the pack. And here, as I am on the chapter of his degradation, I shall say all I mean to say about its darkest expression, and be done with it for good. Some charitable critics see no more than a *jeu d'esprit,* a graceful and trifling exercise of the imagination, in the grimy ballad of Fat Peg (*Grosse Margot*). I am not able to follow these gentlemen to this polite extreme. Out of all Villon's works that ballad stands forth in flaring reality, gross and ghastly, as a thing written in a contraction of disgust. M. Longnon shows us more and more clearly at every page that we are to read our poet literally, that his names are the names of real persons, and the events he chronicles were actual events. But even if the tendency of criticism had run the other way, this ballad would have gone far to prove itself. I can well understand the reluctance of worthy persons in this matter; for of course it is unpleasant to think of a man of genius as one who held, in the words of Marina to Boult —

> *"A place, for which the pained'st fiend*
> *Of hell would not in reputation change."*

But beyond this natural unwillingness, the whole difficulty of the case springs from a highly virtuous ignorance of life. Paris now is not so different from the Paris of then; and the whole of the doings of Bohemia are not written in the sugar-candy pastorals of Murger. It is really not at all surprising that a young man of the fifteenth century, with a knack of making verses, should accept his bread upon disgraceful terms. The race of those who do is not extinct; and some of them to this day write

the prettiest verses imaginable. . . . After this, it were impossible for Master Francis to fall lower: to go and steal for himself would be an admirable advance from every point of view, divine or human.

And yet it is not as a thief, but as a homicide, that he makes his first appearance before angry justice. On June 5, 1455, when he was about twenty-four, and had been Master of Arts for a matter of three years, we behold him for the first time quite definitely. Angry justice had, as it were, photographed him in the act of his homicide; and M. Longnon, rummaging among old deeds, has turned up the negative and printed it off for our instruction. Villon had been supping — copiously we may believe — and sat on a stone bench in front of the Church of St. Benoît, in company with a priest called Gilles and a woman of the name of Isabeau. It was nine o'clock, a mighty late hour for the period, and evidently a fine summer's night. Master Francis carried a mantle, like a prudent man, to keep him from the dews (*serain*), and had a sword below it dangling from his girdle. So these three dallied in front of St. Benoît, taking their pleasure (*pour soy esbatre*). Suddenly there arrived upon the scene a priest, Philippe Chermoye or Sermaise, also with sword and cloak, and accompanied by one Master Jehan le Mardi. Sermaise, according to Villon's account, which is all we have to go upon, came up blustering and denying God; as Villon rose to make room for him upon the bench, thrust him rudely back into his place; and finally drew his sword and cut open his lower lip, by what I should imagine was a very clumsy stroke. Up to this point, Villon professes to have been a model of courtesy, even of feebleness: and the brawl, in his version, reads like the fable of the wolf and the lamb. But now the lamb was roused; he drew his sword, stabbed Sermaise in the groin, knocked him on the head with a big stone, and then, leaving him to his fate, went away to have his own lip doctored by a barber of the name of Fouquet. In one version, he says that Gilles, Isabeau, and Le Mardi ran away at the first high words, and that he and Sermaise had it out alone; in another, Le Mardi is represented as returning and wresting Villon's sword from him: the reader may please himself. Sermaise was picked up, lay all that night in the prison of Saint Benoît, where he was examined by an official of the Châtelet and expressly pardoned Villon, and died on the following Saturday in the Hôtel Dieu.

This, as I have said, was in June. Not before January of the next year could Villon extract a pardon from the king; but while his hand was in, he got two. One is for " François des Loges, alias (*autrement dit*) de Villon; " and the other runs in the name of " François de Montcorbier." Nay, it appears there was a further complication; for in the narrative of the first of these documents, it is mentioned that he passed himself off upon Fouquet, the barber-surgeon, as one Michel Mouton. M. Longnon has a theory that this unhappy accident with Sermaise was the cause of Villon's subsequent irregularities; and that up to that moment he had been the pink of good

behaviour. But the matter has to my eyes a more dubious air. A pardon necessary for Des Loges and another for Montcorbier? and these two the same person? and one or both of them known by the *alias* of Villon, however honestly come by? and lastly, in the heat of the moment, a fourth name thrown out with an assured countenance? A ship is not to be trusted that sails under so many colours. This is not the simple bearing of innocence. No — the young master was already treading crooked paths; already, he would start and blench at a hand upon his shoulder, with the look we know so well in the face of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice; already, in the blue devils, he would see Henry Cousin, the executor of high justice, going in dolorous procession toward Montfaucon, and hear the wind and the birds crying around Paris gibbet.

In spite of the prodigious number of people who managed to get hanged, the fifteenth century was by no means a bad time for criminals. A great confusion of parties and great dust of fighting favoured the escape of private housebreakers and quiet fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat. Prisons were leaky; and as we shall see, a man with a few crowns in his pocket and perhaps some acquaintance among the officials, could easily slip out and become once more a free marauder. There was no want of a sanctuary where he might harbour until troubles blew by; and accomplices helped each other with more or less good faith. Clerks, above all, had remarkable facilities for a criminal way of life; for they were privileged, except in cases of notorious incorrigibility, to be plucked from the hands of rude secular justice and tried by a tribunal of their own. In 1402, a couple of thieves, both clerks of the University, were condemned to death by the Provost of Paris. As they were taken to Montfaucon, they kept crying "high and clearly" for their benefit of clergy, but were none the less pitilessly hanged and gibbeted. Indignant Alma Mater interfered before the king; and the Provost was deprived of all royal offices, and condemned to return the bodies and erect a great stone cross, on the road from Paris to the gibbet, graven with the effigies of these two holy martyrs. We shall hear more of the benefit of clergy; for after this the reader will not be surprised to meet with thieves in the shape of tonsured clerks, or even priests and monks.

To a knot of such learned pilferers our poet certainly belonged; and by turning over a few more of M. Longnon's negatives, we shall get a clear idea of their character and doings. Montigny and De Cayeux are names already known; Guy Tabary, Petit-Jehan, Dom Nicolas, little Thibault, who was both clerk and goldsmith, and who made picklocks and melted plate for himself and his companions — with these the reader has still to become acquainted. Petit-Jehan and De Cayeux were handy fellows and enjoyed a useful pre-eminence in honour of their doings with the picklock. "*Dictus des Cahyeus est fortis operator crochetorum,*" says Ta-

bary's interrogation, "*sed dictus Petit-Jehan, ejus socius, est forcius operator.*" But the flower of the flock was little Thibault; it was reported that no lock could stand before him; he had a persuasive hand; let us salute capacity wherever we may find it. Perhaps the term *gang* is not quite properly applied to the persons whose fortunes we are now about to follow; rather they were independent malefactors, socially intimate, and occasionally joining together for some serious operation, just as modern stockjobbers form a syndicate for an important loan. Nor were they at all particular to any branch of misdoing. They did not scrupulously confine themselves to a single sort of theft, as I hear is common among modern thieves. They were ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to man-slaughter. Montigny, for instance, had neglected neither of these extremes, and we find him accused of cheating at games of hazard on the one hand, and on the other with the murder of one Thevenin Pensete in a house by the Cemetery of St. John. If time had only spared us some particulars, might not this last have furnished us with the matter of a grisly winter's tale?

At Christmas-time in 1456, readers of Villon will remember that he was engaged on the *Small Testament*. About the same period, *circa festum nativitatis Domini,* he took part in a memorable supper at the Mule Tavern, in front of the Church of St. Mathurin. Tabary, who seems to have been very much Villon's creature, had ordered the supper in the course of the afternoon. He was a man who had had troubles in his time and languished in the Bishop of Paris's prisons on a suspicion of picking locks; confiding, convivial, not very astute — who had copied out a whole improper romance with his own right hand. This supper party was to be his first introduction to De Cayeux and Petit-Jehan, which was probably a matter of some concern to the poor man's muddy wits; in the sequel, at least, he speaks of both with an undisguised respect, based on professional inferiority in the matter of picklocks. Dom Nicolas, a Picardy monk, was the fifth and last at table. When supper had been despatched and fairly washed down, we may suppose, with white Baigneux or red Beaune, which were favourite wines among the fellowship, Tabary was solemnly sworn over to secrecy on the night's performances; and the party left the Mule and proceeded to an unoccupied house belonging to Robert de Saint-Simon. This, over a low wall, they entered without difficulty. All but Tabary took off their upper garments; a ladder was found and applied to the high wall which separated Saint-Simon's house from the court of the College of Navarre; the four fellows in their shirt-sleeves (as we might say) clambered over in a twinkling: and Master Guy Tabary remained alone beside the overcoats. From the court the burglars made their way into the vestry of the chapel, where they found a large chest, strengthened with iron bands and closed with four locks. One of these locks they picked, and then, by levering up the corner, forced the other three. Inside was a small coffer,

of walnut wood, also barred with iron, but fastened with only three locks, which were all comfortably picked by way of the keyhole. In the walnut coffer — a joyous sight by our thieves' lantern — were five hundred crowns of gold. There was some talk of opening the aumries, where, if they had only known, a booty eight or nine times greater lay ready to their hand; but one of the party (I have a humourous suspicion it was Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk) hurried them away. It was ten o'clock when they mounted the ladder; it was about midnight before Tabary beheld them coming back. To him they gave ten crowns, and promised a share of a two-crown dinner on the morrow; whereat we may suppose his mouth watered. In course of time, he got wind of the real amount of their booty and understood how scurvily he had been used; but he seems to have borne no malice. How could he, against such superb operators as Petit-Jehan and De Cayeux; or a person like Villon, who could have made a new improper romance out of his own head, instead of merely copying an old one with mechanical right hand?

The rest of the winter was not uneventful for the gang. First they made a demonstration against the Church of St. Mathurin after chalices, and were ignominiously chased away by barking dogs. Then Tabary fell out with Casin Chollet, one of the fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat, who subsequently became a sergeant of the Châtelet and distinguished himself by misconduct, followed by imprisonment and public castigation, during the wars of Louis Eleventh. The quarrel was not conducted with a proper regard to the king's peace, and the pair publicly belaboured each other until the police stepped in, and Master Tabary was cast once more into the prisons of the Bishop. While he still lay in durance, another job was cleverly executed by the band in broad daylight, at the Augustine Monastery. Brother Guillaume Coiffier was beguiled by an accomplice to St. Mathurin to say mass; and during his absence, his chamber was entered and five or six hundred crowns in money and some silver plate successfully abstracted. A melancholy man was Coiffier on his return! Eight crowns from this adventure were forwarded by little Thibault to the incarcerated Tabary; and with these he bribed the jailer and reappeared in Paris taverns. Some time before or shortly after this, Villon set out for Angers, as he had promised in the *Small Testament*. The object of this excursion was not merely to avoid the presence of his cruel mistress or the strong arm of Noë le Joly, but to plan a deliberate robbery on his uncle the monk. As soon as he had properly studied the ground, the others were to go over in force from Paris — picklocks and all — and away with my uncle's strong-box! This throws a comical sidelight on his own accusation against his relatives, that they had "forgotten natural duty" and disowned him because he was poor. A poor relation is a distasteful circumstance at the best, but a poor relation who plans deliberate robberies against those of his blood, and trudges hundreds of weary leagues to put

them into execution, is surely a little on the wrong side of toleration. The uncle at Angers may have been monstrously undutiful; but the nephew from Paris was upsides with him.

On the 23d April, that venerable and discreet person, Master Pierre Marchand, Curate and Prior of Paray-le-Monial, in the diocese of Chartres, arrived in Paris and put up at the sign of the Three Chandeliers, in the Rue de la Huchette. Next day, or the day after, as he was breakfasting at the sign of the Arm-chair, he fell into talk with two customers, one of whom was a priest and the other our friend Tabary. The idiotic Tabary became mighty confidential as to his past life. Pierre Marchand, who was an acquaintance of Guillaume Coiffier's and had sympathized with him over his loss, pricked up his ears at the mention of picklocks, and led on the transcriber of improper romances from one thing to another, until they were fast friends. For picklocks the Prior of Paray professed a keen curiosity; but Tabary, upon some late alarm, had thrown all his into the Seine. Let that be no difficulty, however, for was there not little Thibault, who could make them all shapes and sizes, and to whom Tabary, smelling an accomplice, would be only too glad to introduce his new acquaintance? On the morrow, accordingly, they met; and Tabary, after having first wet his whistle at the Prior's expense, led him to Notre Dame and presented him to four or five "young companions," who were keeping sanctuary in the church. They were all clerks, recently escaped, like Tabary himself, from the episcopal prisons. Among these we may notice Thibault, the operator, a little fellow of twenty-six, wearing long hair behind. The Prior expressed, through Tabary, his anxiety to become their accomplice and altogether such as they were (*de leur sorte et de leurs complices*). Mighty polite they showed themselves, and made him many fine speeches in return. But for all that, perhaps because they had longer heads than Tabary, perhaps because it is less easy to wheedle men in a body, they kept obstinately to generalities and gave him no information as to their exploits, past, present, or to come. I suppose Tabary groaned under this reserve; for no sooner were he and the Prior out of the church than he fairly emptied his heart to him, gave him full details of many hanging matters in the past, and explained the future intentions of the band. The scheme of the hour was to rob another Augustine monk, Robert de la Porte, and in this the Prior agreed to take a hand with simulated greed. Thus, in the course of two days, he had turned this wineskin of a Tabary inside out. For awhile longer the farce was carried on; the Prior was introduced to Petit-Jehan, whom he describes as a little, very smart man of thirty, with a black beard and a short jacket; an appointment was made and broken in the de la Porte affair; Tabary had some breakfast at the Prior's charge and leaked out more secrets under the influence of wine and friendship; and then all of a sudden, on the 17th of May, an alarm sprang up, the Prior picked up his skirts and walked quietly over to the Châtelet to make

a deposition, and the whole band took to their heels and vanished out of Paris and the sight of the police.

Vanish as they like, they all go with a clog about their feet. Sooner or later, here or there, they will be caught in the fact, and ignominiously sent home. From our vantage of four centuries afterward, it is odd and pitiful to watch the order in which the fugitives are captured and dragged in.

Montigny was the first. In August of that same year, he was laid by the heels on many grievous counts; sacrilegious robberies, frauds, incorrigibility, and that bad business about Thevenin Pensete in the house by the Cemetery of St. John. He was reclaimed by the ecclesiastical authorities as a clerk; but the claim was rebutted on the score of incorrigibility, and ultimately fell to the ground; and he was condemned to death by the Provost of Paris. It was a very rude hour for Montigny, but hope was not yet over. He was a fellow of some birth; his father had been king's pantler; his sister, probably married to someone about the Court, was in the family way, and her health would be endangered if the execution was proceeded with. So down comes Charles the Seventh with letters of mercy, commuting the penalty to a year in a dungeon on bread and water, and a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in Galicia. Alas! the document was incomplete; it did not contain the full tale of Montigny's enormities; it did not recite that he had been denied benefit of clergy, and it said nothing about Thevenin Pensete. Montigny's hour was at hand. Benefit of clergy, honourable descent from king's pantler, sister in the family way, royal letters of commutation — all were of no avail. He had been in prison in Rouen, in Tours, in Bordeaux, and four times already in Paris; and out of all these he had come scathless; but now he must make a little excursion as far as Montfaucon with Henry Cousin, executor of high justice. There let him swing among the carrion crows.

About a year later, in July 1458, the police laid hands on Tabary. Before the ecclesiastical commissary he was twice examined, and, on the latter occasion, put to the question ordinary and extraordinary. What a dismal change from pleasant suppers at the Mule, where he sat in triumph with expert operators and great wits! He is at the lees of life, poor rogue; and those fingers which once transcribed improper romances are now agonizingly stretched upon the rack. We have no sure knowledge, but we may have a shrewd guess of the conclusion. Tabary, the admirer, would go the same way as those whom he admired.

The last we hear of is Colin de Cayeux. He was caught in autumn 1460, in the great Church of St. Leu d'Esserens, which makes so fine a figure in the pleasant Oise valley between Creil and Beaumont. He was reclaimed by no less than two bishops; but the Procureur for the Provost held fast by incorrigible Colin. 1460 was an ill-starred year: for justice was making a clean sweep of "poor and indigent persons, thieves, cheats, and lock-pickers," in the neighbourhood of Paris; and Colin de Cayeux, with many others, was condemned to death and hanged.

Villon was still absent on the Angers expedition when the Prior of Paray sent such a bombshell among his accomplices; and the dates of his return and arrest remain undiscoverable. M. Campaux plausibly enough opined for the autumn of 1457, which would make him closely follow on Montigny, and the first of those denounced by the Prior to fall into the toils. We may suppose, at least, that it was not long thereafter; we may suppose him competed for between lay and clerical Courts; and we may suppose him alternately pert and impudent, humble and fawning, in his defence. But at the end of all supposing, we come upon some nuggets of fact. For first, he was put to the question by water. He who had tossed off so many cups of white Baigneux or red Beaune, now drank water through linen folds, until his bowels were flooded and his heart stood still. After so much raising of the elbow, so much outcry of fictitious thirst, here at last was enough drinking for a lifetime. Truly, of our pleasant vices, the gods make whips to scourge us. And secondly he was condemned to be hanged. A man may have been expecting a catastrophe for years, and yet find himself unprepared when it arrives. Certainly, Villon found, in this legitimate issue of his career, a very staggering and grave consideration. Every beast, as he says, clings bitterly to a whole skin. If everything is lost, and even honour, life still remains; nay, and it becomes, like the ewe lamb in Nathan's parable, as dear as all the rest. " Do you fancy," he asks, in a lively ballad, " that I had not enough philosophy under my hood to cry out: ' I appeal ' ? If I had made any bones about the matter, I should have been planted upright in the fields, by the St. Denis Road " — Montfaucon being on the way to St. Denis. An appeal to Parliament, as we saw in the case of Colin de Cayeux, did not necessarily lead to an acquittal or a commutation; and while the matter was pending, our poet had ample opportunity to reflect on his position. Hanging is a sharp argument, and to swing with many others on the gibbet adds a horrible corollary for the imagination. With the aspect of Montfaucon he was well acquainted; indeed, as the neighbourhood appears to have been sacred to junketing and nocturnal picnics of wild young men and women, he had probably studied it under all varieties of hour and weather. And now, as he lay in prison waiting the mortal push, these different aspects crowded back on his imagination with a new and startling significance; and he wrote a ballad, by way of epitaph for himself and his companions, which remains unique in the annals of mankind. It is, in the highest sense, a piece of his biography: —

" La pluye nous a debuez et lavez,
Et le soleil dessechez et noirciz;
Pies, corbeaulx, nous ont les yeux cavez,
Et arrachez la barbe et les sourcilz.
Jamais, nul temps, nous ne sommes rassis;
Puis çà puis là, comme le veut varie,
A son plaisir sans cesser nous charie,

Plus becquetez d'oiseaulx que dez à couldre.
Ne soyez donc de nostre confrairie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre."

Here is some genuine thieves' literature after so much that was spurious; sharp as an etching, written with a shuddering soul. There is an intensity of consideration in the piece that shows it to be the transcript of familiar thoughts. It is the quintessence of many a doleful nightmare on the straw, when he felt himself swing helpless in the wind, and saw the birds turn about him, screaming and menacing his eyes.

And, after all, the Parliament changed his sentence into one of banishment; and to Roussillon, in Dauphiny, our poet must carry his woes without delay. Travellers between Lyons and Marseilles may remember a station on the line, some way below Vienne, where the Rhone fleets seaward between vine-clad hills. This was Villon's Siberia. It would be a little warm in summer perhaps, and a little cold in winter in that draughty valley between two great mountain fields; but what with the hills, and the racing river, and the fiery Rhone wines, he was little to be pitied on the conditions of his exile. Villon, in a remarkably bad ballad, written in a breath, heartily thanked and fulsomely belauded the Parliament; the *envoi*, like the proverbial postscript of a lady's letter, containing the pith of his performance in a request for three days' delay to settle his affairs and bid his friends farewell. He was probably not followed out of Paris, like Antoine Fradin, the popular preacher, another exile of a few years later, by weeping multitudes; but I dare say one or two rogues of his acquaintance would keep him company for a mile or so on the south road, and drink a bottle with him before they turned. For banished people, in those days, seem to have set out on their own responsibility, in their own guard, and at their own expense. It was no joke to make one's way from Paris to Roussillon alone and penniless in the fifteenth century. Villon says he left a rag of his tails on every bush. Indeed, he must have had many a weary tramp, many a slender meal, and many a to-do with blustering captains of the Ordonnance. But with one of his light fingers, we may fancy that he took as good as he gave; for every rag of his tail, he would manage to indemnify himself upon the population in the shape of food, or wine, or ringing money; and his route would be traceable across France and Burgundy by housewives and innkeepers lamenting over petty thefts, like the track of a single human locust. A strange figure he must have cut in the eyes of the good country people: this ragged, blackguard city poet, with a smack of the Paris student, and a smack of the Paris street arab, posting along the highways, in rain or sun, among the green fields and vineyards. For himself, he had no taste for rural loveliness; green fields and vineyards would be mighty indifferent to Master Francis; but he would often have his tongue in his cheek at the simplicity of rustic dupes, and often, at city gates, he

might stop to contemplate the gibbet with its swinging bodies, and hug himself on his escape.

How long he stayed at Roussillon, how far he became the protégé of the Bourbons, to whom that town belonged, or when it was that he took part, under the auspices of Charles of Orleans, in a rhyming tournament to be referred to once again in the pages of the present volume, are matters that still remain in darkness, in spite of M. Longnon's diligent rummaging among archives. When we next find him, in summer, 1461, alas! he is once more in durance: this time at Méun-sur-Loire, in the prisons of Thibault d'Aussigny, Bishop of Orleans. He had been lowered in a basket into a noisome pit, where he lay, all summer, gnawing hard crusts and railing upon fate. His teeth, he says, were like the teeth of a rake: a touch of haggard portraiture all the more real for being excessive and burlesque, and all the more proper to the man for being a caricature of his own misery. His eyes were " bandaged with thick walls." It might blow hurricanes overhead; the lightning might leap in high heaven; but no word of all this reached him in his noisome pit. " Il n'entre, ou gist, n'escler ni tourbillon." Above all, he was fevered with envy and anger at the freedom of others; and his heart flowed over into curses as he thought of Thibault d'Aussigny, walking the streets in God's sunlight, and blessing people with extended fingers. So much we find sharply lined in his own poems. Why he was cast again into prison — how he had again managed to shave the gallows — this we know not, nor, from the destruction of the authorities, are we ever likely to learn. But on October 2d, 1461, or some day immediately preceding, the new King, Louis Eleventh, made his joyous entry into Méun. Now it was a part of the formality on such occasions for the new King to liberate certain prisoners; and so the basket was let down into Villon's pit, and hastily did Master Francis scramble in, and was most joyfully hauled up, and shot out, blinking and tottering, but once more a free man, into the blessed sun and wind. Now or never is the time for verses! Such a happy revolution would turn the head of a stocking-weaver, and set him jingling rhymes. And so — after a voyage to Paris, where he finds Montigny and De Cayeux clattering their bones upon the gibbet, and his three pupils roystering in Paris streets, " with their thumbs under their girdles," — down sits Master Francis to write his *Large Testament,* and perpetuate his name in a sort of glorious ignominy.

Of this capital achievement and, with it, of Villon's style in general, it is here the place to speak. The *Large Testament* is a hurly-burly of cynical and sentimental reflections about life, jesting legacies to friends and enemies, and, interspersed among these many admirable ballades, both serious and absurd. With so free a design, no thought that occurred to him would need to be dismissed without expression; and he could draw at full length the portrait of his own bedevilled soul, and of the bleak and blackguardly

world which was the theatre of his exploits and sufferings. If the reader can conceive something between the slap-dash inconsequence of Byron's *Don Juan* and the racy humorous gravity and brief noble touches that distinguish the vernacular poems of Burns, he will have formed some idea of Villon's style. To the latter writer — except in the ballades, which are quite his own, and can be paralleled from no other language known to me — he bears a particular resemblance. In common with Burns he has a certain rugged compression, a brutal vivacity of epithet, a homely vigour, a delight in local personalities, and an interest in many sides of life, that are often despised and passed over by more effete and cultured poets. Both also, in their strong, easy colloquial way, tend to become difficult and obscure; the obscurity in the case of Villon passing at times into the absolute darkness of cant language. They are perhaps the only two great masters of expression who keep sending their readers to a glossary.

" Shall we not dare to say of a thief," asks Montaigne, " that he has a handsome leg? " It is a far more serious claim that we have to put forward in behalf of Villon. Beside that of his contemporaries, his writing, so full of colour, so eloquent, so picturesque, stands out in an almost miraculous isolation. If only one or two of the chroniclers could have taken a leaf out of his book, history would have been a pastime, and the fifteenth century as present to our minds as the age of Charles Second. This gallows-bird was the one great writer of his age and country, and initiated modern literature for France. Boileau, long ago, in the period of perukes and snuff-boxes, recognized him as the first articulate poet in the language; and if we measure him, not by priority of merit, but living duration of influence, not on a comparison with obscure forerunners, but with great and famous successors, we shall install this ragged and disreputable figure in a far higher niche in glory's temple than was ever dreamed of by the critic. It is, in itself, a memorable fact that, before 1542, in the very dawn of printing, and while modern France was in the making, the works of Villon ran through seven different editions. Out of him flows much of Rabelais; and through Rabelais, directly and indirectly, a deep, permanent, and growing inspiration. Not only his style, but his callous pertinent way of looking upon the sordid and ugly sides of life, becomes every day a more specific feature in the literature of France. And only the other year, a work of some power appeared in Paris, and appeared with infinite scandal, which owed its whole inner significance and much of its outward form to the study of our rhyming thief.

The world to which he introduces us is, as before said, blackguardly and bleak. Paris swarms before us, full of famine, shame, and death; monks and the servants of great lords hold high wassail upon cakes and pastry; the poor man licks his lips before the baker's window; people with patched eyes sprawl all night under the stalls; chuckling Tabary transcribes an improper romance; bare-bosomed lasses and ruffling stu-

dents swagger in the streets; the drunkard goes stumbling homeward; the graveyard is full of bones; and away on Montfaucon, Colin de Cayeux and Montigny hang draggled in the rain. Is there nothing better to be seen than sordid misery and worthless joys? Only where the poor old mother of the poet kneels in church below painted windows, and makes tremulous supplication to the Mother of God.

In our mixed world, full of green fields and happy lovers, where not long before, Joan of Arc had led one of the highest and noblest lives in the whole story of mankind, this was all worth chronicling that our poet could perceive. His eyes were indeed sealed with his own filth. He dwelt all his life in a pit more noisome than the dungeon at Méun. In the moral world, also, there are large phenomena not cognizable out of holes and corners. Loud winds blow, speeding home deep-laden ships and sweeping rubbish from the earth; the lightning leaps and cleans the face of heaven; high purposes and brave passions shake and sublimate men's spirits; and meanwhile, in the narrow dungeon of his soul, Villon is mumbling crusts and picking vermin.

Along with this deadly gloom of outlook, we must take another characteristic of his work: its unrivalled insincerity. I can give no better similitude of this quality than I have given already: that he comes up with a whine, and runs away with a whoop and his finger to his nose. His pathos is that of a professional mendicant who should happen to be a man of genius; his levity that of a bitter street arab, full of bread. On a first reading, the pathetic passages preoccupy the reader, and he is cheated out of an alms in the shape of sympathy. But when the thing is studied the illusion fades away: in the transitions, above all, we can detect the evil, ironical temper of the man; and instead of a flighty work, where many crude but genuine feelings tumble together for the mastery as in the lists of tournament, we are tempted to think of the *Large Testament* as of one long-drawn epical grimace, pulled by a merry-andrew, who has found a certain despicable eminence over human respect and human affections by perching himself astride upon the gallows. Between these two views, at best, all temperate judgments will be found to fall; and rather, as I imagine, toward the last.

There were two things on which he felt with perfect and, in one case, even threatening sincerity.

The first of these was an undisguised envy of those richer than himself. He was for ever drawing a parallel, already exemplified from his own words, between the happy life of the well-to-do and the miseries of the poor. Burns, too proud and honest not to work, continued through all reverses to sing of poverty with a light, defiant note. Béranger waited till he was himself beyond the reach of want, before writing the *Old Vagabond* or *Jacques*. Samuel Johnson, although he was very sorry to be poor, "was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty" in his ill days. Thus

it is that brave men carry their crosses, and smile with the fox burrowing in their vitals. But Villon, who had not the courage to be poor with honesty, now whiningly implores our sympathy, now shows his teeth upon the dung-heap with an ugly snarl. He envies bitterly, envies passionately. Poverty, he protests, drives men to steal, as hunger makes the wolf sally from the forest. The poor, he goes on, will always have a carping word to say, or, if that outlet be denied, nourish rebellious thoughts. It is a calumny on the noble army of the poor. Thousands in a small way of life, ay, and even in the smallest, go through life with tenfold as much honour and dignity and peace of mind, as the rich gluttons whose dainties and state beds awakened Villon's covetous temper. And every morning's sun sees thousands who pass whistling to their toil. But Villon was the " mauvais pauvre " defined by Victor Hugo, and, in its English expression, so admirably stereotyped by Dickens. He was the first wicked sans-culotte. He is the man of genius with the moleskin cap. He is mighty pathetic and beseeching here in the street, but I would not go down a dark road with him for a large consideration.

The second of the points on which he was genuine and emphatic was common to the middle ages; a deep and somewhat snivelling conviction of the transitory nature of this life and the pity and horror of death. Old age and the grave, with some dark and yet half-sceptical terror of an after-world — these were ideas that clung about his bones like a disease. An old ape, as he says, may play all the tricks in its repertory, and none of them will tickle an audience into good humour. " Tousjours vieil synge est desplaisant." It is not the old jester who receives most recognition at a tavern party, but the young fellow, fresh and handsome, who knows the new slang, and carries off his vice with a certain air. Of this, as a tavern jester himself, he would be pointedly conscious. As for the women with whom he was best acquainted, his reflections on their old age, in all their harrowing pathos, shall remain in the original for me. Horace has disgraced himself to something the same tune; but what Horace throws out with an ill-favoured laugh, Villon dwells on with an almost maudlin whimper.

It is in death that he finds his truest inspiration; in the swift and sorrowful change that overtakes beauty; in the strange revolution by which great fortunes and renowns are diminished to a handful of churchyard dust; and in the utter passing away of what was once lovable and mighty. It is in this that the mixed texture of his thought enables him to reach such poignant and terrible effects, and to enhance pity with ridicule, like a man cutting capers to a funeral march. It is in this, also, that he rises out of himself into the higher spheres of art. So, in the ballade by which he is best known, he rings the changes on names that once stood for beautiful and queenly women, and are now no more than letters and a legend. " Where are the snows of yester-year? " runs the burden. And so,

in another not so famous, he passes in review the different degrees of bygone men, from the holy Apostles and the golden Emperor of the East, down to the heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, who also bore their part in the world's pageantries and ate greedily at great folks' tables: all this to the refrain of " So much carry the winds away! " Probably, there was some melancholy in his mind for a yet lower grade, and Montigny and Colin de Cayeux clattering their bones on Paris gibbet. Alas, and with so pitiful an experience of life, Villon can offer us nothing but terror and lamentation about death! No one has ever more skilfully communicated his own disenchantment; no one ever blown a more ear-piercing note of sadness. This unrepentant thief can attain neither to Christian confidence, nor to the spirit of the bright Greek saying, that whom the gods love die early. It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness.

The date of the *Large Testament* is the last date in the poet's biography. After having achieved that admirable and despicable performance, he disappears into the night from whence he came. How or when he died, whether decently in bed or trussed up to a gallows, remains a riddle for foolhardy commentators. It appears his health had suffered in the pit at Méun; he was thirty years of age and quite bald; with the notch in his under lip where Sermaise had struck him with the sword, and what wrinkles the reader may imagine. In default of portraits, this is all I have been able to piece together, and perhaps even the baldness should be taken as a figure of his destitution. A sinister dog, in all likelihood, but with a look in his eye, and the loose flexible mouth that goes with wit and an overweening sensual temperament. Certainly the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame.

FILIPPO BRUNELLESCHI

1377–1446

By Giorgio Vasari[1] (1511–1571)

There are many men who, though formed by nature with small persons and insignificant features, are yet endowed with so much greatness of soul and force of character, that unless they can occupy themselves with difficult — nay, almost impossible undertakings, and carry these enterprises to perfection to the admiration of others, they are incapable of finding peace for their lives. And, however mean or unpromising may be the occasion presented to such persons, however trifling the object to be attained, they find means to make it important, and to give it elevation. Therefore it is that none should look with contemptuous glance on anyone whom he may encounter, having an aspect divested of that grace and beauty which we might expect that Nature would confer, even from his birth, upon him who is to exhibit distinguished talent, since it is beyond doubt that beneath the clods of earth the veins of gold lie hidden. So much force of mind, and so much goodness of heart, are frequently born with men of the most unpromising exterior, that if these be conjoined with nobility of soul, nothing short of the most important and valuable results can be looked for from them, since they labour to embellish the unsightly form by the beauty and brightness of the spirit. This was clearly exemplified in Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, who was no less diminutive in person than Messer Forete da Rabatta and Giotto, but who was of such exalted genius withal, that we may truly declare him to have been given to us by heaven, for the purpose of imparting a new spirit to architecture, which for hundreds of years had been lost: for the men of those times had badly expended great treasures in the erection of buildings without order, constructed in a wretched manner after deplorable designs, with fantastic inventions, laboured graces, and worse decorations. But it then pleased

[1] Reprinted from *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects: Translated from the Italian . . .* by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, London, 1850.

The first edition of Vasari appeared in 1550. In 1568 a considerably revised edition was published.

Heaven, the earth having been for so many years destitute of any distinguished mind and divine genius, that Filippo Brunelleschi should leave to the world, the most noble, vast, and beautiful edifice that had ever been constructed in modern times, or even in those of the ancients; giving proof that the talent of the Tuscan artists, although lost for a time, was not extinguished. He was, moreover, adorned by the most excellent qualities, among which was that of kindliness, insomuch that there never was a man of more benign and amicable disposition; in judgment he was calm and dispassionate, and laid aside all thought of his own interest and even that of his friends, whenever he perceived the merits and talents of others to demand that he should do so. He knew himself, instructed many from the stores of his genius, and was ever ready to succour his neighbour in all his necessities; he declared himself the confirmed enemy of all vice, and the friend of those who laboured in the cause of virtue. Never did he spend his moments vainly, but, although constantly occupied in his own works, in assisting those of others, or administering to their necessities, he had yet always time to bestow on his friends for whom his aid was ever ready.

There lived in Florence, as we are told, a man of good renown, very praiseworthy habits, and much activity in his affairs, whose name was Ser Brunellesco di Lippo Lapi, and whose grandfather, called Cambio, was a very learned person, the son of a physician famous in those times, and named Maestro Ventura Bacherini. Ser Brunellesco chose for his wife a young woman of excellent conduct, from the noble family of the Spini, with whom, as part payment of her dowry, he received a house, wherein he and his children dwelt to the day of their death. This house stands in a corner on the side opposite to San Michele Bertelli, after passing the Piazza degli Agli, and while Brunellesco there exercised his calling and lived happily with his wife, there was born to him in the year 1377 a son, to whom he gave the name of Filippo, after his own father, who was then dead. This birth he solemnized with all possible gladness. As the infant advanced in childhood, his father taught him the first rudiments of learning with the utmost care, and herein Filippo displayed so much intelligence, and so clear an understanding, as to frequently cause surprise that he did not take pains to attain perfection in letters, but rather seemed to direct his thoughts to matters of more obvious utility, a circumstance which caused Ser Brunellesco, who wished his son to follow his own calling of notary, or that of his great-great-grandfather (tritavolo) very great displeasure. Perceiving, nevertheless, that the mind of the boy was constantly intent on various ingenious questions of art and mechanics, he made him learn writing and arithmetic, and then placed him in the Guild of the Goldsmiths, that he might acquire the art of design from a friend of his. This was a great satisfaction to Filippo, who no long time after he had begun to study and practise in that art, understood the setting of precious stones much better than any old artist in the vocation. He also executed works in niello; among

others, figures in silver, two prophets, namely, half-lengths, which were placed over the altar of San Jacopo di Pistoja, and were considered very beautiful; these figures were made by Filippo, for the superintendents of the cathedral in that city. He also executed works in basso-rilievo, wherein he showed so complete a mastery of that art, as to make it manifest that his genius must quickly overstep the limits of the goldsmith's calling. Subsequently, having made acquaintance with several learned persons, he began to turn his attention to the computation of the divisions of time, the adjustment of weights, and the movement of wheels; he considered the method by which they might best be made to revolve, and how they might most effectually be set in motion, making several very good and beautiful watches with his own hand.

Not content with this, Filippo was seized with an earnest desire to attempt the art of sculpture, and this wish took effect in such sort that Donatello, then a youth, being considered of great distinction and high promise therein, Filippo contracted a close intimacy with him; and each attracted by the talents of the other, they became so strongly attached that one seemed unable to live without the other. But Filippo, who was capable of attaining excellence in various departments, gave his attention to many professions, nor had any long time elapsed before he was considered by good judges to be an excellent architect. This he proved in various works which served for the decoration of houses, as, for example, for that of the house of Apollonio Lapi, his kinsman, at the corner of the Ciai, towards the Mercato Vecchio, where he laboured industriously all the time that the edifice was in course of erection; and he did the same thing at the tower and house of Petraja at Castello, outside of Florence. In the palace of the Signoria also, Filippo distributed and arranged all the rooms occupied for the affairs of their office by the officials of the " Monte." He therein constructed the windows and doors after the manner of the ancients, a thing not then very frequently done, architecture being in a very rude state in Tuscany.

There was at that time a statue of Santa Maria Maddalena to be executed in linden-wood, for the monks of Santo Spirito in Florence, and which was to be placed in one of their chapels; Filippo therefore, who had executed various small works in sculpture, being desirous of proving that he could succeed in the greater also, undertook to execute this statue, which, being completed and fixed in its place, was considered exceedingly beautiful; but in the subsequent conflagration of the church in 1471 it was burnt, with many other remarkable things.

Filippo Brunelleschi gave considerable attention to the study of perspective, the rules of which were then very imperfectly understood, and often falsely interpreted; and in this he expended much time, until at length he discovered a perfectly correct method, that of taking the ground plan and sections by means of intersecting lines, a truly ingenious thing, and

of great utility to the arts of design. In these inquiries Filippo found so much pleasure that he executed a drawing of the Piazza San Giovanni, wherein he portrayed all the compartments of the incrustation in black and white marble, the foreshortening being managed with singular felicity and grace. He represented the house of the Misericordia in like manner, with the shops of the wafer-makers and the arch of the Pecori, giving the column of San Zanobi on the other side. This work having been highly commended by artists, and all who were capable of judging in matters of the kind, gave Filippo so much encouragement, that no long time elapsed before he commenced another, and made a view of the Palace, the Piazza, the Loggia de' Signori, with the roof of the Pisani, and all the buildings erected around that Square, works by which the attention of artists was so effectively aroused, that they afterwards devoted themselves to the study of perspective with great zeal. To Masaccio in particular, who was his friend, Filippo taught this art, the painter being then very young; but that he did much credit to his teacher is sufficiently manifest from the edifices depicted in his works. Nor did he fail to instruct those who worked in *tarsia,* which is a sort of inlaid work, executed in woods of various colours; the efforts of these artists he stimulated so powerfully, that from this time a better method prevailed, and many useful improvements were made in that branch of art, wherein, both then and at a later period, various excellent works were produced, from which Florence derived both fame and profit during many years. Messer Paolo dal Pozzo Toscanelli returning to Florence about this time, and being at supper with some of his friends in a garden invited Filippo also; who, hearing them discourse of the mathematical sciences, formed an intimate acquaintance with the philosopher, from whom he acquired the knowledge of geometry; and although Filippo possessed no learning, he yet reasoned so well, by the aid of his practical experience, that he frequently astonished Toscanelli. Thus labouring perpetually, Brunelleschi next turned his attention to the Scriptures, and never failed to be present at the disputations and preaching of learned men. From this practice he derived so much advantage, by help of his excellent memory, that the above-named Messer Paolo, alluding to him, was accustomed to say that, to hear Filippo in argument, one might fancy oneself listening to a second Paul. At the same time he gave earnest study to the works of Dante, with whose description of localities, and their respective distances, he made himself very familiar, and frequently availed himself of them in his conversations, when he would cite them by way of comparison. Nor, indeed, were his thoughts ever occupied otherwise than in the consideration of ingenious and difficult inquiries; but he could never find anyone who gave him so much satisfaction as did Donato, with whom he often held confidential discourse; these two artists found perpetual pleasure in the society of each other, and frequently conferred together on the difficulties of their art.

Now it happened in those days that Donato had completed a crucifix in wood, which was placed in the church of Santa Croce, in Florence, beneath the story of the girl restored to life by St. Francis, a picture painted by Taddeo Gaddi, and he desired to have the opinion of Filippo respecting his work; but he repented of having asked it, since Filippo replied that he had placed a clown on the cross. And from this time there arose, as is related at length in the life of Donato, the saying of "Take wood then, and make one thyself." Thereupon Filippo, who never suffered himself to be irritated by anything said to him, however well calculated to provoke him to anger, kept silence for several months, meanwhile preparing a crucifix, also in wood, and of similar size with that of Donato, but of such excellence, so well designed, and so carefully executed, that when Donato, having been sent forward to his house by Filippo, who intended him a surprise, beheld the work (the undertaking of which by Filippo was entirely unknown to him), he was utterly confounded, and having in his hand an apron full of eggs and other things on which his friend and himself were to dine together, he suffered the whole to fall to the ground, while he regarded the work before him in the very extremity of amazement. The artistic and ingenious manner in which Filippo had disposed and united the legs, trunk, and arms of the figure was alike obvious and surprising to Donato, who not only confessed himself conquered, but declared the work a miracle. This crucifix is now placed in the church of Santa Maria Novella, between the chapel of the Strozzi family and that of the Bardi da Vernio, and is still greatly praised by the judges of modern times. The talents of these truly excellent masters being thereupon appreciated, they received a commission from the Guild of the Butchers, and that of the Joiners, to prepare the two figures, in marble, required for the niches appropriate to those guilds among the number surrounding Or San Michele. These figures, Filippo, being occupied by other affairs, suffered Donato to execute alone, which he did to great perfection.

After these things, and in the year 1401, it was determined, seeing that sculpture had reached so elevated a condition, to reconstruct the two doors of the church and baptistry of San Giovanni, a work which, from the death of Andrea Pisano to that time, there had been no masters capable of conducting. Wherefore, this intention being made known to those sculptors who were in Tuscany, they were sent for, their appointments were given to them, and the space of a year was allowed for the preparation of a story by each master. Among these artists Filippo and Donato were also invited, and each of them was required to prepare a story, in concurrence with Lorenzo Ghiberti, Jacopo della Fonte, Simone da Colle, Francesco di Valdambrina, and Niccolo d'Arezzo. All these stories being completed within the year, and placed together to be compared, were all found to be beautiful, but with certain differences. One was well designed, but imperfectly executed, as was that of Donato; another was admirably drawn, and care-

fully finished, but the composition of the story was not good, the gradual diminution of the figures being neglected, as in the case of Jacopo della Quercia; a third artist had betrayed poverty of invention, and his figures were insignificant, which was the defect of Francesco di Valdambrina's specimen; but the worst of all were those of Niccolo d'Arezzo and Simone da Colle; while the best was that of Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti, in whose work perfection of design, delicacy of execution, rich invention, knowledge of art, and well-finished figures, were all combined. Nor was the story of Filippo greatly inferior to that of Lorenzo: the subject was Abraham proceeding to sacrifice Isaac, and among the figures was that of a servant, who, whilst he is awaiting his master, with the ass feeding beside him, is drawing a thorn from his foot. This figure merits considerable praise.

All these stories having been exhibited together, and Filippo and Donato not being satisfied with any, except that of Lorenzo, they judged him to be better adapted to execute the work than themselves or the masters who had produced the other stories. They consequently persuaded the syndics, by the good reasons which they assigned, to adjudge the work to Lorenzo, showing that the public and private benefit would be thus most effectually secured. Now this was, in truth, the sincere rectitude of friendship; it was talent without envy, and uprightness of judgment in a decision respecting themselves, by which these artists were more highly honoured than they could have been by conducting the work to the utmost summit of perfection. Happy spirits! who, while aiding each other, took pleasure in commending the labours of their competitors. How unhappy, on the contrary, are the artists of our day, labouring to injure each other, yet still unsatisfied, they burst with envy while seeking to wound others. Filippo was requested by the superintendents to undertake the work, in concert with Lorenzo, but he would not consent to this, desiring rather to be the first in some other art, than merely an equal, and perhaps secondary, in that undertaking. Wherefore he gave the story in bronze, which he had prepared, to Cosimo de' Medici, who caused it at a subsequent period to be placed in the old sacristy of San Lorenzo, and at the back of the altar, where it still remains. That of Donato was given to the Guild of the Money-changers.

The commission for the door being given to Lorenzo Ghiberti, Filippo and Donato, who were together, resolved to depart from Florence in company, and to remain in Rome for some years, Filippo proposing to pursue the study of architecture, and Donato that of sculpture. And this Filippo did, desiring to surpass Lorenzo and Donato, in proportion as architecture is more useful to man than are sculpture and paintings. He first sold a small farm which he possessed as Settignano, when both artists departed from Florence and proceeded to Rome, where, when Filippo beheld the magnificence of the buildings and the perfection of the churches, he stood like one amazed, and seemed to have lost his wits. They instantly made preparations for measuring the cornices and taking the ground-plans of these

edifices, Donato and himself both labouring continually, and sparing neither time nor cost. No place was left unvisited by them, either in Rome or without the city, and in the Campagna; nor did they fail to take the dimensions of anything good within their reach. And as Filippo was free from all household cares, he gave himself up so exclusively to his studies, that he took no time either to eat or sleep; his every thought was of Architecture, which was then extinct: I mean the good old manner, and not the Gothic and barbarous one, which was much practised at that period. Filippo had two very great purposes in his mind, the one being to restore to light the good manner in architecture, which, if he could effect, he believed that he should leave a no less illustrious memorial of himself than Cimabue and Giotto had done; the other was to discover a method for constructing the Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, the difficulties of which were so great, that after the death of Arnolfo Lapi, no one had ever been found of sufficient courage to attempt the vaulting of that Cupola without an enormous expanse of scaffolding. He did not impart this purpose, either to Donato or to any living soul, but he never rested while in Rome until he had well pondered on all the difficulties involved in the vaulting of the *Ritonda* in that city (*the Pantheon*), and had maturely considered the means by which it might be effected. He also well examined and made careful drawings of all the vaults and arches of antiquity: to these he devoted perpetual study, and if by chance the artists found fragments of capitals, columns, cornices, or basements of buildings buried in the earth, they set labourers to work and caused them to be dug out, until the foundation was laid open to their view. Reports of this being spread about Rome, the artists were called " treasure-seekers," and this name they frequently heard as they passed, negligently clothed, along the streets, the people believing them to be men who studied geomancy, for the discovery of treasures; the cause of which was that they had one day found an ancient vase of earth, full of coins. The money of Filippo falling short, he supplied the want by setting precious stones for the goldsmiths who were his friends; which served him for a resource. Donato having returned to Florence, Filippo was left alone in Rome, and there he laboured continually among the ruins of the buildings, where he studied more industriously than ever. Nor did he rest until he had drawn every description of fabric — temples, round, square, or octagon; basilicas, aqueducts, baths, arches, the Colosseum, Amphitheatres, and every church built of bricks, of which he examined all the modes of binding and clamping, as well as the turning of the vaults and arches; he took note likewise of all the methods used for uniting the stones, as well as of the means used for securing the equilibrium and close conjunction of all the parts; and having found that in all the larger stones there was a hole, formed exactly in the centre of each on the under side, he discovered that this was for the insertion of the iron instrument with which the stones are drawn up, and which is called by us the mason's

clamps (*la ulivella*), an invention, the use of which he restored and ever afterwards put in practice. The different orders were next divided by his cares, each order, Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian being placed apart; and such was the effect of his zeal in that study, that he became capable of entirely reconstructing the city in his imagination, and of beholding Rome as she had been before she was ruined. But in the year 1407 the air of the place caused Filippo some slight indisposition, when he was advised by his friends to try change of air. He consequently returned to Florence, where many buildings had suffered by his absence, and for these he made many drawings and gave numerous counsels on his return.

In the same year an assemblage of architects and engineers was gathered in Florence, by the Superintendents of the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, and by the Syndics of the Guild of wool-workers, to consult on the means by which the Cupola might be raised. Among these appeared Filippo, who gave it as his opinion that the edifice above the roof must be constructed, not after the design of Arnolfo, but that a frieze, fifteen braccia high, must be erected, with a large window in each of its sides: since not only would this take the weight off the piers of the tribune, but would also permit the cupola itself to be more easily raised. Models after which the work might be executed were prepared in this manner accordingly. Some months after Filippo's return, and when he had recovered his health, he was one morning on the Piazza di Santa Maria del Fiore with Donato and other artists, when the conversation turned on the antiquity of works in sculpture. Donato related, that when he was returning from Rome he had taken the road of Orvieto, to see the marble façade of the Duomo in that city — a work highly celebrated, executed by the hands of various masters, and considered in those days a very remarkable thing. He added, that when afterwards passing by Cortona, he had there seen in the capitular church a most beautiful antique vase in marble, adorned with sculptures — a very rare circumstance at that time, since the large numbers of beautiful relics brought to light in our days had not then been disinterred. Donato proceeding to describe the manner in which the artist had treated this work, with the delicacy he had remarked in it, and the excellence, nay perfection, of the workmanship, Filippo became inflamed with such an ardent desire to see it, that, impelled by the force of his love to art, he set off, as he was, in his mantle, his hood, and his wooden shoes, without saying where he was going, and went on foot to Cortona for that purpose. Having seen the vase and being pleased with it, he drew a copy of it with his pen, and returned therewith to Florence, before Donato or any other person had perceived that he had departed, all believing that he must be occupied in drawing or inventing something. Having got back to Florence, Filippo showed the drawing of the vase, which he had executed with much patience, to Donato, who was not a little astonished at this evidence of the love Filippo bore to art. The latter then remained several months in Florence, secretly

preparing models and machines, all intended for the erection of the Cupola, amusing himself meanwhile with perpetually bantering his brother-artists; for it was at this time that he made the jest of " the Grasso and Matteo." He frequently went also for his amusement to assist Lorenzo Ghiberti in finishing certain parts of the doors. But one morning the fancy took him, hearing that there was some talk of providing engineers for the construction of the Cupola, of returning to Rome, thinking that he would have more reputation and be more sought from abroad, than if he remained in Florence. When Filippo had returned to Rome accordingly, the acuteness of his genius and his readiness of resource were taken into consideration, when it was remembered that in his discourses he showed a confidence and courage that had not been found in any of the other architects, who stood confounded, together with the builders, having lost all power of proceeding; for they were convinced that no method of constructing the Cupola would ever be found, nor any beams that would make a scaffold strong enough to support the framework and weight of so vast an edifice. The Superintendents were therefore resolved to have an end of the matter, and wrote to Filippo in Rome, entreating him to repair to Florence, when he, who desired nothing better, returned very readily. The wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore and the Syndics of the Guild of woolworkers, having assembled on his arrival, set before him all the difficulties, from the greatest to the smallest, which had been made by the masters, who were present, together with himself, at the audience: whereupon Filippo replied in these words — " Gentlemen Superintendents, there is no doubt that great undertakings always present difficulties in their execution; and if none ever did so before, this of yours does it to an extent of which you are not perhaps even yet fully aware, for I do not know that even the ancients ever raised so enormous a vault as this will be. I, who have many times reflected on the scaffoldings required, both within and without, and on the method to be pursued for working securely at this erection, have never been able to come to a decision; and I am confounded, no less by the breadth than the height of the edifice. Now if the Cupola could be arched in a circular form, we might pursue the method adopted by the Romans in erecting the Pantheon of Rome; that is, the Rotunda. But here we must follow the eight sides of the building, dovetailing, and, so to speak, enchaining the stones, which will be a very difficult thing. Yet, remembering that this is a temple consecrated to God and the Virgin, I confidently trust, that for a work executed to their honour, they will not fail to infuse knowledge where it is now wanting, and will bestow strength, wisdom, and genius on him who shall be the author of such a project. But how can I help you in the matter, seeing that the work is not mine? I tell you plainly, that if it belonged to me, my courage and power would beyond all doubt suffice to discover means whereby the work might be effected without so many difficulties; but as yet I have not reflected on the matter to any extent, and

you would have me tell you by what method it is to be accomplished. But even if your worships should determine that the Cupola shall be raised, you will be compelled not only to make trial of me, who do not consider myself capable of being the sole adviser in so important a matter, but also to expend money, and to command that within a year, and on a fixed day, many architects shall assemble in Florence; not Tuscans and Italians only, but Germans, French, and of every other nation: to them it is that such an undertaking should be proposed, to the end that having discussed the matter and decided among so many masters, the work may be commenced and intrusted to him who shall give the best evidence of capacity, or shall display the best method and judgment for the execution of so great a charge. I am not able to offer you other counsel, or to propose a better arrangement than this."

The proposal and plan of Filippo pleased the Syndics and Wardens of the works, but they would have liked that he should meanwhile prepare a model, on which they might have decided. But he showed himself to have no such intention, and taking leave of them, declared that he was solicited by letters to return to Rome. The Syndics then perceiving that their request and those of the Wardens did not suffice to detain him, caused several of his friends to entreat his stay; but Filippo not yielding to these prayers, the Wardens, one morning, ordered him a present of money; this was on the 26th of May, 1417, and the sum is to be seen among the expenses of Filippo, in the books of the works. All this was done to render him favourable to their wishes; but, firm to his resolution, he departed nevertheless from Florence and returned to Rome, where he continued the unremitting study of the same subject, making various arrangements and preparing himself for the completion of that work, being convinced, as was the truth, that no other than himself could conduct such an undertaking to its conclusion. Nor had Filippo advised the Syndics to call new architects for any other reason, than was furnished by his desire that those masters should be the witnesses of his own superior genius: he by no means expected that they could or would receive the commission for vaulting that tribune, or would undertake the charge, which he believed to be altogether too difficult for them. Much time was meanwhile consumed, before the architects, whom the Syndics had caused to be summoned from afar, could arrive from their different countries. Orders had been given to the Florentine merchants resident in France, Germany, England, and Spain, who were authorized to spend large sums of money for the purposing of sending them, and were commanded to obtain from the sovereigns of each realm the most experienced and distinguished masters of the respective countries.

In the year 1420, all these foreign masters were at length assembled in Florence, with those of Tuscany, and all the best Florentine artists in design. Filippo likewise then returned from Rome. They all assembled, therefore, in the hall of the wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Syndics

and Superintendents, together with a select number of the most capable and ingenious citizens being present, to the end that having heard the opinion of each on the subject, they might at length decide on the method to be adopted for vaulting the tribune. Being called into the audience, the opinions of all were heard one after another, and each architect declared the method which he had thought of adopting. And a fine thing it was to hear the strange and various notions then propounded on that matter: for one said that columns must be raised from the ground up, and that on these they must turn the arches, whereon the wood-work for supporting the weight must rest. Others affirmed that the vault should be turned in cysteolite or sponge-stone (spugna), thereby to diminish the weight; and several of the masters agreed in the opinion, that a column must be erected in the centre, and the Cupola raised in the form of a pavilion, like that of San Giovanni in Florence. Nay, there were not wanting those who maintained that it would be a good plan to fill the space with earth, among which small coins (quatrini) should be mingled, that when the Cupola should be raised, they might then give permission that whoever should desire the soil might go to fetch it, when the people would immediately carry it away without expense. Filippo alone declared that the Cupola might be erected without so great a mass of wood-work, without a column in the centre, and without the mound of earth; at a much lighter expense than would be caused by so many arches, and very easily, without any framework whatever.

Hearing this, the Syndics, who were listening in the expectation of hearing some fine method, felt convinced that Filippo had talked like a mere simpleton, as did the Superintendents, and all the other citizens; they derided him therefore, laughing at him, and turning away; they bade him discourse of something else, for that this was the talk of a fool or madman, as he was. Therefore Filippo, thinking he had cause of offence, replied, " But consider, gentlemen, that it is not possible to raise the Cupola in any other manner than this of mine, and although you laugh at me, yet you will be obliged to admit (if you do not mean to be obstinate), that it neither must nor can be done in any other manner: and if it be erected after the method that I propose, it must be turned in the manner of the pointed arch, and must be double — the one vaulting within, the other without, in such sort that a passage should be formed between the two. At the angles of the eight walls, the building must be strengthened by the dovetailing of the stones, and in like manner the walls themselves must be girt around by strong beams of oak. We must also provide for the lights, the staircases, and the conduits by which the rain-water may be carried off. And none of you have remembered that we must prepare supports within, for the execution of the mosaics, with many other difficult arrangements; but I, who see the Cupola raised, I have reflected on all these things, and I know that there is no other mode of accomplishing them,

than that of which I have spoken." Becoming heated as he proceeded, the more Filippo sought to make his views clear to his hearers, that they might comprehend and agree with him, the more he awakened their doubts, and the less they confided in him, so that, instead of giving him their faith, they held him to be a fool and a babbler. Whereupon being more than once dismissed, and finally refusing to go, they caused him to be carried forcibly from the audience by the servants of the place, considering him to be altogether mad. This contemptuous treatment caused Filippo at a later period to say, that he dared not at that time pass through any part of the city, lest someone should say, " See, where goes that fool! " The Syndics and others forming the assembly remained confounded, first, by the difficult methods proposed by the other masters, and next by that of Filippo, which seemed to them stark nonsense. He appeared to them to render the enterprise impossible by his two propositions — first, by that of making the Cupola double, whereby the great weight to be sustained would be rendered altogether unmanageable, and next by the proposal of building without a framework. Filippo, on the other hand, who had spent so many years in close study to prepare himself for this work, knew not to what course to betake himself, and was many times on the point of leaving Florence. Still, if he desired to conquer, it was necessary to arm himself with patience, and he had seen enough to know that the heads of that city seldom remained long fixed to one resolution. He might easily have shown them a small model which he had secretly made, but he would not do so, knowing the imperfect intelligence of the Syndics, the envy of the artists, and the instability of the citizens, who favoured now one and now another, as each chanced to please them. And I do not wonder at this, because everyone in Florence professes to know as much of these matters, as do the most experienced masters, although there are very few who really understand them; a truth which we may be permitted to affirm without offence to those who are well informed on the subject. What Filippo therefore could not effect before the tribunal, he began to attempt with individuals, and talking apart now with a Syndic, now with a Warden, and again with different citizens, showing moreover certain parts of his design; he thus brought them at length to resolve on confiding the conduct of this work, either to him or to one of the foreign architects. Hereupon, the Syndics, the Wardens, and the citizens, selected to be judges in the matter, having regained courage, gathered together once again, and the architects disputed respecting the matter before them; but all were put down and vanquished on sufficient grounds by Filippo, and here it is said that the dispute of the egg arose, in the manner following. The other architects desired that Filippo should explain his purpose minutely, and show his model as they had shown theirs. This he would not do, but proposed to all the masters, foreigners and compatriots, that he who could make an egg stand upright on a piece of smooth marble, should be appointed to build the Cupola, since in

doing that, his genius would be made manifest. They took an egg accordingly, and all those masters did their best to make it stand upright, but none discovered the method of doing so. Wherefore, Filippo, being told that he might make it stand himself, took it daintily into his hand, gave the end of it a blow on the plane of the marble, and made it stand upright. Beholding this, the artists loudly protested, exclaiming, that they could all have done the same; but Filippo replied, laughing, that they might also know how to construct the Cupola, if they had seen the model and design. It was thus at length resolved that Filippo should receive the charge of conducting the work, but he was told that he must furnish the Syndics and Wardens with more exact information.

He returned, therefore, to his house, and stated his whole purpose on a sheet of paper, as clearly as he could possibly express it, when it was given to the tribunal in the following terms: " The difficulties of this erection being well considered, magnificent signors and wardens, I find that it cannot by any means be constructed in a perfect circle, since the extent of the upper part, where the lantern has to be placed, would be so vast, that when a weight was laid thereon it would soon give way. Now it appears to me that those architects who do not aim at giving perpetual duration to their fabrics, cannot have any regard for the durability of the memorial, nor do they even know what they are doing. I have therefore determined to turn the inner part of this vault in angles, according to the form of the walls, adopting the proportions and manner of the pointed arch, this being a form which displays a rapid tendency to ascend, and when loaded with the lantern, each part will help to give stability to the other. The thickness of the vault at the base must be three braccia and three quarters; it must then rise in the form of a pyramid, decreasing from without up to the point where it closes, and where the lantern has to be placed, and at this junction the thickness must be one braccia and a quarter. A second vault shall then be constructed outside the first, to preserve the latter from the rain, and this must be two braccia and a half thick at the base, also diminishing proportionally in the form of a pyramid, in such a manner that the parts shall have their junction at the commencement of the lantern, as did the other, and at the highest point it must have two-thirds of the thickness of the base. There must be a buttress at each angle, which will be eight in all, and between the angles, in the face of each wall, there shall be two, sixteen in all; and these sixteen buttresses on the inner and outer side of each wall must each have the breadth of four braccia at the base. These two vaults, built in the form of a pyramid, shall rise together in equal proportion to the height of the round window closed by the lantern. There will thus be constructed twenty-four buttresses with the said vaults built around, and six strong and high arches of a hard stone (macigno), well clamped and bound with iron fastenings, which must be covered with tin, and over these stones shall be cramping-irons, by

which the vaults shall be bound to the buttresses. The masonry must be solid, and must leave no vacant space up to the height of five braccia and a quarter; the buttresses being then continued, the arches will be separated. The first and second courses from the base must be strengthened everywhere by long plates of macigno laid crosswise, in such sort that both vaults of the Cupola shall rest on these stones. Throughout the whole height, at every ninth braccia there shall be small arches constructed in the vaults between the buttresses, with strong cramps of oak, whereby the buttresses by which the inner vault is supported will be bound and strengthened; these fastenings of oak shall then be covered with plates of iron, on account of the staircases. The buttresses are all to be built of macigno, or other hard stone, and the walls of the Cupola are, in like manner, to be all of solid stone bound to the buttresses to the height of twenty-four braccia, and thence upwards they shall be constructed of bricks, or of spongite (spugne), as shall be determined on by the masters who build it, they using that which they consider lightest. On the outside a passage or gallery shall be made above the windows, which below shall form a terrace, with an open parapet or balustrade two braccia high, after the manner of those of the lower tribunes, and forming two galleries, one over the other, placed on a richly-decorated cornice, the upper gallery being covered. The rain-water shall be carried off the Cupola by means of a marble channel, one-third of an ell broad, the water being discharged at an outlet to be constructed of a hard stone (pietra forte), beneath the channel. Eight ribs of marble shall be formed on the angles of the external surface of the Cupola, of such thickness as may be requisite; these shall rise to the height of one braccia above the Cupola, with cornices projecting in the manner of a roof, two braccia broad, that the summit may be complete and sufficiently furnished with eaves and channels on every side; and these must have the form of the pyramid, from their base, or point of junction, to their extremity. Thus the Cupola shall be constructed after the method described above, and without framework, to the height of thirty braccia, and from that height upwards it may be continued after such manner as shall be determined on by the masters who may have to build it, since practice teaches us by what methods to proceed."

When Filippo had written the above, he repaired in the morning to the tribunal, and gave his paper to the Syndics and Wardens, who took the whole of it into their consideration; and, although they were not able to understand it all, yet seeing the confidence of Filippo, and finding that the other architects gave no evidence of having better grounds to proceed on, — he moreover showing a manifest security, by constantly repeating the same things in such a manner that he had all the appearance of having vaulted ten Cupolas; — the Syndics, seeing all this, retired apart, and finally resolved to give him the work: they would have liked to see some example of the manner in which he meant to turn this vault without

framework, but to all the rest they gave their approbation. And fortune was favourable to this desire: Bartolommeo Barbadori having determined to build a chapel in Santa Felicita, and having spoken concerning it with Filippo, the latter had commenced the work, and caused the chapel, which is on the right of the entrance, where is also the holy water vase (likewise by the hand of Filippo), to be vaulted without any framework. At the same time he constructed another, in like manner, for Stiatta Ridolfi, in the church of Santo Jacopo sopr' Arno; that, namely, beside the chapel of the High Altar; and these works obtained him more credit than was given to his words. The Consuls and Wardens feeling at length assured, by the writing that he had given them, and by the works which they had seen, intrusted the Cupola to his care, and he was made principal master of the works by a majority of votes. They would nevertheless not commission him to proceed beyond the height of twelve braccia, telling him that they desired to see how the work would succeed, but that if it proceeded as successfully as he expected, they would not fail to give him the appointment for the remainder. The sight of so much obstinacy and distrust in the Syndics and Wardens was so surprising to Filippo, that if he had not known himself to be the only person capable of conducting the work, he would not have laid a hand upon it; but desiring, as he did, to secure the glory of its completion, he accepted the terms, and pledged himself to conduct the undertaking perfectly to the end. The writing Filippo had given was copied into a book wherein the purveyor kept the accounts of the works in wood and marble, together with the obligation into which Filippo had entered as above said. An allowance was then made to him, conformably with what had at other times been given to other Masters of the works.

When the commission given to Filippo became known to the artists and citizens, some thought well of it, and others ill, as always is the case with a matter which calls forth the opinions of the populace, the thoughtless, and the envious. Whilst the preparation of materials for beginning to build was making, a party was formed among the artists and citizens; and these men proceeding to the Syndics and Wardens, declared that the matter had been concluded too hastily, and that such a work ought not to be executed according to the opinion of one man only; they added, that if the Syndics and Wardens had been destitute of distinguished men instead of being furnished with such an abundance, they would have been excusable, but that what was now done was not likely to redound to the honour of the citizens, seeing, that if any accident should happen, they would incur blame, as persons who had conferred too great a charge on one man, without considering the losses and disgrace that might result to the public. All this considered, it would be well to give Filippo a colleague, who might restrain his impetuosity (furore).

Lorenzo Ghiberti had at that time attained to high credit by the evi-

dence of his genius, which he had given in the doors of San Giovanni; and that he was much beloved by certain persons who were very powerful in the government was now proved with sufficient clearness, since, perceiving the glory of Filippo to increase so greatly, they laboured in such a manner with the Syndics and Wardens, under the pretext of care and anxiety for the building, that Ghiberti was united with Filippo in the work. The bitter vexation of Filippo, the despair into which he fell, when he heard what the Wardens had done, may be understood by the fact that he was on the point of flying from Florence; and had it not been that Donato and Luca della Robbia comforted and encouraged him, he would have gone out of his senses. A truly wicked and cruel rage is that of those men, who, blinded by envy, endanger the honours and noble works of others in the base strife of ambition: it was not the fault of these men that Filippo did not break in pieces the models, set fire to the designs, and in one half hour destroy all the labours so long endured, and ruin the hopes of so many years. The Wardens excused themselves at first to Filippo, encouraging him to proceed, reminding him that the inventor and author of so noble a fabric was still himself, and no other; but they, nevertheless, gave Lorenzo a stipend equal to that of Filippo. The work was then continued with but little pleasure on the part of Filippo, who knew that he must endure all the labours connected therewith, and would then have to divide the honour and fame equally with Lorenzo. Taking courage, nevertheless, from the thought that he should find a method of preventing the latter from remaining very long attached to that undertaking, he continued to proceed after the manner laid down in the writing given to the Wardens. Meanwhile the thought occurred to the mind of Filippo of constructing a complete model, which, as yet, had never been done. This he commenced forthwith, causing the parts to be made by a certain Bartolommeo, a joiner, who dwelt near his studio. In this model (the measurements of which were in strict accordance with those of the building itself, the difference being of size only), all the difficult parts of the structure were shown as they were to be when completed; as, for example, staircases lighted and dark, with every other kind of light, with the buttresses and other inventions for giving strength to the building, the doors, and even a portion of the gallery. Lorenzo, having heard of this model, desired to see it, but Filippo refusing, he became angry, and made preparations for constructing a model of his own, that he might not appear to be receiving his salary for nothing, but that he also might seem to count for something in the matter. For these models Filippo received fifty lire and fifteen soldi, as we find by an order in the book of Migliore di Tommaso, under date of the 3rd October, 1419, while Lorenzo was paid three hundred lire for the labour and cost of his model, a difference occasioned by the partiality and favour shown to him, rather than merited by any utility or benefit secured to the building by the model which he had constructed.

This vexatious state of things continued beneath the eyes of Filippo until the year 1426, the friends of Lorenzo calling him the inventor of the work, equally with Filippo, and this caused so violent a commotion in the mind of the latter, that he lived in the utmost disquietude. Various improvements and new inventions were, besides, presenting themselves to his thoughts, and he resolved to rid himself of his colleague at all hazards, knowing of how little use he was to the work. Filippo had already raised the walls of the Cupola to the height of twelve braccia in both vaults, but the works, whether in wood or stone, that were to give strength to the fabric, had still to be executed, and as this was a matter of difficulty, he determined to speak with Lorenzo respecting it, that he might ascertain whether the latter had taken it into consideration. But Lorenzo was so far from having thought of this exigency, and so entirely unprepared for it, that he replied by declaring that he would refer that to Filippo as the inventor. The answer of Lorenzo pleased Filippo, who thought he here saw the means of removing his colleague from the works, and of making it manifest that he did not possess that degree of knowledge in the matter which was attributed to him by his friends, and implied in the favour which had placed him in the situation he held. All the builders were now engaged in the work, and waited only for directions, to commence the part above the twelve braccia, to raise the vaults, and render all secure. The closing in of the Cupola towards the top having commenced, it was necessary to provide the scaffolding, that the masons and labourers might work without danger, seeing that the height was such as to make the most steady head turn giddy, and the firmest spirit shrink, merely to look down from it. The masons and other masters were therefore waiting in expectation of directions as to the manner in which the chains were to be applied, and the scaffoldings erected; but, finding there was nothing determined on either by Lorenzo or Filippo, there arose a murmur among the masons and other builders, at not seeing the work pursued with the solicitude previously shown; and as the workmen were poor persons who lived by the labour of their hands, and who now believed that neither one nor the other of the architects had courage enough to proceed further with the undertaking, they went about the building employing themselves as they best could in looking over and furbishing up all that had been already executed.

But one morning Filippo did not appear at the works: he tied up his head, went to bed complaining bitterly, and causing plates and towels to be heated with great haste and anxiety, pretending that he had an attack of pleurisy. The builders, who stood waiting directions to proceed with their work, on hearing this, demanded orders of Lorenzo for what they were to do; but he replied, that the arrangement of the work belonged to Filippo, and that they must wait for him. " How? " said one of them, " do not you know what his intentions are? " " Yes," replied Lorenzo, " but I would not do anything without him." This he said by way of excusing

himself; for as he had not seen the model of Filippo, and had never asked him what method he meant to pursue, that he might not appear ignorant, so he now felt completely out of his depth, being thus referred to his own judgment, and the more so as he knew that he was employed in that undertaking against the will of Filippo. The illness of the latter having already lasted more than two days, the purveyor of the works, with many of the master-builders, went to see him, and repeatedly asked him to tell them what they should do; but he constantly replied, " You have Lorenzo, let him begin to do something for once." Nor could they obtain from him any other reply. When this became known, it caused much discussion: great blame was thrown upon the undertaking, and many adverse judgments were uttered. Some said that Filippo had taken to his bed from grief, at finding that he had not power to accomplish the erection of the Cupola, and that he was now repenting of having meddled with the matter; but his friends defended him, declaring that his vexation might arise from the wrong he had suffered in having Lorenzo given to him as a colleague, but that his disorder was pleurisy, brought on by his excessive labours for the work. In the midst of all this tumult of tongues, the building was suspended, and almost all the operations of the masons and stone-cutters came to a stand. These men murmured against Lorenzo, and said, " He is good enough at drawing the salary, but when it comes to directing the manner in which we are to proceed, he does nothing; if Filippo were not here, or if he should remain long disabled, what can Lorenzo do? and if Filippo be ill, is that his fault? The wardens, perceiving the discredit that accrued to them from this state of things, resolved to make Filippo a visit, and having reached his house they first condoled with him on his illness, told him into what disorder the building had fallen, and described the troubles which this malady had brought on them. Whereupon Filippo, speaking with much heat, partly to keep up the feint of illness, but also in part from his interest in the work, exclaimed, " What! is not Lorenzo there? why does not he do something? I cannot but wonder at your complaints." To this the wardens replied, " He will not do anything without you." Whereunto Filippo made answer, " But I could do it well enough without him." This acute and doubly significant reply sufficed, to the Wardens, and they departed, having convinced themselves that Filippo was sick of the desire to work alone; they therefore sent certain of his friends to draw him from his bed, with the intention of removing Lorenzo from the work. Filippo then returned to the building, but seeing the power that Lorenzo possessed by means of the favour he enjoyed, and that he desired to receive the salary without taking any share whatever in the labour, he bethought himself of another method for disgracing him, and making it publicly and fully evident that he had very little knowledge of the matter in hand. He consequently made the following discourse to the Wardens (Operai), Lorenzo being present: — " Signori Operai, if the time

we have to live were as well secured to us as is the certainty that we may very quickly die, there is no doubt whatever that many works would be completed, which are now commenced and left imperfect. The malady with which I have had the misfortune to be attacked, might have deprived me of life, and put a stop to this work; wherefore, lest I should again fall sick, or Lorenzo either, which God forbid, I have considered that it would be better for each to execute his own portion of the work: as your worships have divided the salary, let us also divide the labour, to the end that each, being incited to show what he knows and is capable of performing, may proceed with confidence, to his own honour and benefit, as well as to that of the republic. Now there are two difficult operations which must at this time be put into course of execution — the one is the erection of scaffoldings for enabling the builders to work in safety, and which must be prepared both for the inside and outside of the fabric, where they will be required to sustain the weight of the men, the stones and the mortar, with space also for the crane to draw up the different materials, and for other machines and tools of various kinds. The other difficulty is the chain-work, which has to be constructed upon the twelve braccia already erected, this being requisite to bind and secure the eight sides of the Cupola, and which must surround the fabric, enchaining the whole, in such a manner, that the weight which has hereafter to be laid on it shall press equally on all sides, the parts mutually supporting each other, so that no portion of the edifice shall be too heavily pressed on or over-weighted, but that all shall rest firmly on its own basis. Let Lorenzo then take one of these works, whichever he may think he can most easily execute, I will take the other and answer for bringing it to a successful conclusion, that we may lose no more time." Lorenzo having heard this, was compelled, for the sake of his honour, to accept one or other of these undertakings; and although he did it very unwillingly, he resolved to take the chain-work, thinking that he might rely on the counsels of the builders, and remembering also that there was a chain-work of stone in the vaulting of San Giovanni di Fiorenza, from which he might take a part, if not the whole, of the arrangement. One took the scaffolds in hand accordingly, and the other the chain-work, so that both were put in progress. The scaffolds of Filippo were constructed with so much ingenuity and judgment, that in this matter the very contrary of what many had before expected was seen to have happened, since the builders worked thereon with as much security as they would have done on the ground beneath, drawing up all the requisite weights and standing themselves in perfect safety. The models of these scaffolds were deposited in the hall of the wardens. Lorenzo executed the chain-work on one of the eight walls with the utmost difficulty, and when it was finished the wardens caused Filippo to look at it. He said nothing to them, but with some of his friends he held discourse on the subject, declaring that the building required a very different work of ligature and security to that

one, laid in a manner altogether unlike the method there adopted; for that this would not suffice to support the weight which was to be laid on it, the pressure not being of sufficient strength and firmness. He added that the sums paid to Lorenzo, with the chain-work which he had caused to be constructed, were so much labour, time, and money thrown away. The remarks of Filippo became known, and he was called upon to show the manner that ought to be adopted for the construction of such a chain-work; wherefore, having already prepared his designs and models, he exhibited them immediately, and they were no sooner examined by the Wardens and other masters, than they perceived the error into which they had fallen by favouring Lorenzo. For this they now resolved to make amends; and desiring to prove that they were capable of distinguishing merit, they made Filippo chief and superintendent of the whole fabric for life, commanding that nothing should be done in the work but as he should direct. As a further mark of approbation, they presented him moreover with a hundred florins, ordered by the Syndics and Wardens, under date of August 13, 1423, through Lorenzo Paoli, notary of the administration of the works, and signed by Gherardo di Messer Filippo Corsini: they also voted him an allowance of one hundred florins for life. Whereupon, having taken measures for the future progress of the fabric, Filippo conducted the works with so much solicitude and such minute attention, that there was not a stone placed in the building which he had not examined. Lorenzo on the other hand, finding himself vanquished and in a manner disgraced, was nevertheless so powerfully assisted and favoured by his friends, that he continued to receive his salary, under the pretext that he could not be dismissed until the expiration of three years from that time.

Drawings and models were meanwhile continually prepared by Filippo, for the most minute portions of the building, for the stages of scaffolds for the workmen, and for the machines used in raising the materials. There were nevertheless several malicious persons, friends of Lorenzo, who did not cease to torment him by daily bringing forward models in rivalry of those constructed by him, insomuch that one was made by Maestro Antonio da Verzelli, and other masters who were favoured and brought into notice — now by one citizen and now by another, their fickleness and mutability betraying the insufficiency of their knowledge and the weakness of their judgment, since having perfection within their reach, they perpetually brought forward the imperfect and useless.

The chain-work was now completed around all the eight sides, and the builders, animated by success, worked vigorously; but being pressed more than usual by Filippo, and having received certain reprimands concerning the masonry and in relation to other matters of daily occurrence, discontents began to prevail. Moved by this circumstance and by their envy, the chiefs among them drew together and got up a faction, declaring that the work was a laborious and perilous undertaking, and that they would

not proceed with the vaulting of the Cupola, but on condition of receiving large payments, although their wages had already been increased and were much higher than was usual: by these means they hoped to injure Filippo and increase their own gains. This circumstance displeased the wardens greatly, as it did Filippo also; but the latter, having reflected on the matter, took his resolution, and one Saturday evening he dismissed them all. The men seeing themselves thus sent about their business, and not knowing how the affair would turn, were very sullen; but on the following Monday Filippo sent ten Lombards to work at the building, and by remaining constantly present with them, and saying, " do this here " and " do that there," he taught them so much in one day that they were able to continue the works during many weeks. The masons seeing themselves thus disgraced as well as deprived of their employment, and knowing that they would find no work equally profitable, sent messengers to Filippo, declaring that they would willingly return, and recommending themselves to his consideration. Filippo kept them for several days in suspense, and seemed not inclined to admit them again; they were afterwards reinstated, but with lower wages than they had received at first: thus where they had thought to make gain they suffered loss, and by seeking to revenge themselves on Filippo, they brought injury and shame on their own heads.

The tongues of the envious were now silenced, and when the building was seen to proceed so happily, the genius of Filippo obtained its due consideration; and, by all who judged dispassionately, he was already held to have shown a boldness which has, perhaps, never before been displayed in their works, by any architect, ancient or modern. This opinion was confirmed by the fact that Filippo now brought out his model, in which all might see the extraordinary amount of thought bestowed on every detail of the building. The varied invention displayed in the staircases, in the provision of lights, both within and without, so that none might strike or injure themselves in the darkness, were all made manifest, with the careful consideration evinced by the different supports of iron which were placed to assist the footsteps wherever the ascent was steep. In addition to all this, Filippo had even thought of the irons for fixing scaffolds within the Cupola, if ever they should be required for the execution of mosaics or pictures; he had selected the least dangerous positions for the places of the conduits, to be afterwards constructed for carrying off the rain-water, had shown where these were to be covered and where uncovered; and had moreover contrived different outlets and apertures, whereby the force of the winds should be diminished, to the end that neither vapours nor the vibrations of the earth, should have power to do injury to the building: all which proved the extent to which he had profited by his studies, during the many years of his residence in Rome. When in addition to these things, the superintendents considered how much he had accomplished in the shaping, fixing, uniting, and securing the stones of this immense pile, they

were almost awestruck on perceiving that the mind of one man had been capable of all that Filippo had now proved himself able to perform. His powers and facilities continually increased, and that to such an extent, that there was no operation, however difficult and complex, which he did not render easy and simple; of this he gave proof in one instance among others, by the employment of wheels and counterpoises to raise heavy weights, so that one ox could draw more than six pairs could have moved by the ordinary methods. The building had now reached such a height, that when a man had once arrived at the summit, it was a very great labour to descend to the ground, and the workmen lost much time in going to their meals, and to drink; they also suffered great inconvenience in the heat of the day from the same cause; arrangements were therefore made by Filippo, for opening wine-shops and eating-houses in the Cupola; where the required food being sold, none were compelled to leave their labour until the evening, which was a relief and convenience to the men, as well as a very important advantage to the work. Perceiving the building to proceed rapidly, and finding all his undertakings happily successful, the zeal and confidence of Filippo increased and he laboured perpetually; he went himself to the ovens where the bricks were made, examined the clay, proved the quality of the working, and when they were baked he would select and set them apart, with his own hands. In like manner, while the stones were under the hands of the stone-cutters, he would look narrowly to see that they were hard and free from clefts; he supplied the stone-cutters with models in wood or wax, or hastily cut on the spot from turnips, to direct them in the shaping and junction of the different masses; he did the same thing for the men who prepared the iron-work; Filippo likewise invented hooked hinges, with the mode of fixing them to the door-posts, and greatly facilitated the practice of architecture, which was certainly brought by his labours to a perfection that it would else perhaps never have attained among the Tuscans.

In the year 1423, when the utmost rejoicing and festivity was prevailing in Florence, Filippo was chosen one of the *Signori* for the district of San Giovanni, for the months of May and June; Lapo Niccolini being chosen Gonfalonier for the district of Santa Croce: and if Filippo be found registered in the Priorista as " di Ser Brunellesco Lippi," this need not occasion surprise, since they called him so after his grandfather, Lippo, instead of " di Lapi," as they ought to have done. And this practice is said to prevail in the Priorista, with respect to many others, as is well known to all who have examined it, or who are acquainted with the custom of those times. Filippo performed his functions carefully in that office, and in others connected with the magistracy of the city, to which he was subsequently appointed, he constantly acquitted himself with the most judicious consideration.

The two vaults of the Cupola were now approaching their close, at the

circular window where the lanthorn was to begin, and there now remained to Filippo, who had made various models in wood and clay, both of the one and the other, in Rome and Florence, to decide finally as to which of these he would put in execution, wherefore he resolved to complete the gallery, and accordingly made different plans for it, which remained in the hall of the Wardens after his death, but which by the neglect of those officials, have since been lost. But it was not until our own days, that even a fragment was executed on a part of one of the eight sides (to the end that the building might be completed), but as it was not in accordance with the plan of Filippo, it was removed by the advice of Michelagnolo Buonarotti, and was not again attempted.

Filippo also constructed a model for the lanthorn, with his own hand; it had eight sides, the proportions were in harmony with those of the Cupola, and for the invention as well as variety and decoration, it was certainly very beautiful. He did not omit the staircase for ascending to the ball, which was an admirable thing; but as he had closed the entrance with a morsel of wood fixed at the lower part, no one but himself knew its position. Filippo was now highly renowned, but notwithstanding this, and although he had already overcome the envy and abated the arrogance of so many opponents, he could not yet escape the vexation of finding that all the masters of Florence, when his model had been seen, were setting themselves to make others in various manners; nay, there was even a lady of the Gaddi family, who ventured to place her knowledge in competition with that of Filippo. The latter, meanwhile, could not refrain from laughing at the presumption of these people, and when he was told by certain of his friends that he ought not to show his model to any artist lest they should learn from it, he replied that there was but one true model, and that the others were good for nothing. Some of the other masters had used parts of Filippo's model for their own, which, when the latter perceived, he remarked, " The next model made by this personage will be mine altogether." The work of Filippo was very highly praised, with the exception, that, not perceiving the staircase by which the ball was to be attained, the model was considered defective on that point. The superintendents determined, nevertheless, to give him the commission for the work, but on condition that he should show them the staircase; whereupon Filippo, removing the morsel of wood which he had placed at the foot of the stair, showed it constructed as it is now seen, within one of the piers, and presenting the form of a hollow reed, or blow-pipe, having a recess or groove on one side, with bars of bronze, by means of which the summit was gradually attained. Filippo was now at an age which rendered it impossible that he should live to see the lanthorn completed; he therefore left directions, by his will, that it should be built after the model here described, and according to the rules which he had laid down in writing, affirming that the fabric would otherwise be in danger of falling, since, being constructed with the pointed arch,

it required to be rendered secure by means of the pressure of the weight to be thus added. But, though Filippo could not complete the edifice before his death, he raised the lanthorn to the height of several braccia, causing almost all the marbles required for the completion of the building to be carefully prepared and brought to the place. At the sight of these huge masses as they arrived, the people stood amazed, marvelling that it should be possible for Filippo to propose the laying of such a weight on the Cupola. It was, indeed, the opinion of many intelligent men that it could not possibly support that weight. It appeared to them to be a piece of good fortune that he had conducted it so far, and they considered the loading it so heavily to be a tempting of Providence. Filippo constantly laughed at these fears, and having prepared all the machines and instruments required for the construction of the edifice, he ceased not to employ all his time in taking thought for its future requirements, providing and preparing all the minutiae, even to guarding against the danger of the marbles being chipped as they were drawn up; to which intent the arches of the tabernacles were built within defences of wood-work; and for all beside the master gave models and written directions, as we have said.

How beautiful this building is, it will itself bear testimony. With respect to the height, from the level ground to the commencement of the lanthorn, there are one hundred and fifty-four braccia; the body of the lanthorn is thirty-six braccia high; the copper ball four braccia; the cross eight braccia; in all two hundred and two braccia. And it may be confidently affirmed that the ancients never carried their buildings to so vast a height, nor committed themselves to so great a risk as to dare a competition with the heavens, which this structure verily appears to do, seeing that it rears itself to such an elevation that the hills around Florence do not appear to equal it. And of a truth it might seem that the heavens did feel envious of its height, since their lightnings perpetually strike it. While this work was in progress, Filippo constructed many other fabrics, which shall now be enumerated in their due order.

For the family of the Pazzi, Filippo prepared with his own hand, the model for the chapter-house of Santa Croce, in Florence, a work of great and varied beauty. He likewise made the model of the Busini Palace, a dwelling calculated for two families, as also the model for the house and loggia of the Innocenti, the vaulting of which was completed without scaffolding, a method which is still observed in the present day. It is said that Filippo was invited to Milan, to construct the model of a fortress for the Duke Filippo Maria, and that he left the building of the house of the Innocenti meanwhile to the care of his intimate friend Francesco della Luna. This Francesco made the bordering of an architrave increasing from the upper to the lower part, which is a violation of architectural rules. When Filippo returned, and reproached him for having done such a thing, Francesco replied that he had taken it from the church of San Giovanni, which

is antique. "One sole fault," answered Filippo, "is to be found in that building, and that thou hast imitated." The model of this edifice, by Filippo's own hand, was for many years to be seen in the house of the Guild of Por Santa Maria, and was highly valued, as a portion of the fabric still remains to be finished, but it is now lost. Filippo likewise prepared the model for the abbey of the Canons-regular of Fiesole, for Cosimo de' Medici. The architecture is of a richly-decorated character, and the building is cheerful, commodious, and truly magnificent. The church, of which the vaultings are coved, is lofty, and the sacristy has its due conveniences, as have all the buildings of the monastery. But the circumstance most worthy of consideration, and most important, is, that having to erect that edifice, properly levelled, on the declivity of the mountain, he availed himself with infinite judgment, of the descent, and placed therein the cellars, laundries, bakehouses, kitchens, stables, wood chambers, and many other offices beside, so that it is not possible to imagine anything more commodious. He thus secured a level space for the edifice; insomuch that he was able to place the loggia, the refectory, the infirmary, the novitiate, the dormitory, the library and other principal apartments proper to a monastery, on the same plane: all which was executed at his own cost by the magnificent Cosmo de' Medici, who was moved to this partly by the piety which he constantly displayed in all matters touching the Christian faith, and partly by the affection which he bore to Don Timoteo da Verona, a most excellent preacher of the above-mentioned order, in whose conversation he took so much pleasure, that, for the better enjoyment thereof, he caused several rooms to be constructed in the monastery for his own use, and occasionally resided in them. On this building, Cosimo expended one hundred thousand scudi, as may be seen on an inscription still remaining there. The model for the fortress of Vicopisano was likewise prepared by Filippo, who moreover designed the old citadel of Pisa, and by whom the Ponte a Mare was also fortified. In like manner he also gave the design for the new citadel, whereby the bridge was closed by the two towers, and made the model for the fortifications of the harbour of Pesaro. Having then returned to Milan, he prepared the designs of various works for the duke, among others, the plans for the masters who were constructing the cathedral of that city.

It was at this time that the church of San Lorenzo, in Florence, was commenced by the inhabitants, who had chosen the prior superintendent of the building. That personage made profession of much knowledge in that matter, and busied himself with architecture by way of pastime. The edifice was already commenced, with columns constructed of brick, when Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici, who had promised the inhabitants and the prior to build the sacristy and one of the chapels at his own expense, invited Filippo one day to dine with him. After conversing on various matters, Giovanni asked what he thought of the commencement made at San Lorenzo. Filippo

was constrained by the entreaties of Giovanni, to give his opinion, and truth compelled him to point out many faults, the consequence of its being directed by a person who had, perhaps, more learning than practical experience in matters of that kind. Thereupon Giovanni inquired of Filippo if a better and more beautiful fabric could be devised, to which Filippo replied, " Without doubt, and I wonder that you, who are the chief of the undertaking, do not expend a few thousand crowns, and build such a church, with its proper appurtenances, as might be worthy of the place, and of the many noble families whose sepulchres are there. Moreover, if you were seen to commence the work, these families would then set about building their chapels to the very best of their ability, and the more readily, as knowing that no memorial remains of our existence but the walls, which bear testimony to those who erected them, hundreds or thousands of years before." Encouraged by the words of Filippo, Giovanni determined to construct the sacristy, the principal chapel, and the whole body of the church, although seven families only were willing to aid in the building, the remainder not possessing the means. Those who took part in the work were the Rondinelli, Ginori, Dalla Stufa, Neroni, Ciai, Marignolli, Martelli and Marco di Luca whose chapels were all to be made in the cross isle. The sacristy was the first portion of the structure put in progress, and afterwards the church gradually proceeded; but, as it went on very slowly, the remaining chapels were granted by degrees to various Florentine citizens. The roof of the sacristy was not completed when Giovanni de' Medici departed to another life, leaving Cosimo his son, who possessing more zeal than his father, and taking pleasure in the memorials of other times, caused the edifice to proceed. This was the first building that he constructed, and he found so much enjoyment in the occupation, that from that time forward, he continued constantly building, even to his death. Cosimo pressed forward the work in hand with infinite zeal, and while one part was in progress, he caused others to be carried to completion. So much pleasure did he take in the work, that he was almost always present himself; and his eagerness was such that, while Filippo erected the sacristy, he made Donato prepare the ornaments in stucco, with the stone decorations of the small doors, and the doors of bronze. In the centre of the sacristy, used by the priests for assuming their vestments, Cosimo caused the tomb of his father Giovanni to be constructed, beneath a broad slab of marble, supported by four small columns; and in the same place he made a sepulchre for his family, wherein he separated the tombs of the men from those of the women. In one of the two small rooms which are on each side of the sacristy, having the altar between them, he made a well in one corner, with a place for a lavatory. The whole work, in short, is seen to have been completed with much judgment. Giovanni and the masters first employed, had determined to construct the choir in the centre, and beneath the tribune, but this Cosimo altered at the request of Filippo, who increased the size of the

principal chapel, — which was at first assigned but a small recess, — so that the choir could be made as we see it in the present day. This being finished, there still remained the central tribune and the remainder of the church, which tribune and the rest was not vaulted until after the death of Filippo. The length of this church is one hundred and forty-four braccia. Many errors may be perceived in it: among others, that of the pilasters being placed on the ground, instead of being raised on a dado, the height of which should have been equal to the level of the bases supporting the columns, which are placed on the steps; since the consequence of the pilaster being shorter than the column is, that the whole work looks stunted and ungraceful. But all this was caused by the counsels of those who came after Filippo, who envied his fame, and who had made models for the purpose of opposing his views during his lifetime. For these they had been rendered contemptible, by sonnets which Filippo had written; and in this manner they avenged themselves after his death, not in this work only, but in all that remained to be executed by them. Filippo left the model of San Lorenzo complete, and a part of the capitular buildings for the priests was finished, making the cloister one hundred and forty-four braccia in length.

While this fabric was in course of erection, Cosimo de' Medici resolved to construct his own palace, and forthwith imparted his intentions to Filippo, when the latter set every other occupation aside, and made him a large and very beautiful model for the building, which he intended to erect on the Piazza, opposite to San Lorenzo, proposing that it should stand entirely isolated on every side. On this occasion the genius and art of Filippo were so nobly displayed, that Cosimo, believing the building would be too vast and sumptuous, could not resolve to have it executed, but he abandoned it more in fear of envy, than because he was deterred by the expense. Whilst this model was in progress, Filippo used to say, that he thanked his fortune for so fair an opportunity, since he had now a house to build, such as he had desired to have for many years; but when he heard the determination of Cosimo not to put his design into execution, he broke the model, in his anger, into a thousand pieces. And deeply did Cosimo repent of not having adopted the plans of Filippo, when at a later period he had built his palace on a different model; and when alluding to Filippo, he would often say, that he had never spoken with a man of higher intelligence or bolder mind, than was possessed by Brunellesco. For the noble family of the Scolari, Filippo made the model of that most fanciful and remarkable church of the Angeli, which remained incomplete and in the state wherein we now see it, because the Florentines spent the money (which was placed in the Monte for the expenses of the building), for certain exigencies of their city, or as some say, in the wars which they then carried on against the Lucchesi, and wherein they also expended the funds which had been left in like manner by Niccolò da Uzzano, to erect

the college of the Sapienza, as we have related at length elsewhere. And of a truth, if this church of the Angeli had been completed according to the model of Brunellesco, it would have been one of the most extraordinary buildings in Italy; since that which we see of it cannot be sufficiently praised. The drawings for the ground-plan, and those for the completion of this octagonal temple by the hand of Filippo, are preserved in our book with other designs of the same master.

In a place called Ruciano, outside the gate of San Niccolò at Florence, Filippo constructed a rich and magnificent palace for Messer Luca Pitti, but this was not by any means equal to that which he commenced for the same person within the city of Florence, and which he completed to the second range of windows, with so much grandeur and magnificence, that no more splendid or more beautiful edifice in the Tuscan manner has yet been seen. The doors of this palace are double; the height of each fold being sixteen braccia and the breadth eight: the first and second ranges of windows being similar to the doors; the vaultings are also double, and the whole building is of such high art, that richer, more beautiful, or more magnificent architecture cannot be imagined. The builder of this palace was the Florentine architect Luca Fanelli, who executed many buildings for Filippo, and who constructed the principal chapel of the Nunziata in Florence for Leon Batista Alberti, by whom it was designed at the command of Ludovico Gonzaga. Luca Fanelli was afterwards taken by Gonzaga to Mantua, where he executed many works, and having chosen a wife in that city, he there lived and died, leaving heirs, who, from his name, are still called the Luchi. The palace designed for Luca Pitti was purchased, not many years since, by the most illustrious lady, Leonora of Toledo, duchess of Florence, advised to do so by the most illustrious Signor, the duke Cosmo, her consort, and she so greatly enlarged the property in all directions, that she succeeded in forming a very extensive garden, partly in the plain, partly on the summit of the hill, and partly on the declivities: this she filled with all kinds of trees, indigenous and exotic, very finely arranged, and caused beautiful groves to be planted of various kinds of evergreens, which flourish all the year round; to say nothing of the waters, fountains, fishponds, and aviaries, the espaliers, and many other things truly worthy of a magnanimous prince, which I do not describe, because it is impossible that he who does not see them should ever imagine their grandeur and beauty. And it is certain that duke Cosmo could not have found any undertaking more worthy of the elevation and greatness of his mind than the completion of this palace, which would seem to have been erected by Messer Luca Pitti, expressly for his most illustrious excellency. Messer Lucca left it unfinished, being constantly occupied with his labours for the state; and his heirs, not having means wherewith to complete the building, were glad to give it up to the duchess, who continued to expend money on it during the whole of her life, but not to such an amount as to

give hope that it could be quickly finished. It is true that she had intended, as I have heard, to expend 40,000 ducats on it in one year only, if she lived, to the end that she might see it if not finished, at least on the way to completion. The model of Filippo has not been found, and his excellency has therefore had another made by Bartolommeo Ammanati, an excellent sculptor and architect. It is according to this that they are now working, and a great part of the inner court is already completed in rustic work, similar to that of the outer court. And of a truth, whoever reflects on the grandeur of this work, will be amazed that the mind of Filippo was capable of conceiving a building so vast and so truly magnificent, not only in its external form, but also in the distribution of all its apartments. Of the views from this palace, which are most beautiful, I say nothing, nor yet of the pleasant hills which form almost an amphitheatre around the edifice, in the direction of the city walls, because it would occupy me too long, as I have said, to describe these things in full, nor could anyone who has not seen it, imagine how greatly this palace is superior to every other royal edifice.

It is said that the machinery for the " paradise " of San Felice in Piazza, in the same city, was invented by Filippo for the festival of the Annunciation, which was solemnized by a Representation, in the manner customary in old times among the Florentines. This was without doubt a most extraordinary thing, giving proof of great ability and industry in him who was the inventor, since there was the spectacle of a heaven full of living figures moving about on high, with an infinity of lights, which appeared and disappeared almost as does the lightning. All who could have described these things from their own knowledge are now dead, and the machinery itself is destroyed without a hope that it can ever be reconstructed, seeing that the place is no longer inhabited as of old by the monks of Camaldoli, but by the nuns of San Pier Martire; and also because the monastery of the Carmine suffered considerable injury from that machinery, which pulled down the timbers of the roof. I will therefore not refuse the labour of describing it exactly as it was. Filippo, then, for the purposes of this Representation, had suspended between two of the beams which support the roof, the half of a globe, resembling an empty bowl, or rather the basin used by barbers, with the edge downwards; this half-globe was formed of light and thin planks, secured to an iron star, passing round the outer circle; they were narrowed towards the centre, the whole being held in equilibrium by a large ring of iron, around which moved the iron star, whereby the planks forming the basin were supported. The whole machine was upheld by a strong beam of pine-wood, well bound with iron, and placed across the main timbers of the roof: to this beam was fastened the ring which held the basin suspended and balanced; the latter, as seen from below, really presenting the appearance of a heaven. Within the lower edge of the machine were then fixed brackets of wood, exactly large enough to

give space for the feet to stand on, but not larger, above each of these, at the height of a braccia, was provided an iron fastening; this was done to the end that a child of about twelve years old might be placed on each bracket, and the child was so bound to the iron above that it could not possibly fall even if it would. These children, twelve in number, being arranged as we have said, were dressed to represent angels with gilded wings, and hair formed of gold threads; they took each other by the hand at the proper time, and waving their arms appeared to be dancing, the rather as the basin was perpetually moving and turning round. Within this concave framework and above the heads of the angels were fixed three chaplets or garlands of lights, formed of minute lamps that could not be overturned, and which when seen from below, had the appearance of stars. The brackets also, being covered with cotton wool, presented the semblance of clouds. From the ring above described, there proceeded a very strong iron bar with a second ring, to which was affixed a slender cord, descending towards the ground, as shall be explained in due time; this strong bar of iron had eight branches or arms, which revolved in an arc sufficiently large to fill the space of the hollow basin: at the end of each arm was a stand about the size of a plate, and on every stand was placed a child of about nine years old, well secured to an iron fixed in the upper part of the branch or vane, but yet in such a manner that it could turn itself in all directions. These eight angels, upheld by the above-mentioned iron bar, were gradually lowered by means of a small windlass, and descended from the hollow of the circular space, to the depth of eight braccia below the level of the woodwork supporting the roof, in such sort that they could be seen without concealing from view the twelve angels within the edge of the machine. In the centre of this *bouquet* of the eight angels, (for so was it very appropriately called), was a halo or glory (*Mandorla*) of copper, wherein were numerous perforations, displaying small lamps placed on an iron in the form of a tube, which, on the pressing down of a spring, was concealed within the copper "*mandorla*"; but when the spring was not pressed, all the lamps appeared lighted through the apertures formed for that purpose in the mandorla. When the group of angels had reached its appointed place, this mandorla, which was suspended by a small cord, was moved softly down by means of another little windlass, and descended gradually to the platform, whereon the representation was exhibited. At that point of the platform where the mandorla was to rest, an elevated place in the manner of a throne was erected, with four steps; in the centre of this elevation was an opening into which the pointed iron of the mandorla descended: the latter having reached its place, a man concealed beneath the throne fixed it securely, without being seen himself, by means of a bolt, so that it rested firmly on its own basis. Within the mandorla was a youth of about fifteen years old, in the guise of an angel, he was bound by an iron cincture to the centre of the man-

dorla, and secured at the foot of it also in such a manner that he could not fall; but to admit of his kneeling before the Virgin, the iron fastenings were divided into three pieces, which glided one within the other with an easy motion, as the youth knelt down. Then, when the *bouquet* of angels had descended, and the mandorla was fixed into its place, the man who had secured it by means of the bolt, also unfastened the iron which supported the angel, whereupon he, having issued forth, proceeded across the platform, and approaching the spot where sat the Virgin, he made his salutation and uttered the announcement. He then returned into the mandorla, and the lights, which had been extinguished on his leaving it, having been rekindled, the iron which supported him was again secured by the man concealed below, that which held the mandorla to its place was taken away, and the latter was drawn up; while the angels of the *bouquet*, and those who were moving about in the heaven above, all singing, produced such an effect, that the show really appeared to be a paradise. And this illusion was the more effectually produced, because, in addition to the above-described choir of angels, and those forming the group, there was a figure representing God the Father, placed near the convex side of the basin, and surrounded by other angels similar to those already described; all arranged by the help of irons in such a manner, that the circle representing heaven, the group of angels, the figure of God the Father, the mandorla with its infinitude of light, and the exquisite accords of soft music, did truly represent paradise. Then to all this was added, that Filippo, for the purpose of permitting the heaven to open and shut, had caused two large folding-doors, each five braccia high, to be constructed, and had provided them with iron or copper rollers, running in grooves beneath, and these last were well oiled, so that when a slender cord placed on each side was drawn by a little windlass, the doors opened or shut as was desired; the two folds gradually retiring from or closing towards each other by means of the channels beneath as aforesaid. These doors, thus constructed, served a double purpose, the one that when they were moved their weight caused them to produce a sound resembling thunder, the other, that when closed they formed a stage whereon to arrange and make ready the angels, and prepare many other things which it was necessary to do out of sight. This machinery then, constructed as has been described, was invented by Filippo, with many other engines of various kinds, although there are those who affirm that they had been invented long before. However this may be, it was proper to speak of them, seeing that they are altogether gone out of use.

But we will now return to Filippo, whose name and renown had increased to such an extent that he was sent for from distant places by whomsoever proposed to erect important fabrics, all desiring to have their designs and models from the hand of so great a master, insomuch that powerful means were used, and much friendship displayed, for that pur-

pose. Thus the Marquis of Mantua, among others, desiring to secure the services of Filippo, wrote with very earnest instances respecting him to the Signoria of Florence, by whom the master was accordingly sent to the marquis in that city, where, in the year 1445, he prepared designs for the construction of dams on the Po, with other works, according to the wish of that prince, who caressed him infinitely, being wont to say that Florence was as worthy to number Filippo among her citizens as he to have so noble and beautiful a city for his birthplace. At Pisa, in like manner, Filippo gave proof of his pre-eminence to the Count Francesco Sforza and Niccolò da Pisa, whom he had surpassed in the construction of certain fortifications, and who commended him in his presence, saying, that if every state possessed a man like Filippo, all might live in peace, without the use of arms. In Florence, also, Filippo gave the design for the Barbadori Palace, near the tower of the Rossi, in the suburb of San Jacopo, but this was not put in execution. He likewise prepared the design for the palace of the Giuntini on the piazza d'Ognissanti sopr' Arno. At a subsequent period, the leaders of the Guelphic party, in Florence, determined to erect a building wherein there should be a hall, with an audience chamber, for the transaction of their affairs; and the care of this they intrusted to Francesco della Luna. The work was commenced, and was raised ten braccia from the ground, many faults having been committed in it, when it was put into the hands of Filippo, who constructed the palace in the form, and with the magnificence which we now see. In the execution of this work, Filippo had to compete with the said Francesco, who was favoured by many, and this was indeed the case with Filippo while he lived; he was ever striving, now with this man, and now with that; for many were hostile to him, and contending with him, and causing him perpetual vexations; nay, they not unfrequently sought to gain honour for themselves from his designs, by which he was ultimately brought to refuse to show anything or to confide in anyone. The hall of the above-named palace is no longer used by those captains of the Guelphs before mentioned, seeing that the flood of 1557 having done much injury to the papers of the Monte, Duke Cosimo, for the greater security of the writings appertaining thereto, and which are of the utmost importance, removed them, together with the offices of the institution, to that hall. But, to the end that the ancient staircase of this palace should still serve for the office of the captains, who had given up the hall, which is used as the Monte, and had retired to a different part of the palace, his excellency gave commission to Giorgio Vasari for the construction of the very commodious staircase which now ascends to the said hall of the Monte, and which was erected by him accordingly. A balcony of wrought stone has also been executed, from a design by the same architect, and this has been placed, according to the intentions of Filippo, on fluted columns of a hard grey stone, called *macigno*.

In the church of Santo Spirito, the sermons during Lent were one year preached by Maestro Francesco Zoppo, then very popular with the Florentines. In these sermons the preacher had earnestly recommended the claims of the convent and schools for youth, but more particularly those of the church which had been burnt about that time, to the consideration of his hearers. Thereupon the chief persons of that quarter, Lorenzo Ridolfi, Bartolommeo Corbinelli, Neri di Gino Capponi, and Goro di Stagio Dati, with many other citizens, obtained an order from the Signoria for the rebuilding of the church of Santo Spirito, of which they made Stoldo Frescobaldi proveditor. Frescobaldi, moved by the interest he felt in the old church, the high altar and principal chapel of which had been constructed by his family, devoted extraordinary care to the building; nay, from the very beginning, and before the funds had been gathered from those who, having chapels and burial-places in the church, were proportionally taxed for the purpose, he expended many thousands of scudi, of his own money, but which were afterwards repaid to him.

When the matter had been fully resolved on, Filippo was sent for, and he made a model, comprising all the requisites demanded for the due completion of a Christian temple, whether as regards utility or beauty. On this occasion Filippo laboured much to persuade those who had authority in the matter, to agree that an entire change should be made in the ground-plan of the edifice, which he would have turned completely round, and this because he greatly desired that the space in front of the Church should extend to the shores of the Arno, to the end that he who arrived in the city from Genoa, and the Riviera, or from the Pisan and Lucchese territories, should behold the magnificence of this fabric. But as many of the citizens, unwilling to have their houses destroyed, refused to agree to this, the desire of Filippo did not take effect. He made the model of the church, therefore, together with the buildings for the dwelling-place of the monks, in the form that we now see it. The length of the church was one hundred and sixty-one braccia, the breadth fifty-four, and the whole building is so well ordered that no work could be constructed, which, for the arrangement of the columns and other ornaments, would be richer, more graceful, or more airy than is this church of Santo Spirito. Nay, were it not for the malevolence of those who perpetually ruin the beautiful commencement of things for the purpose of appearing to understand more than others, it would now be the most perfect church in Christendom. Even as it is, the building is more graceful and more conveniently arranged than any other, although it was not completed according to the model: this we perceive from the beginnings of certain parts of the outside, which have not been executed in accordance with the order observed within; as it appears that the model would have had the doors and the framework of the windows to do. There are some errors which I will not enumerate, and which are attributed to Filippo, but it is not to be believed that he would have en-

dured their presence had he completed the building, seeing that all his works are brought to perfection with great judgment, prudence, ingenuity, and art, and that this building itself proves him to have possessed a genius truly sublime.

Filippo was truly facetious in conversation, and acute in repartee, as was shown on a certain occasion, when he desired to vex Lorenzo Ghiberti, who had bought a farm at Monte Morello, called Lepriano, on which he spent double the income that he derived from it. This caused Lorenzo great vexation, insomuch that he sold the farm. Filippo was asked about that time, what was the best thing that Lorenzo had done — being expected perhaps to answer in terms of depreciation respecting the works of Lorenzo on account of the enmity between them — when he replied, "To sell Lepriano." At length when he had become very old, (he was sixty-nine years of age that is to say), Filippo departed to a better life, on the 16th of April, 1446, after having laboured much in the performance of those works by which he earned an honoured name on earth, and obtained a place of repose in heaven. His death was deeply deplored by his country, which appreciated and esteemed him much more when dead than it had done while living. He was buried with most honourable and solemn obsequies in Santa Maria del Fiore, although his family sepulchre was in San Marco, beneath the pulpit and opposite the door, where may be found his escutcheon, bearing two fig-leaves with waves of green on a field of gold. His family belongs to the Ferrarese, and came from Ficaruolo, a castle on the Po, and this is expressed by the leaves, which denote the place, and by waves which signify the river. The death of Filippo was mourned by large numbers of his brother artists, more especially by those who were poor, and whom he constantly aided and benefited. Thus living in so Christian-like a manner he left to the world the memory of his excellence, and of his extraordinary talents. To me it appears, that from the time of the Greeks and Romans to the present, there has appeared no more excellent or more admirable genius than Filippo; and he is all the more worthy of praise, because in his time the German (Gothic) manner was in high favour through all Italy, being that in practice among all the elder artists, as may be seen in numerous edifices. It was Filippo who revived the use of the antique cornices, and who restored the Tuscan, Corinthian, Doric, and Ionic orders to their primitive forms. He had a disciple from Borgo a Buggiano, who was called Il Buggiano; it was this artist who executed the lavatory of the sacristy of Santa Reparata, where there are figures of children, by whom the water is poured forth. He also executed the portrait of his master, taken from the life, in marble, and this, after the death of Brunellesco, was placed in Santa Maria del Fiore, at the door on the right hand as you enter the church; where there is still to be seen the following epitaph, placed there on the part of the public to do him honour, after his death, as he had done honour to his country during his life.

" Quantum Philippus architectus arte Dædalea valuerit, cum hujus celeberrimi templi mira testudo, tum plures aliæ divino ingenio ab eo adinventæ machinæ documento esse possunt. Quapropter ab eximias sui animi dotes, singularesque virtutes, XV *Kal. Maias anno* MCCCCXLVI *ejus b. m. corpus in hac humo supposita grata patria sepeliri jussit."*

To do the master the greater honour, the two inscriptions following were added by others.

" Filippo Brunellesco antiquæ architecturæ instauratori S. P. Q. F. *civi suo benemerenti."*

The second was written by Gio. Battista Strozzi, and is as follows:

" Tal sopra sasso sasso
Di giro in giro eternamente io strussi;
Che cosi, passo passo
Alto girando, al ciel mi ricondussi."

Other disciples of Filippo Brunellesco were Domenico del Lago of Lugano, Geremia da Cremona, who worked extremely well in bronze, with a Sclavonian, who performed various works in Venice: Simone, who, after having executed the Madonna in Or San Michele for the Guild of the Apothecaries, died at Vicovaro, while occupied with an important work for the Count di Tagliacozzo. Antonio and Niccolò, both Florentines, who executed a horse in bronze at Ferrara, in the year 1461, for the Duke Borso; with many others, whom it would take too long to enumerate more particularly. Filippo was unfortunate in some respects; for besides that he had always to be contending with one another, many of his buildings remained unfinished in his own time, nor have they all been completed at any subsequent period. Among these fabrics was that of the church of the Angeli, and it is indeed much to be regretted, that the monks of the Angeli could not complete the building commenced by Filippo, since after they had spent, on what we now see, more than 3,000 scudi, received partly from the Guild of the Merchants, and partly from the *Monte,* where the funds were placed, the capital was squandered, and the church remained unfinished as it still continues. Wherefore, as we have remarked in the life of Niccolo da Uzzano, he who desires to leave a memorial of his existence in this kind, let him do it for himself while he has life, and not confide the charge to any man, for what we have said of this church may be said of many other edifices planned by Filippo Brunelleschi.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

About 1448–1506

By Alphonse de Lamartine[1] (1790–1869)

In the spring of 1471, at midday, beneath a sun that scorched the roads of Andalusia, on a hill about half a league from the little seaport of Palos, two strangers, travelling on foot, their shoes almost worn out, their dress, which still retained the marks of gentility, soiled with dust, and their foreheads streaming perspiration, stopped to sit down in the shade of the porch of a little convent called Santa Maria de Rabida. Their appearance and fatigue were a sufficient prayer for hospitality. The Franciscan convents were at that period hostelries for all pedestrians whose poverty prevented their seeking another refuge. These two strangers attracted the attention of the monks.

One was a man scarcely at the prime of life, tall, powerfully built, of majestic gait, with a noble forehead, open countenance, thoughtful look, and pleasing mouth. His hair, formerly a light auburn, was sprinkled about the temples with the white streaks prematurely traced by misfortune and anxiety. His complexion, once rosy, was now pale by study, and bronzed by sun and sea. His voice was deep and sonorous, powerful and impressive, as that of a man accustomed to utter profound reflections. There was nothing of levity in his behaviour: everything was deliberate, even in his slightest movement: he seemed to have a modest self-respect, and to retain the demeanour of a pious worshipper, as though he always felt himself in the presence of God.

The other was a child of eight or ten. His features, more feminine, but already matured by the fatigues of life, bore so strong a resemblance to those of the other stranger, that it was impossible to avoid taking him for a son or a brother of the elder.

The two strangers were Christopher Columbus and his son Diego. The monks, moved at the sight of the countenance of the father and the elegance of the child, in strong contrast with the poverty of their condition, invited them to partake of shelter, food, and rest. While Columbus and his child were recruiting their strength, their hosts informed the prior of

[1] Reprinted from *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters,* anonymous translation, N. Y., 1854.

The introductory paragraphs are omitted and the translation has been revised by the editor.

This *Life* was written originally in French.

their arrival, and of the singular interest inspired by their appearance. The prior came down to converse with them.

The superior of La Rabida was Juan Perez de la Marchenna, formerly confessor to Queen Isabella, who then reigned over Spain with Ferdinand. A man of piety, science, and thought, he had preferred the retirement of the cloister to the honours and intrigues of court; but this retirement had secured him great respect in the palace, and great influence over the queen. Providence appeared to have directed the steps of Columbus, as if it had intended to open to him the readiest approaches to the ear, the mind, and the heart of the sovereigns.

The prior saluted the stranger, caressed the child, and kindly inquired into the circumstances which obliged them to travel on foot through the by-roads of Spain, and to seek the humble roof of a lonely monastery. Columbus related his obscure life, and unfolded his stirring thoughts to the attentive monk. This life, these thoughts, were but an expectation and a foreboding.

Christopher Columbus was the eldest son of a Genoese wool-carder, a business now low, but then respectable and almost noble. In the manufacturing and commercial republics of Italy, the operatives, proud of their discoveries and inventions, formed guilds, which were ennobled by their arts, and influential in the state. Christopher was born in 1436. He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, whom he afterward sent for, to share his labors, his fame, and his adversity. He had also a sister, younger than her brothers. She married a Genoese artisan, and obscurity long sheltered her from the glory and misfortunes of her kindred.

Our tastes depend on the first views which nature presents to us in the places of our birth, especially when these views are majestic and infinite, like mountains, sea, and sky. Our imagination is the reflection of the scenes which have originally struck us. The first looks of Columbus were upon the heavens and the Sea of Genoa. Astronomy and navigation soon directed his thoughts to the spaces spread before his eyes. He peopled them in his imagination before he filled their charts with continents and islands. Contemplative, taciturn, and from his earliest years disposed to piety, his genius carried him, while yet a child, far and high through space, not only to vaster discoveries, but to more fervent worship. What, in the divine works, he sought beyond all things was God himself.

His father, a man of liberal mind and wealthy in his trade, did not attempt to oppose the studious bent of his son's inclinations. He sent him to Pavia, to study geometry, geography, astronomy, astrology, and navigation. His powers soon overstepped the limits of those sciences in their then incomplete state. He was one of those that always pass beyond the boundary at which the common run of people stop, and cry "enough." At fourteen he knew all that was taught in the schools, and he returned to his family at Genoa. His mind could not brook the unintellectual confinement

of his father's business. He sailed for several years in trading vessels and ships of war, and in the expeditions which the great houses of Genoa launched on the Mediterranean, to contest its waves and its ports with the Arab, the Spaniard, and the Moor; a sort of perpetual crusade, in which trade, war, and religion made these fleets of the Italian republics schools of commerce, wealth, heroism, and devotion. Sailor, philosopher, and soldier, he embarked in one of the vessels his country lent the Duke of Anjou when he went to conquer Naples, in the fleet which the King of Naples sent to attack Tunis, and the squadrons dispatched by Genoa against Spain. He even rose, it is said, to the command of some of the obscure naval expeditions of the city. But history loses sight of him in his early career. His destiny was not there; he felt himself trammeled in the narrow seas amid those small events. His thoughts were vaster than his country. He meditated a conquest for the human race.

Between expeditions, Columbus found means of satisfying, by the study of his art, his fondness for geography and navigation, and of increasing his fortune. He drew, engraved, and sold nautical charts, and this afforded him a scanty livelihood. He looked to it less with a view to gain than to the progress of science. His mind and feelings, always fixed on the sea and stars, secretly pursued an object known but to himself.

A shipwreck, caused by his vessel taking fire in the roads of Lisbon after a naval engagement, obliged him to remain in Portugal. He threw himself into the water, and, supporting himself by an oar with one hand, and swimming with the other, he reached shore. Portugal, then completely occupied with the passion for discovery, was a field suited to his inclinations. He hoped to find opportunities of sailing where he pleased: he only found the unpleasing labor of the geographer, obscurity, and love. As he went daily to attend services in the church of a convent at Lisbon, he became attached to a young recluse, whose beauty had struck him. She was the daughter of an Italian nobleman in the service of Portugal. Her father had confided her to the sisters before starting on a distant naval expedition. Her name was Filippa da Palestrello. Attracted by the thoughtful and majestic beauty of the young stranger, whom she saw regularly attending service, she felt the same passion she had inspired. Both without relations and fortune, in a foreign land, there was nothing to interfere with their mutual attachment; and they married, relying on Providence and on labor. In order to support himself, with his wife and mother-in-law, he continued making maps and globes, which were much sought after on account of their accuracy, by the Portuguese mariners. The papers of his father-in-law, which his wife handed over to him, and his correspondence with Toscanelli, the famous Florentine navigator, gave him, it is said, precise information about the distant seas of India, as well as the means of rectifying the then confused or fabulous elements of navigation. He was entirely absorbed in his domestic happiness and studies when his wife gave

birth to a son, whom he called Diego, after his brother. His intimate associates were only mariners returned from distant expeditions, or dreaming of unknown lands and unbeaten paths in the ocean. His warehouse of charts and globes was a source of ideas and projects, which kept his imagination fixed on unsolved problems. His wife, the child and sister of seamen, shared his enthusiasm. While turning his globes, or dotting his charts with islands and continents, his attention had been seized by the immense space in the middle of the Atlantic. On that side, the earth seemed to want the counterpoise of a continent. The imaginations of navigators were excited by vague, wondrous, and terrible rumours of shores indistinctly seen from the mountains of the Azores — said by some to be floating, and by others fixed, appearing at intervals in clear weather, but disappearing or seeming to retire when any venturous pilot endeavoured to approach them. Marco Polo, then regarded as an inventor of fables, and whose veracity time has since shown, related to the West the wonders of the deserts, states, and civilization of Tartary, then supposed to extend to the longitudes in reality occupied by the Americas. Columbus expected to find, on the other side of the Atlantic, those countries of gold, pearls, and myrrh, from which Solomon drew his wealth — the Ophir of the Bible, since veiled by the clouds of distance and credulity. It was not a new continent, but a lost continent, that he sought. The pursuit of a falsehood was leading him to truth.

His calculations, founded on Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers, led him to suppose that the earth was a globe which it was possible to journey round. He considered this globe less by some thousands of miles than it really is, and concluded that the extent of sea to be passed before reaching India was less than navigators thought. The existence of these lands seemed confirmed by the singular testimony of pilots who had sailed farthest beyond the Azores. Some had seen, on the waves, branches of trees unknown in the West; others, pieces of wood carved, but not with steel tools; others, huge pines hollowed into canoes of a single log capable of carrying eighty rowers; others, gigantic reeds; others, again, had seen corpses of white or copper-colored men, whose features did not at all resemble the races of Western Europe, Asia, or Africa.

All these indications, floating from time to time in the ocean after storms, combined with the vague instinct which always precedes events, appeared as marvels to the ignorant, but were regarded by Columbus as proofs that other lands existed beyond those engraved by geographers on their maps of the world. But he was convinced that these lands were only the prolongation of Asia, which would thus occupy more than a third of the globe. This circumference being then unknown to philosophers and geometricians, the extent of the ocean which would have to be crossed to reach this imaginary Asia was left to conjecture. Some thought it incommensurable; others considered it a boundless ether, in which navigators

might lose themselves, as aeronauts do now in the wastes of the atmosphere. The greater number, ignorant of the laws of gravity and of the attraction which draws all things toward the centre, nevertheless admitting the roundness of the globe, thought that vessels and men, if they could reach the antipodes, would start away from the earth and fall through infinite space. The laws which govern the level and movement of the ocean were alike unknown to them. They considered the sea — beyond a certain horizon bounded by isles already known — as a chaos whose waves rose into inaccessible mountains, leaving between them bottomless abysses into which they rolled down in irresistible cataracts, which would swallow any vessels daring enough to brave them. The more learned, admitting the laws of gravity and of a certain level in the liquid spaces, thought that the spherical form of the earth would give the ocean a slope toward the antipodes, might carry vessels onward to nameless shores, but would not allow them to return up this slope to Europe. From these prejudices concerning the nature, form, extent, ascents and descents, of the ocean, there resulted a mysterious dread, on which only enterprising minds would speculate, and which none but superhuman boldness would venture to brave in ships. It would be a struggle between the mind of man and the illimitable sea; to attempt this seemed to demand more than a mortal.

The unconquerable predilection of the geographer for this enterprise was the real cause that detained Columbus so long in Lisbon. It was during the time that Portugal, governed by John II — an enlightened and enterprising prince, and imbued with the spirit of colonization, commerce, and adventure — was making incessant attempts to connect Asia with Europe by sea, and when Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese colonist, was on the point of discovering the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, convinced that he should find a more open and direct road by dashing straight to the west, obtained, after repeated solicitations, an audience of the king, to whom he explained his plans, and applied for the means of accomplishing them, to the advantage and honour of his states. The king listened with interest; he did not think the stranger's faith in his hopes sufficiently devoid of foundation to be classed as chimerical. Columbus, besides natural eloquence, possessed the eloquence of earnest conviction. He induced the king to appoint a council, composed of learned men and politicians, to examine his proposals, and report upon the probability of their success. This council, consisting of the king's confessor and of some geographers who enjoyed all the more credit in the king's court from falling in with common prejudices, declared the ideas of Columbus to be chimerical, and contrary to the laws of nature and religion.

A second board of examiners, to whom Columbus appealed by the king's permission, confirmed the first decision. Nevertheless, with a perfidy to which the king was no party, they communicated the plans of Columbus to a pilot, and secretly sent a vessel to try the passage to Asia which he

pointed out. This vessel, after cruising for some days beyond the Azores, came back, its crew frightened by the immensity of the void abyss, and confirmed the council in their contempt for the conjectures of Columbus.

Pending these solicitations, Columbus had lost his wife, the love of his heart and the consolation of his thoughts. His fortune, neglected for these expectations, was ruined; his creditors seized the produce of his labor, even his maps and globes, and actually threatened his liberty. Many years had thus been lost in expectation: his age was increasing, his child growing, and the extreme of misery was his only prospect, in place of the New World which he contemplated. He escaped by night from Lisbon, on foot, without any resources for his journey but chance hospitality; and sometimes leading his son by the hand, sometimes carrying him on his shoulders, he entered Spain, with the determination of offering to Ferdinand and Isabella, who then governed it, the continent or empire which Portugal had refused.

It was during this pilgrimage to the shifting quarters of the Spanish court that he reached the gate of La Rabida. He intended first to go to Huerta, in Andalusia, in which there lived a brother of his wife, with whom he was going to leave his son Diego, and then he would set forth to encounter delays, risks, and perhaps unbelief, at the court of Isabella and Ferdinand.

It has been said that, before going to Spain, he had thought it right, as an Italian and a Genoese, to offer his discovery to Genoa, first, and that he then offered it to the Venetian Senate; but that these two republics, occupied with ambitious projects and rivalries nearer home, had met his applications with cold refusals.

The prior of La Rabida was better versed in the sciences relating to his profession than was usual for a man of his class. His convent, within sight of the sea, and near the port of Palos, then one of the busiest in Andalusia, had thrown the monk into contact with the mariners and armourers of the town, which was dependent on the sea. During his residence in the capital and at court, he had occupied himself with the natural sciences, and of the problems which were then of interest. He first felt pity, and his daily conversations with Columbus soon produced enthusiasm and confidence, for a man who appeared so superior to his condition. He saw in him one of those sent by God, but thrust from the gates of cities and princes to whom their poverty brings the invisible treasures of truth. He felt disposed to be among those trusting few who share in the revelations of genius, by faith. Providence almost always sends to superior men one of these believers, to prevent their being discouraged by the incredulity, harshness, or persecutions of the multitude. They exhibit friendship in its noblest form. They are the friends of disowned truth, believers in the impossible future.

Juan Perez felt himself predestined to introduce Columbus to the favour of Isabella, and to preach his great design to the world. What he loved

in Columbus was not only the design, but the man himself; the beauty, courage, modesty, eloquence, virtue, grace, patience, and misfortune nobly borne, revealing a disposition marked with perfections by that divine stamp which prevents our forgetting, and compels us to admire a great man. After his first conversation, the stranger won over not only the opinion, but also the heart of the monk; and, what was stranger, he never lost it. Columbus had gained a friend.

Juan Perez persuaded Columbus to accept for some days a resting-place for himself and child, in the convent. During this stay, the prior communicated to some of his friends and neighbours the arrival and the adventures of his guest. He begged them to come to converse with the stranger upon his conjectures, and plans, to see how his theories agreed with the practical views of the seamen of Palos. An eminent man and friend of the prior, the physician Fernandez and a skilful pilot, Pedro de Velasco, spent several evenings in the convent; listened to Columbus; felt their eyes opened by his conversation; entered into his plans with all the warmth of earnest minds and simple hearts, and formed that first conclave in which every new faith is hatched, with the cognizance of a few proselytes, under the shadow of intimacy, solitude, and mystery. Every great truth begins as a secret among friends before bursting forth to the world. The first adherents won over to his belief by Columbus in the cell of a poor monk, were perhaps dearer to him than the applause of all Spain when success had confirmed his predictions. The first believed on the faith of his word, the others only on seeing his discoveries ascertained.

The monk, having tested his impressions by the science of Fernandez and the experience of Velasco, was more than ever charmed with his guest. He persuaded Columbus to leave the child in his care, to go to court to offer the discovery of the New World to Ferdinand and Isabella, and to ask them for the assistance necessary to carry out his plans. Chance made the poor monk a powerful intercessor at court. He had lived there long, had governed the conscience of Isabella, and, when his taste for retirement induced him to withdraw, he had kept up relations with the new confessor whom he recommended to the queen. The confessor at that time was Fernando de Talavera, superior of the Prado monastery, a man of merit, reputation, and virtue, to whom all the doors in the palace were open. Juan Perez gave Columbus a strong letter of recommendation to Talavera, and furnished him with the equipment necessary to appear decently at court — a mule, a guide, and a purse of zecchins. Then, embracing him, he recommended him and his designs to the care of God, and the chances which favour great ideas.

Full of gratitude for the first generous friend, whose eyes and heart never quitted him, and to whom he always ascribed the origin of his good fortune, Columbus set out for Cordova. He went with that confidence of success which is the illusion of genius, but also its source of fortune. It

was not long before this illusion was to be dispelled. The moment seemed badly chosen for the adventurer to offer a new world to the crown of Spain. Far from dreaming of conquering questionable possessions beyond unknown seas, Ferdinand and Isabella were occupied with the recovery of their own kingdom from the Moors. These conquerors after a long and prosperous occupation, saw snatched from them, one by one, the towns and provinces they had made their country. Vanquished everywhere despite their exploits, all that they now possessed were the mountains and valley surrounding Granada, the capital and wonder of their empire. Ferdinand and Isabella employed all their powers, and all the resources of their united kingdoms, to wrest from the Moors this citadel. United by a marriage of policy, by affection, and by a glory shared by both, one had brought the kingdom of Arragon, and the other the crown of Castile, to their double throne. But, though the king and queen had thus united their provinces into one country, each maintained a distinct dominion over his hereditary kingdom with a council and ministers for the separate interests of their own subjects. These councils were only fused into one on questions of common importance.

Nature seems to have endowed them with beauty, qualities, and excellences of mind and body different, but nearly equal, as if one was intended to supply what was wanting in the other for the conquests, the civilization, and prosperity which were in store for them.

Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella, was a skilful warrior and consummate politician. Before sad experience teaches others to understand men, he could see through them. His only defect was a certain coldness and suspicion, arising from mistrust, and closing the heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity.

But these virtues, in which he was somewhat wanting, were supplied by the tenderness and genius of Isabella. Young, beautiful, admired by all, adored by him, well-educated, pious without superstition, eloquent, full of enthusiasm for great achievements, of admiration for great men, she stamped on the mind and policy of Ferdinand the heroism which springs from the heart, and the love of the marvellous which arises from the imagination. She inspired — he executed. The one found her reward in the fame of her husband; the other, his glory in the affection of his wife. This double reign, destined to become of almost fabulous import, only awaited, in order to immortalize itself, the arrival of the destitute foreigner who came to beg admittance within the palace, with the letter of a poor friar in his hand.

This letter, read with prejudice and unbelief by the queen's confessor, opened to Columbus a long vista of delay, exclusion, and discouragement. It is only in solitude that men are open to bold ideas. Amid the tumult of business and courts, they have neither the kindness nor the time. Columbus was driven from every door, as the historian Oviedo, his contemporary,

relates, " because he was a foreigner, poorly clad, and because he brought the courtiers and ministers no other recommendation than a letter from a Franciscan monk, long since forgotten at court."

The king and queen did not even hear of him. Isabella's confessor, either from indifference or contempt, completely belied the expectations of Juan Perez. Columbus, with the obstinacy that arises from certainty biding its time, stayed at Cordova, near enough to watch for a favourable moment. After exhausting the scanty purse of the prior, he earned a slender livelihood by his trade in globes and maps, thus trifling with the images of the world he was destined to conquer. His hard and patient life during many years is a tale of misery, labour, and blighted hope. Young in heart, however, and affectionate, he loved, and was beloved, in those years of trial; for a second son, Fernando, was about this time the offspring of a mysterious attachment, never sanctioned by marriage, of which he records the fact and the repentance in touching language in his will. He brought up this son with as much tenderness as his other son Diego.

His grace and dignity, however, showed themselves, despite his humble profession. The distinguished men with whom his trade occasionally brought him into contact received an impression of astonishment and attraction — the magnetic influence of a great mind. His trade and conversation by degrees gained him friends in Cordova, and even at court. Among those whose names history has preserved as associated by gratitude to the New World are those of Alonzo de Quintanilla, high-treasurer of Isabella; Geraldini, tutor of the young princes, her children; Antonio Geraldini, papal nuncio; and, lastly, Mendoza, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who enjoyed such favour that he was called the third king in Spain.

The Archbishop — at first alarmed at these geographical novelties, which seemed to clash with the notions of celestial mechanics contained in the Bible — was soon quieted by the sincere piety of Columbus. He ceased to fear blasphemy in ideas which increase the proofs of the wisdom and greatness of God. Persuaded by the system and delighted with the man, he obtained from his sovereigns an audience for his protégé. After two years, Columbus appeared at this audience with the modesty becoming a poor foreigner, yet with the confidence of a tributary who brings his masters more than they can give him in return. " Thinking on what I was," he afterward remarks, " I was overwhelmed with humility; but thinking of what I brought, I felt myself on an equality with the two crowns: I perceived that I was no longer my humble self, but the instrument of God, chosen for the accomplishment of a great design."

Ferdinand listened to Columbus with attention, Isabella with enthusiasm. From his first look and tones, she felt for this messenger of God an admiration amounting to fanaticism — an attraction which partook of affection. Nature had given Columbus the personal recommendations which fascinate the eye, as well as the eloquence which persuades the mind. It

might have been supposed that he was destined to have for his first apostle a queen, and that the truth with which he was to enrich his age was to be first received and fostered in the heart of a woman. Isabella's constancy never wavered before the indifference of her court, before his enemies, or his reverses. She believed in him from the day she first saw him: she was his proselyte on the throne, and his friend even to the grave.

Ferdinand appointed a council of examination at Salamanca, under Talavera. This consisted of the men the most versed in divine and human knowledge in the kingdoms. It assembled in the literary capital of Spain, in the Dominican convent where Columbus was received as a guest. At that time priests and monks managed everything in Spain. Kings were concerned only with acts: ideas belonged to the priest. The Inquisition watched and struck all that savoured of heresy, even at the foot of the throne.

To this council the king had added the professors of astronomy, geography, mathematics, and all the sciences taught at Salamanca. The audience did not alarm Columbus. He expected to be tried by his peers, but he was tried only by his despisers. The first time he appeared in the great hall, the monks and so-called wise men, convinced that all theories surpassing their ignorance were but the dreams of a diseased or arrogant mind, saw in this obscure foreigner only an adventurer seeking his fortune by these chimeras. None deigned to listen to him save two or three friars of the convent of St. Stephen, monks without any influence, who devoted themselves to studies despised by the superior clergy. The others puzzled Columbus by quotations from the Bible, the Prophets, the Psalms, the Gospels, and the fathers of the Church, who demolished by indisputable texts, the theory of the globe, and the absurd and impious idea of antipodes. Among others, Lactantius had expressed himself deliberately on this subject in a passage which was cited: " Can anything be more absurd, than to believe in the existence of antipodes having their feet opposed to ours — men who walk with their feet in the air and their heads down, in a part of the world where everything is topsy-turvy — the trees growing with roots in the air, and branches in the earth? " St. Augustine had gone further, branding with impiety the mere belief in antipodes; " for," he said, " it would involve the supposition of nations not descended from Adam. Now the Bible says that all men are descended from the same father." Other doctors, taking a poetical metaphor for a system of cosmogony, quoted the verse of the psalm where it is said that God spread the sky above the earth as a tent; from which it followed that the earth was flat.

In vain Columbus replied with a piety which did not clash with nature; in vain, following them respectfully into theology, he proved himself more orthodox than they, because more intelligent and more reverent of the works of God. His eloquence lost all its power and brilliancy amid the wilful darkness of their obstinate ignorance. A few monks only appeared either doubtful or convinced that Columbus was right. Diego de Deza, a

Dominican friar — a man beyond his age, who later became Archbishop of Toledo — ventured boldly to oppose the prejudices of the council, and to give the weight of his influence to Columbus. Even this unexpected assistance could not overcome the indifference or obstinacy of the examiners. The conferences were many, without coming to a conclusion. They still lingered and avoided truth by delay. They were interrupted by a fresh contest of Ferdinand and Isabella with the Moors of Granada. Columbus — sorrowful, despised, put off, and dismissed, encouraged only by Isabella and the conversion of Diego de Deza to his views — followed the court and army from camp to camp, from town to town, waiting in vain for an hour's attention, which the din of war prevented him from receiving. The queen, however, as faithful in her secret favour as fortune was cruel, continued to hope well of, and to protect, this disowned genius. She had a house or tent reserved for him wherever the court stopped. Her treasurer was instructed to provide for him — not as for an undesired guest who demands hospitality, but as a distinguished stranger, who honours the kingdom, and whom the sovereigns wish to retain in their service.

Thus passed several years, during which the Kings of Portugal, England, and France, hearing of this man who promised monarchs a new world, made overtures to Columbus to enter their service. The gratitude he owed to Isabella, and his love for Beatrice Enriquez of Cordova, mother of his second son, made him reject these offers. He reserved to the queen an empire in return for her kindness. He was present at the siege and conquest of Granada. He saw Boabdil give up the keys of his capital, the palace of the Abencerrages, and the Alhambra. He took part in the procession which escorted the sovereigns in their triumphal entry into this last refuge of Islam. He was already looking beyond the ramparts of Granada to fresh conquests, and other triumphal entries into vaster territories. Compared with the greatness of his ideas, everything seemed small.

The peace which followed this conquest in 1492 caused a second assembly of examiners at Seville to give their advice to the crown. This advice, long opposed, as at Salamanca, by Diego de Deza, was to reject the offer of the adventurer, if not as impious, at least as chimerical, and as compromising the dignity of the crown, which could not undertake an enterprise on such slender prospects. Ferdinand, however, influenced by Isabella in communicating this decision of the council, softened its harshness, and gave him to understand that as soon as he was in quiet possession of Spain by the expulsion of the Moors, the court would assist him with money and ships.

While waiting, without too sanguine hopes, the accomplishment of the king's promises, Columbus tried to persuade two great Spanish nobles, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi, to carry out this enterprise at their own expense. Each possessed ports and ships on the Spanish coast. They first smiled at these prospects of glory and maritime possessions

for their own families, and then abandoned them through incredulity or indifference. Envy preyed on Columbus even before he had earned it by success; it persecuted him by anticipation even through his hopes; it contested with him even what it termed his follies. He again, with tears, gave up his endeavours. The unwillingness of the ministers to listen to him, the obstinacy of the priests in opposing his ideas as an impiety, the vain promises and delays of the court, threw him, after six years, into such discouragement, that he gave up all idea of again soliciting the government of Spain, and resolved to offer his undiscovered empire to the King of France.

Ruined in fortune, disappointed in hope, worn out by delay, and heart-broken at the necessity of quitting Beatrice, he again set out on foot from Cordova, without any views for the future except to seek out his faithful friend, Juan Perez. He intended to fetch his son Diego — to bring him back to Cordova, and to place him under the care of Beatrice. The brothers, thus brought up together by the care of one woman, would love each other with a fraternal affection, the only inheritance he had to leave them.

Tears flowed from the eyes of Juan Perez at seeing his friend coming on foot, more miserably clad than at first, to knock at the gate of the convent, sufficiently attesting, by his clothes and the sadness of his face, the incredulity of men and the ruin of his hopes. But Providence had again hidden the key of Columbus's fortune in the bosom of friendship. The friar's faith in the future discoveries of his protégé, made him bear up against it, with a kindly indignation at his disappointment. He embraced his guest, condoled and wept with him; but soon, recalling his energy and resolution, sent to Palos for the physician Fernandez, Alonzo Pinzon, a rich seaman of that port, and Sebastian Rodriguez, a skilful pilot of Lepi. The ideas of Columbus, again unfolded before this conclave of friends, raised the fanaticism of his audience still higher than before. They begged him to stay and try his fortune again, and to reserve for Spain, though unbelieving and ungrateful, the glory of an enterprise unrivalled in history. Pinzon promised to assist with his wealth and vessels the equipment of this memorable flotilla as soon as the government should consent to sanction it. Juan Perez wrote, now to the queen herself, to interest her conscience as much as her glory in an enterprise which would convert whole nations from idolatry to religion. He spoke in the name of heaven and earth; he drew warmth and persuasion from his desire for the greatness of his country and from his personal friendship. Columbus, thoroughly discouraged, refusing to take this letter to a court of which he had so long experienced the delays and neglect, Rodriguez undertook to carry it himself to Granada, where the court then resided. He set out, followed by the vows and prayers of the convent, and of the friends of Columbus. The fourteenth day after his departure, he came back in triumph. The queen had read the letter and all her prepossessions in favour of the mariner had

returned. She sent for the prior to come instantly to court, and desired Columbus to await, at La Rabida, the return of the monk and the decision of the council.

Juan Perez, delighted with his friend's good fortune, saddled his mule and at once set out by night, alone, to cross a country infested with Moors. He felt that in him Heaven protected the great design which he held in trust for his friend. He arrived; the gates of the palace were opened to him; he saw the queen, and aroused in her, by the strength of his own conviction, the faith and zeal she herself felt for this great work. The Marchioness of Maya, Isabella's favourite, interested herself in the friar's protégé. The hearts of two women, involved by the eloquence of a monk in the projects of an adventurer, triumphed over the opposition of the court. Isabella sent Columbus money from her private treasury to purchase a mule and clothes, and directed him to come at once to court. Juan Perez remained with her, to support his friend by his exertions and influence, and forwarded the news and pecuniary succours to La Rabida by a messenger, who gave the letter and money to Fernandez, to be handed over to Columbus.

Having bought a mule and hired a servant, Columbus went to Granada, and discussed his plans and requirements with the ministers of Ferdinand. "Then was seen," says an eyewitness, "an obscure and unknown follower of the court, classed by the ministers among the troublesome applicants, feeding his imagination in the antechambers with the magnificent project of discovering a new world; grave, melancholy, and depressed amid the public rejoicing, he seemed to look with indifference upon the completion of the conquest of Granada, which filled with pride a nation and two courts. This man was Christopher Columbus! "

This time the objections were raised by Columbus. Certain of the continent he offered Spain, he wished, even out of respect to the greatness of the gift he was about to make to the world and his sovereigns, to obtain for himself and descendants conditions worthy, not of his position, but of his work. If he had been wanting in proper pride, he would have thought himself wanting in faith in God and the worthiness of his mission. Poor, unsupported, and dismissed, he treated of possessions which he as yet only saw in thought, as if he had been a monarch. "A beggar," said Talavera, "stipulates with kings for royal conditions." He demanded the title and privileges of admiral, the rank and power of viceroy over all the lands his discoveries might annex, and the perpetuity of the title, for himself and descendants, with all the revenues of these possessions. "Singular demands for an adventurer," said his enemies in the council: "they secure to him beforehand the command of a fleet, and, if he succeeds, an unlimited viceroyalty, while he undertakes nothing in case of failure, because he has nothing to lose."

These requirements at first excited astonishment, and at last indignation: he was offered conditions less burdensome to the crown. Notwith-

standing his indigence, he refused all. Wearied, but not overcome, by eighteen years of expectation, he would have blushed to abate one jot of his price for the gift God had given him. He respectfully retired from the conference, and mounting his mule, alone and unprovided, he took the road to Cordova, to proceed from thence to France.

Isabella, hearing of his departure, had a presentiment that these great prospects were deserting her. She was indignant at the commissioners, who, she said, were haggling with God for the price of an empire, and of millions of souls whom their fault would leave to idolatry. The Marchioness of Maya, and Quintanilla, Isabella's treasurer, encouraged these feelings. The king, more calculating, hesitated: the expense of the undertaking, and an empty treasury, made him hold back. " Well! " said Isabella, in a transport of enthusiasm, " I will undertake the enterprise alone, for Castile. I will pawn my jewels to meet the expenses."

This womanly burst of feeling triumphed over the king's economy, and, by a nobler estimate, acquired incalculable treasures in wealth and territory to the two kingdoms.

The fugitive was followed. The queen's messenger overtook him a few leagues from Granada, on the bridge of Pinos, in the famous defile where the Moors and Christians had so often mixed their blood in the torrent which separates the two races. Columbus, much moved, returned. The Queen's tears obtained from Ferdinand the ratification of his conditions. While serving the hopeless cause of this great man, she thought she was serving the cause of God himself, unknown to that part of the human race which he was to bring over to the faith. She thought of the Kingdom of Heaven in the possessions which her favourite was to acquire for the empire. Ferdinand only saw the earthly kingdom. The champion of Christendom in Spain, and conqueror of the Moors, as many of the faithful as he brought over to the faith, so many subjects had the Pope added to his rule. The millions he was to rally round the Cross by the discoveries of this stranger, had been by anticipation given over to his dominion by the court of Rome. Everyone who was not a Christian was in its eyes a slave. Every portion of the human race not stamped with the seal of Christianity stood without the pale of humanity. It gave or exchanged them in the name of its spiritual supremacy. Ferdinand was sufficiently credulous, and, at the same time, sufficiently cunning to accept them.

The treaty between Ferdinand and Isabella and the adventurer, was signed in the plain of Granada on the 17th of April, 1492. Isabella took upon herself, on behalf of her kingdom, all the expenses of the expedition. It was right that she, who had first believed, should run the greatest risk, and it was also right that the glory of success should be attached to her name rather than to any other. Palos was assigned to Columbus as the place of equipment for his expedition, and the port from which his squadron was to sail. The idea conceived at La Rabida, by Juan Perez and his

friends, thus returned to the place of its birth. The prior was to take charge of arrangements, and to see from his retreat the sails of his friend spread for that new world they had both beheld with the eye of faith.

Numberless impediments, seemingly insurmountable, now crossed the favours of Isabella and the fulfilment of Ferdinand's promises. The royal treasury was short of money. Vessels were leaving Spanish ports on more urgent expeditions. The seamen refused to engage for so long and mysterious voyage, or deserted after enlistment. The seacoast towns, ordered by the court to supply vessels, hesitated to obey, and unrigged their ships, which were considered as devoted to certain destruction. Unbelief, fear, envy, ridicule, avarice, even mutiny, rendered useless to Columbus, in spite of the royal officers, the means of equipment which Isabella had placed at his disposal. It seemed as though some evil genius tried to keep separate for ever these two continents which one man wished to unite.

Columbus superintended everything from La Rabida, where he was again the guest of Juan Perez. Without his influence the expedition would again have failed. The orders of the court were powerless and disobeyed. The monk had recourse to his friends at Palos. They yielded to his conviction, his entreaties, and his advice. Three brothers, wealthy mariners at Palos, the Pinzons, were at last imbued with the faith and spirit which inspired the friend of Columbus. They imagined they heard the voice of God in that old man. They volunteered to join in the undertaking: they found the money, they equipped three vessels of the kind then called *caravellas,* hired seamen in Palos and Moguer, and, in order to give an impulse and an example of courage to their sailors, two of the brothers, Martin Alonzo and Vincent Yanès Pinzon, resolved to embark, and to take command in person of their own vessels. Thanks to this generous assistance, three ships, the *Santa Maria,* the *Pinta,* and the *Niña,* were ready to put to sea on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492.

At break of day, Columbus, escorted to the shore by the prior and monks, who blessed the sea and his vessels, embraced his son, whom he left with Juan Perez, and embarked in the largest of his three barks, the *Santa Maria,* on board which he hoisted his flag as admiral of an unknown sea and viceroy of undiscovered lands. The people of the two harbours and of the coast came in crowds to be present at their departure. It was a mourning procession rather than an augury of a happy result: there was more sorrow than hope. The mothers, wives, and sisters of the seamen secretly cursed the stranger, whose enchanted words had seduced the mind of the queen, and risked so many men's lives on the accomplishment of a dream. Columbus, unwillingly followed, launched upon the unknown expanse amid maledictions.

The appearance of this flotilla, scarcely equal to a fishing or coasting squadron, offered a strong contrast in the people's eyes to the magnitude of the dangers it was so rashly to brave. Of the three vessels, only one

was decked, that on board which he himself was; a narrow trading craft, already old and weather-beaten. The others were open boats, which a heavy breaker might have swamped. But the poop and forecastle of these, raised high out of the water like the ancient galleys, had two half decks, under which the sailors could find shelter in bad weather, and would prevent the caravel from foundering if she shipped a sea. They had two masts, one amidships, the other aft. On the foremast they carried one great square sail, on the other a triangular lateen. In calm weather, long sweeps, used but seldom and then with difficulty, fixed in the low gunwale of the waist, could, in case of need, give slow motion to the vessel. These ships contained 120 men of whom the crews were composed. He alone went on board with a calm face, and a courageous heart. His conjectures had assumed after the lapse of eighteen years, the shape of certainty. Though he was past middle life, being in his fifty-seventh year, he looked upon the years that had gone by as though they were nothing. In his idea, all his life was to come. He felt the youthfulness of hope and his future immortality. As if to take possession of those worlds for which he spread his sails, he wrote and published, before embarking, a solemn account of all the vicissitudes his mind and fortunes had passed through up to that period; he added an enumeration of all the titles, honours, and dignities with which he had been invested by his sovereigns in respect of his future possessions, and invoked God and man to support his faith and bear witness to his constancy. "And it is for this purpose," he concludes, "that I have determined never to sleep during this voyage, and until these things shall have been accomplished."

A favourable wind wafted them toward the Canaries, the last resting-place of those who sailed into the Atlantic. Although he gave thanks to God for these auguries which calmed his crew, he would have preferred that a gale had swept him out of the beaten track. He feared, with reason, that the sight of land so far from Spain might recall the idea of home to the minds of his sailors. In momentous enterprises, no time must be given to men for reflection, and no opportunity for repentance. Columbus knew this, and he burned to pass the limits of the known waters, and to lock in his own breast the possibility of returning. His impatience to lose sight of the Old World was but too well founded. The *Pinta,* which had the rudder broken and leaked in the hold, obliged him, against his will, to put into the Canaries to change this vessel for another. He lost three weeks, without being able to find any craft fit for his voyage. All he could do was to repair the *Pinta's* damage, and procure a new sail for the *Niña,* a heavy and slow sailor, which delayed his voyage. He took in fresh provisions and water, for the small stowage in his vessels only allowed him to carry victuals for a limited number of days.

On quitting the Canaries, the appearance of Teneriffe, whose eruption illuminated the heavens, cast terror into the minds of his men. They

thought they saw in it the flaming sword of the angel who expelled the first man from Eden, driving back the children of Adam from the entrance to forbidden seas and lands. The admiral passed from ship to ship to disperse this panic, and to explain scientifically to these simple people the physical laws of the phenomenon. But the disappearance of the volcano's peak, as it sank below the horizon, caused them as much sadness as the eruption had caused them fright. It was their last beacon of the Old World. Losing sight of it seemed to be losing the last traces of their road through space. They felt as if they were detached from earth, and sailing in the atmosphere of a new planet, and were seized with a general prostration of mind and body. The admiral again called them round him in his own ship, infusing his own energy into their minds; and giving way to the eloquence of his hopes, he described, as if he had already beheld them, the lands, seas, kingdoms, riches, vegetation, sunshine, mines of gold, sands covered with pearls, mountains shining with precious stones, plains loaded with spice, that to his mind's eye already loomed in sight, beyond the expanse of which each wave carried them nearer to these wonders. These images, tinged with the colours of their leader's imagination, infused hope into their minds; and the trade-winds, blowing constantly from the east, seemed to second the impatience of the seamen. Distance alone could now terrify them. To deceive them as to the space across which he was hurrying, Columbus used to subtract a certain number of leagues from his reckoning, and made his pilots and seamen think they had gone only half the distance they had actually traversed. Privately he noted the true reckoning, in order that he alone might know the number of waves he had crossed and the track of his path. The crews, deceived by the steadiness of the wind, and the long roll of the waves, thought they were slowly crossing the farthest seas of Europe.

He would also have wished to conceal from them a new phenomenon, which began to disconcert his own science at about 200 leagues from Teneriffe. It was the variation of the compass, his last and, as he thought, infallible guide, but which now began to vacillate before its approach to an untracked hemisphere. For several days he kept to himself this terrible doubt; but the pilots, who watched the binnacle as closely as he, soon discovered this variation. Seized with the same astonishment, but less firm in their resolution than he, they imagined that the very elements were troubled, or changed the laws of their existence on the verge of infinite space. The supposed giddiness of Nature affected their minds. The evil tidings passed from one to another, and they left their vessels to the direction of the winds and waves, now their only guides. The hesitation of the pilots paralysed the sailors. Columbus, who endeavoured in vain to explain to himself a mystery of which science still seeks the cause, had again recourse to his fertile imagination. He invented an explanation, false, but

specious enough to uneducated minds, of the variation of the needle. He attributed it to new stars revolving round the pole, whose alternating motion was followed by the compass. This explanation, according with the astrological notions of the day, satisfied the pilots, and their credulity renewed the faith of the sailors. The sight of a heron and a tropical bird, which came next day, and flew round the masts, acted upon their senses, as the admiral's explanation had swayed their minds. They appeared two witnesses who came to confirm the reasoning of Columbus. They sailed with more courage on the faith of these birds. The mild climate on this part of the ocean, the clearness of the sky, the transparency of the waves, the dolphins playing across their bows, the warmth of the air, the perfumes which the waves brought from afar, the greater brilliancy of the stars and constellations — everything seemed to breathe serenity. They felt the presentiment of the still invisible world. They recalled the bright days, clear stars, and shining nights of an Andalusian spring. "It only wanted the nightingale," says Columbus.

The sea also began to bring its warnings. Unknown vegetations were often seen floating on its surface. Some, as the historians of this first voyage relate, were marine substances, which only grow on the shallows near the coast; some were rock plants, that had been swept off the cliffs by the waves; some were fresh-water plants; and others, recently torn up, were still full of sap; one carried a live crab on a tuft of grass. These plants and creatures could not have passed many days in the water without fading and dying. One of those birds, which never settle on the waves, crossed the sky. Whence came he? Where was he going? And could the place of his rest be far off? Further on, the sea changed its temperature and colour, proof of an uneven bottom. Elsewhere it resembled immense meadows, and the prow cut its way slowly among weed-strewn waves. At eve and morning, the distant clouds, like those that gather round mountain-tops, took the form of cliffs and hills skirting the horizon. The cry of land was on the tip of every tongue. Columbus was unwilling either to confirm or extinguish these hopes, which served his purpose by encouraging his companions. But he thought himself still only 300 leagues from Teneriffe, and he calculated that he had 700 or 800 more to go before he should reach land.

Nevertheless, he kept his conjectures to himself, finding no friend whose heart was firm enough to support his resolution, or safe enough to entrust with his secret fears. During the passage he conversed only with his own thoughts, with the stars, and with God. Almost without sleep, he occupied the days in his cabin, noting down, in characters intelligible to none but himself, the latitude, and the space he thought he had traversed. The nights he passed on deck with his pilots, studying the stars, and watching the sea. Alone, his thoughtful gravity impressed upon his companions sometimes respect, and sometimes mistrust and awe that kept them aloof — an

isolation generally observable in men superior to their fellows in conception and determination.

The land, so often pointed out, was seen to be only a mirage. Each morning the bows of the vessels plunged through the fantastic horizon, which the evening mist had made them mistake for a shore. They kept rolling on through the boundless abyss. The regularity of the east wind which drove them on, without their having had to shift their sails once in so many days, was a source of anxiety. They fancied that this prevailed eternally in this region of the ocean which encircled the world, and that, after carrying them on so easily to the west, it would be an insurmountable obstacle to their return. How should they ever get back against this wind but by beating across the immense space? And, if they had to make endless tacks to reach the Old World, how would their provisions and water, already half consumed, hold out through the long months of their return voyage? Who could save them from the horrible prospect of dying of hunger and thirst? Several already began to count the number of days, and the rations fewer than the days, and murmured against the obstinacy of their chief, and blamed themselves for persevering in an obedience which sacrificed the lives of 120 men to the madness of one.

But each time the murmurs threatened to break into mutiny, Providence seemed to send them more convincing and more unexpected signs, which changed their complaints to hope. Thus, on the 20th of September, these favorable breezes veered to the southwest. The sailors hailed this change, though opposed to their course, as a sign of life in the elements. At evening, delicate little birds, that build their nests in the shrubs of garden and orchard, hovered warbling about the masts. Their wings and joyous notes bore no marks of weariness or fright, as of birds swept far to sea by a storm. Their song, like those the sailors used to hear in the groves of myrtles and orange-trees of their Andalusian home, reminded them of their country, and invited them to the now neighbouring shore. They recognized sparrows, which always dwell beneath the roof of man. The green weed on the surface of the waves looked like waving corn before the ear is ripe. The vegetation beneath the water seemed the forerunner of land, and delighted the eyes of the sailors. But it soon became so thick that they were afraid of entangling their rudders and keels, and of remaining prisoners, as the ships of the northern seas are shut in by ice. Thus joy soon changed to fear, so terrible to man is the unknown. Columbus was obliged to appear to understand what surprised himself, and to invent an explanation for every cause that astonished his men.

The calms of the tropics alarmed them. If all things, including even the winds, perished in these latitudes, whence should spring up the breeze to fill their sails? The sea suddenly rose without wind: they ascribed it to submarine convulsions. An immense whale was seen sleeping on the waters: they fancied there were monsters which would devour their ships. The

roll of the waves drove them upon currents they could not stem for want of wind: they imagined they were approaching the cataracts of the ocean, and that they were being hurried toward the abysses into which the deluge had poured its world of waters. Fierce and angry faces crowded round the mast; the murmurs rose louder and louder; they talked of compelling the pilots to put about, and of throwing the admiral into the sea as a madman who left his companions no choice but between suicide and murder. Columbus defied them by his bold bearing, or disconcerted them by his coolness.

Nature at length came to his assistance by giving him fresh breezes from the east, and a calm sea. Before the close of day, Alonzo Pinzon, in command of the *Pinta*, which was sailing sufficiently near the admiral to hail him, gave the first cry of "Land ho!" All the crews, repeating this cry, fell on their knees, and struck up the hymn, "Glory be to God in Heaven and upon Earth."

This, the first hymn that ever rose from the new ocean, rolled slowly over the waves. When it was over, all climbed as high as they could up the masts, yards, and rigging, to see the shore which Pinzon had discovered to the southwest. Columbus alone doubted; but he was too willing to believe to think of contradicting the hopes of his crews. Though he himself only expected to find land to the westward, he allowed them to steer south through the night, rather than lose the temporary popularity caused by their illusion. The sunrise destroyed it but too quickly. The imaginary land disappeared with the morning mist, and the admiral resumed his course westward.

Again the surface of the sea was still, and the sun was shining on it as brightly as in the sky above. Numberless dolphins bounded in their wake. The water was full of life; the flying fish leaped from their element, and fell on the decks. Everything in nature seemed to combine with the efforts of Columbus in raising the hopes of his sailors, who almost forgot how the days passed. On the 1st of October, they thought they were only 600 leagues beyond the usual track of ships; but the secret reckoning gave more than 800. The signs of approaching land became more frequent, yet none loomed in the horizon. Terror again took possession of the crews. Columbus himself felt some anxiety. He feared lest he might have passed among the isles of an archipelago without seeing them, and have left behind him the extremity of that Asia which he sought, to wander in another ocean.

The lightest vessel, the *Niña*, which led the way, at length, on the 7th of October, hoisted the signal of land in sight, and fired a gun to announce it to her companions. On nearing it, they found that the *Niña* had been deceived by a cloud. The wind scattered their fond hopes, and converted them to fear. Reproaches against the admiral were heard from all quarters. It was now no longer for their fatigues and difficulties that they accused

him, but for their lives hopelessly sacrificed: their bread and water were beginning to fail.

Columbus, disconcerted by the immensity of this space, of which he had hoped already to have reached the boundary, abandoned the route he had traced on the map, and followed for two days and nights the flight of the birds. The instinct of these birds, he reasoned, would not direct them all toward one point if they did not see land there. But even the birds seemed to the sailors to join with the expanse of ocean, and the treacherous stars, to sport with their vessels and their lives. At the end of the third day, the pilots, going up the shrouds when the setting sun shows the most distant horizon, beheld him sink into the same waves whence he had risen in vain for so many mornings. They believed in the infinite expanse of waters. The despair which depressed them changed to fury. What terms had they now to keep with a chief who had deceived the court of Spain, and whose titles and authority, fraudulently obtained from his sovereigns, were about to perish? Would not following him further make them the accomplices of his guilt? Did the duty of obedience extend beyond the limits of the world? Was there any other hope if even that now remained, but to turn their ships to Europe, and beat back against the winds that had favoured the admiral, whom they would chain to the mast of his vessel as a mark for their dying curses, if they were to die, or give him up to the vengeance of Spain if they were permitted to see again the ports of their country?

These complaints had now become clamorous. The admiral restrained them by the calmness of his countenance. He reminded the mutineers of the authority with which their sovereigns had invested him. He called upon Heaven to decide between him and them. He flinched not: he offered his life as the pledge of his promises; but he asked them to suspend for three days their unbelief and their determination to put back. He swore a rash but necessary oath, that if, on the third day, land was not visible, he would steer for Europe. The signs of the neighbourhood of a continent or islands were so obvious that, in begging these three days, he felt certain of being able to attain his end. He tempted God by fixing a limit to his revelation; but he had to manage men. These men reluctantly allowed him the three days.

At sunrise on the second day, some rushes recently torn up were seen near the vessels. A plank evidently hewn by an axe; a stick skilfully carved by some instrument; a bow of hawthorn in blossom; and, lastly, a bird's nest built on a branch which the wind had broken, and full of eggs, on which the parent bird was sitting amid the gently rolling waves, were seen floating past. The sailors brought on board these living witnesses of their approach to land. The mutineers fell on their knees to the admiral they had insulted, craved pardon for their mistrust, and struck up a hymn of thanksgiving to God for associating them with his triumph.

Night fell on these songs welcoming a new world. The admiral gave orders that the sails should be close reefed, and the lead kept going; and that they should sail slowly, being afraid of breakers and shoals, and feeling certain that the first gleam of daylight would discover land under their bows. On that last anxious night none slept. Impatient expectation had removed all heaviness from their eyes; the pilots and men, clinging about the masts, yards, and shrouds, each tried to keep the best place and the closest watch to get the earliest sight of the new hemisphere. The admiral had offered a reward to the first who should cry land, provided his announcement was verified by its actual discovery. Providence, however, reserved to Columbus himself this first glimpse. While walking the quarter-deck alone at midnight, and sweeping the dark horizon with his keen eye, a gleam of fire passed and disappeared, and again showed itself on the level of the waves. Fearful of being deceived by the phosphorescence, he quietly called a Spanish gentleman of the court, named Guttierez, in whom he had more confidence than in the pilots, pointing out the direction in which he had seen the light, and asked whether he could discern anything there. Guttierez replied that he did indeed see a flickering light. To make still more sure, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, another in whom he had confidence. Sanchez had no more hesitation than Guttierez in pronouncing that there was a light. But the blaze was hardly seen before it again disappeared, to show itself the next moment. It might be the light of a fire on a low shore alternately appearing and disappearing beyond the horizon, or the floating beacon of a fisherman's boat, now rising on the waves and now sinking in the trough of the sea. Thus both land and safety appeared together to Columbus and his friends, on the night of the 11th and 12th of October, 1492. The admiral, enjoining silence to Rodrigo and Guttierez, kept his observation to himself, for fear of again raising false hopes. He lost sight of the light and remained on deck until two in the morning, praying, hoping, and despairing alone, awaiting the triumph or the return which the morrow was to decide.

He was seized with that anguish which precedes the great discoveries of truth, when a cannon shot, sounding a few hundred yards in advance of him, burst upon his ear — the announcement of a new-born world, which made him tremble and fall upon his knees. It was the signal of land, as had been arranged with the *Pinta*. At this a general shout of " Land ho! " arose from all the ships. The sails were furled, and daybreak was anxiously awaited. The mystery of the ocean had breathed its first whisper in the bosom of night. Delicious perfumes reached the vessels from the dim outline of the shore, with the roar of waves on the reefs and the soft land breeze. The fire seen by Columbus indicated the presence of man and the first element of civilization. Never did the night appear so long in clearing away from the horizon.

The dawn, as it spread over the sky, gradually raised the shores of an island from the waves. Its distant extremities were lost in the mist. It ascended gradually, like an amphitheatre, from the low beach to the summit of the hills, whose dark green covering contrasted with the clear blue of the heavens. Within a few paces of the foam of the waves breaking on the sand, forests of tall trees stretched away, over the successive terraces of the island. Green valleys and bright clefts in the hollows afforded a half glimpse into these mysterious wilds. Here and there could be seen scattered huts, which, with their roofs of dry leaves, looked like beehives, and thin columns of smoke rose above the tops of the trees. Half-naked groups of men, women, and children, more astonished than frightened, appeared among the thickets, advancing timidly, and then drawing back, exhibiting, by their demeanour, as much fear as curiosity at the sight of these strange vessels which the night had brought to their shores.

Columbus, after gazing in silence on this foremost shore of the land so often determined by his calculations, and so magnificently coloured by his imagination, found it to exceed even his own expectations. He burned with impatience to be the first to set foot on the sand, and to plant the Cross and the flag of Spain. But he restrained the eagerness of himself and his crew, being desirous of giving the act of taking possession of a new world a solemnity worthy of the greatest deed, perhaps, ever accomplished by a seaman; and to call God and his angels, sea, earth, and sky, as witnesses of his conquest of an unknown hemisphere.

He put on all his insignia as admiral and viceroy, wrapped himself in his purple cloak, and, taking a flag embroidered with a cross, in which the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella were interlaced, and surmounted by a crown, he entered his boat, and pulled toward shore, followed by Alonzo and Yanès Pinzon. On landing, he fell on his knees to acknowledge the greatness of God. He kissed the ground, and, with his face on the earth, wept tears of a double import and a double meaning — tears of joy for Columbus; the overflowing of a proud spirit, grateful and pious — tears of sadness for this virgin soil, seeming to foreshadow the devastation, with fire and sword, which the strangers were to bring with their pride, their knowledge, and their power.

" Almighty and eternal God," said Columbus, as he raised his forehead from the dust, with a Latin prayer which his companions have handed down to us, " who, by the energy of Thy creative word, hast made the firmament, the earth, and sea, blessed and glorified be Thy name in all places! May thy majesty and dominion be exalted for ever, as Thou has permitted Thy Holy Name to be made known and spread by the most humble of Thy servants in this hitherto unknown portion of Thy empire."

He then baptized this land with the name of Christ — the Island of San Salvador.

His lieutenants, pilots, and seamen, full of gladness, and impressed with

a superstitious respect for him whose glance had pierced beyond the visible horizon — overcome by the evidence of their eyes, and by that superiority which overawes the minds of men — fell at the feet of the admiral, kissed his hands and clothes, and recognized for a moment the power and the almost divine nature of genius.

During the ceremony of taking possession, the inhabitants, first kept at a distance and afterward attracted by that instinctive curiosity which forms the first connection between man and man, had drawn near. They were talking with each other. These vessels, working their sails, yards, and masts, like huge limbs opening and closing at will, seemed to them supernatural beings, descended from the firmament which surrounded their horizon. Struck with respect at the sight of the boats, and of men in brilliant clothing, and covered with armour, they at last came close, as if fascinated by almighty power. They worshipped them with the simplicity of children, unsuspicious of the approach of evil. The Spaniards, on examining them, were in their turn astonished at not finding in them any of the physical characteristics, or even the colour, of the African, Asiatic, or European races with which they came in contact. Their copper complexion, their lank hair falling loose over their shoulders, their eyes dark as their sea, their delicate feminine features, their open countenances, their nakedness, and the coloured patterns with which they stained their skins, marked them as a race distinct from any of the human families spread over the ancient hemisphere — a race still preserving the simplicity and gentleness of infancy, lost for centuries in this unknown portion of the world, and retaining, through ignorance of wrong, the mildness, truthfulness, and innocence of the world's youth.

Columbus, satisfied that this island was but an outpost of India, gave them the name of Indians, which they retained until their extermination, the verbal error having lasted long after the mistake was explained.

The Indians, soon becoming accustomed to their stranger-guests, showed them their springs, houses, villages, and canoes, and brought them as offerings their eatable fruit, cassava bread, which replenished the provisions of the Spaniards, and some ornaments of pure gold, which they wore in their ears and nostrils, or as bracelets, necklaces, or anklets among the women. They were ignorant of commerce or of the use of money, and were delighted to receive the merest trifles in exchange for their valuables. In their eyes, novelty was value. The Spaniards, who sought the country of gold and precious stones, asked by signs whence this metal came. The Indians pointed to the south; the admiral and his companions understood that in that direction there was an island or continent of India, corresponding by its riches and its arts with the wonders related by Marco Polo. The land they now thought themselves near was, they supposed, the fabulous Zipangu, or Japan, the sovereign of which walked on a pavement of gold. Their impatience to resume their course made them return quickly

to their ships. They had supplied themselves with water from the springs, and their decks were loaded with fruit, cassava cakes, and roots, which the Indians had given them. They took one of the aborigines with them to learn their language and to act as interpreter.

On getting clear of the island, they found themselves lost in the channels of an archipelago of more than a hundred isles of various sizes, but all with an appearance of the most luxurious fertility of vegetation. They landed on the largest and most populous. They were surrounded by canoes hollowed from the trunk of a tree; they traded with the inhabitants, exchanging buttons and trinkets. Their navigation and stoppages amid this labyrinth of islands were but a repetition of the scene at their landing at San Salvador. They were everywhere received with the same inoffensive curiosity. They were enchanted with the climate, flowers, perfumes, colours, and the plumages of unknown birds, which each of these oases offered to their senses; but their minds, impressed with the idea of discovering the land of gold at what they supposed to be the extremity of Asia, rendered them less attentive to these natural treasures, and prevented their suspecting the existence of the new continent, of which these isles were the outposts. Guided by the Indians, who pointed out a region still more splendid than their own archipelago, Columbus steered for the coast of Cuba, where he landed after three days' pleasant sailing, without losing sight of the beautiful Bahamas which enamelled his path.

Cuba, with its long terraces stretching into the far distance, and backed by cloud-piercing mountains, with its havens, estuaries, gulfs, bays, forests, and villages, reminded him, on a more majestic scale, of Sicily. He was uncertain whether it was a continent or an island. He cast anchor in the shady bosom of a mighty river, and, going ashore, strolled about the shores and forests, the groves of oranges and palm-trees, and the villages and dwellings of the inhabitants. A dog was the only living thing he found in these huts, which had been abandoned at his approach. He re-embarked, and ascended the river, shaded by broad-leaved palms, and gigantic trees bearing fruit and flowers. Nature seemed to have bestowed, without labour, the necessities of life and happiness without work, on these fortunate races. Everything reminded them of the Eden of Holy Writ. Harmless animals, birds with azure and purple plumage, parrots, macaws, and birds of paradise, shrieked and sang, or flew in coloured clouds from branch to branch; luminous insects lighted the air by night; the sun, softened by the breeze of the mountain, the shade of the trees, and the coolness of the water, fertilized everything without scorching; the moon and stars were reflected in the river with a mild light which took away the terror of darkness. A general enthusiasm had seized upon the minds and senses of Columbus and his companions; they felt that they had reached a new country, more fresh and yet more fruitful than the land they had left behind. "It is the most beautiful isle," says Columbus, in his notes, "that ever the eye

of man beheld. One would wish to live there always. It is impossible to think of misery or death in such a place."

The scent of the spices which reached his vessels from the interior, and his finding pearl oysters on the coast, satisfied him more and more that Cuba was a continuation of Asia. He fancied that beyond the mountains he should find the empires, the civilization, the gold mines, and the wonders which travellers had attributed to Cathay and Japan. Being unable to seize any of the natives, he sent two of his companions, one of whom spoke Hebrew and the other Arabic, to look for the cities in which he supposed the sovereign of Cathay to dwell. These envoys were loaded with presents for the inhabitants. They had orders to exchange them for nothing but gold, of which they thought there were inexhaustible treasures.

The messengers returned without having discovered any other capital than huts of savages and an immense wilderness of vegetation, perfumes, fruits, and flowers. They had succeeded, by means of presents, in encouraging some of the natives to come back with them. Tobacco, a plant of slightly intoxicating quality, which they made into little rolls, lighting them at one end to inhale the smoke at the other; the potato, a farinaceous root, which heat converted at once into bread; maize, cotton spun by the women, oranges, lemons, and other nameless fruits, were the only treasures they had found about the houses in the glades of the forest.

Disappointed, the admiral, on some misunderstood directions of the natives, unwillingly quitted this country to sail on to the east, where he still placed his imaginary Asia. He took on board some men and women from Cuba, bolder and more confident than the rest, to serve as interpreters for the neighbouring countries, to convert them to the true faith, and to offer to Isabella these souls which his generous enterprise had saved.

Convinced that Cuba, of which he had not ascertained the limits, was a part of Asia, he sailed several days at a short distance from the coast of the true American continent without seeing it. Envy had risen in the minds of his companions on the very day that his discoveries had crowned the hopes of his existence. Amerigo Vespucci, an obscure Florentine, embarked in one of his vessels, gave his name to this new world, to which Columbus alone had been the guide. Vespucci owed this good fortune entirely to chance and to his subsequent voyages with Columbus in the same latitudes. A subaltern officer, devoted to the admiral, he had never sought to rob him of his glory. The caprice of fortune gave it to him, and custom has retained it.

Envy already began to pray upon the mind of Alonzo Pinzon. He commanded the *Pinta*. Pinzon pretended to lose the others in the night, and got away from his commodore. He had resolved to take advantage of Columbus' discovery, to find out other lands by himself, without genius and without trouble, and, after giving them his name, to be the first to return to Europe, to reap the glory, and gather the rewards due to his master and guide.

Columbus had for some days noticed the insubordination of his second in command. But he owed much to Pinzon; for, without his encouragement and assistance, he would never have succeeded in equipping his vessels or in engaging seamen. Gratitude had prevented his punishing the first acts of disobedience of a man to whom he was so deeply indebted. The modest, magnanimous, and forgiving character of Columbus made him avoid all harshness. Full of justice and virtue himself, he expected to find equal justice and virtue in others. This goodness, which Pinzon took for weakness, served as an encouragement to ingratitude. He boldly dashed between Columbus and the new discoveries of which he had resolved to deprive him.

The admiral understood and regretted the fault, but pretended to believe that the *Pinta's* separation was accidental, and steered with his two vessels to the southeast, toward a dark shade that he perceived over the sea, and made the island of Hispaniola, since called San Domingo. Had it not been for this cloud, which induced him to put about, he would have reached the mainland. The American archipelago, by enticing him to wander from isle to isle, seemed to keep him from the goal which he almost touched without seeing. This phantasm of Asia now stood between America and him, to deprive him of the reality by the substitution of a chimera.

This vast new country, surrounded by an atmosphere as clear as crystal, and bathed by a sea with perfume in its waves, appeared to be the marvellous island, detached from India, that he had sought under the fabulous name of Zipangu. He named it Hispaniola, to mark it as his adopted country. The natives, simple, mild, hospitable, open-hearted, and respectful, crowded round them on the shore as though they were beings of a superior order. A numerous and happy population then covered the plains and valleys of Hispaniola. The men and women were models of strength and beauty. The peace which reigned among these nations gave their countenances an expression of gentleness and benevolence. Their laws were only the best instincts of the heart, passed into traditions and customs. They might have been supposed a young race, whose vices had not yet had time to develop, and whom the natural inspirations of innocence sufficed to govern. Of agriculture, gardening, and the other arts of life, they knew enough for their government, their building, and the necessities of existence. Their fields were admirably cultivated, and their elegant cottages were grouped in villages on the edges of forests of fruit-trees, in the neighbourhood of rivers or springs. In a genial climate, without the severity of winter or the heat of a tropical summer, their clothing consisted only of personal ornaments, or of belts and aprons of cotton cloth, sufficient to protect their modesty. Their form of government was as simple as their ideas. It was but the circle of the family, enlarged in the course of generations, but always grouped round an hereditary chief, called the cacique. These caciques were the heads, not the tyrants, of their tribes. Their customs, laws unwritten yet inviolable as divine ordinances, governed

these petty princes — an authority paternal on the one side, and filial on the other, rebellion against which seemed out of the question.

The Cuban natives, whom Columbus had brought with him, already began to comprehend Spanish. They partly understood the language of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, a branch of the same race. They thus established an easy means of communication.

The supposed Indians fearlessly conducted the Spaniards into their houses, and presented them with cassava bread, unknown fruits, fish, sweet roots, tame birds with rich plumage and melodious notes, flowers, palms, bananas, lemons. They treated them as guests, as brothers, almost even as gods. " Nature," says Columbus, " is there so prolific, that property has not produced avarice or cupidity. These people seem to live in a golden age, happy and quiet amid open and endless gardens, neither surrounded by ditches, divided by fences, nor protected by walls. They behave honourably toward one another, without laws, books, or judges. They consider him wicked who takes delight in harming another. This aversion of the good to the bad seems to be all their legislation. Their religion also was but the sentiment of their own inferiority, and of gratitude and love for the Being who had granted them life and happiness.

As Columbus was exploring the bays and havens, the pilot ran the vessel aground while the admiral was asleep. The ship, threatened with destruction, was abandoned by the pilot and part of the crew, who, under pretence of taking an anchor ashore, pulled to the other vessel, thinking Columbus doomed to inevitable death. The admiral's energy again saved, not the ship, but the lives of his companions. He faced the breakers as long as a plank held, and having placed his men on a raft, he landed as a shipwrecked mariner on the same shore he had just visited as a conqueror. He was soon joined by the only vessel he had left. His misfortune did not cool the hospitality of the cacique, whose guest he had been some days previously. This cacique, named Guacanagari, the first friend and afterward the first victim of these strangers, shed tears of compassion over Columbus's disaster. He offered his house, his provisions, and assistance. The riches of the Europeans, rescued from the waves and spread upon the beach, were preserved, as if sacred, from all pillage, and even from troublesome curiosity. These men, who knew no property as between each other, seemed to respect it in their guests. Columbus, in his letters to the king and queen, is loud in his praise of the generosity of this race. " There is nowhere in the universe," he exclaims, " a better nation or a better country. They love their neighbours as themselves; their language is soft and gracious, and the smile of kindness is ever on their lips. They are naked, it is true, but veiled by modesty and frankness."

Columbus, having established with the young cacique relations of the closest intimacy, was presented by him with some gold ornaments. At the sight of gold, the countenances of the Europeans suddenly expressed such

passionate avidity, that the cacique and his subjects took alarm, as if their new friends had changed their disposition toward them. It was but too true. The companions of Columbus were only coveting the fancied riches of the East, while he himself was seeking the mysterious remnant of the world. The sight of gold had recalled their avarice: their faces had become stern and savage as their thoughts. The cacique, informed that this metal was the god of the Europeans, explained, by pointing to the mountains beyond the range they saw, the situation of a country from which he received this gold in abundance. Columbus no longer doubted that he had reached the source of Solomon's wealth, and, preparing everything for his speedy return to Europe, to announce his triumph, he built a fort in the cacique's village, to afford security to a party whom he left behind. He selected forty men, whom he placed under the command of Pedro de Arana. He instructed them to collect information about the gold region, and to keep up the respect of the Indians for the Spaniards. He then set out on his return to Europe, loaded with the gifts of the cacique, and bringing all the ornaments of gold he had been able to procure from the natives during his stay, either by gift or exchange.

While coasting round the island, he met his faithless companion, Pinzon. Concealed in a deep inlet of the island, he had landed, and instead of imitating the mildness of Columbus, had marked his first steps with blood. The admiral, having found his lieutenant, appeared satisfied with his excuses, and willing to attribute his desertion to the night. He ordered Pinzon to follow him to Europe with his vessel. They set sail together, impatient to announce the news of their wonderful navigation. But the ocean seemed with adverse winds to drive them back from the land to which they were so anxious to return. Columbus alone knew the course and the true distances. His companions thought they were still thousands of miles from Europe, while he was already aware of being near the Azores. He soon perceived them. Tremendous squalls of wind and lightning such as he had never before seen flash across the heavens and disappear in the sea — huge waves driving his vessels helplessly about, seemed alternately to open and close the gates of death even on the very threshold of their country. The signals which the two vessels made reciprocally at night, disappeared. Each, driving before the tempest, between the Azores and the Spanish coast, believed the other lost. Columbus, who did not doubt that the *Pinta* was buried beneath the waves, and whose own torn sails and damaged rudder would no longer steer his bark, expected every instant to founder beneath one of these mountains of water that he laboured up, to be swept down again from their foaming crests. He had risked his life freely, but he could not bear to sacrifice his glory. To feel that the discovery he was bringing to the Old World was to be buried with him even when so near port, seemed such a cruel sport of Providence, that he could not make even his piety bend to it. To die when he had but touched with

his foot the soil of Europe, and after having placed his secret and his treasure upon the records of his country, was a destiny he could joyfully accept; but to allow a second world to perish (so to speak) with him, and to carry to the grave the solution of the earth's problem, was a thousand deaths in one. In his vows to all the shrines of Spain, he only asked of God that he might carry to the shore, even with his wreck, the proof of his discovery. Meanwhile storm followed storm; the vessel became waterlogged, and the savage looks, angry murmurs, or the sullen silence of his companions, reproached him for the obstinacy which had persuaded them to this fatal cruise. They considered this continued wrath of the elements as the vengeance of ocean, angry that the boldness of man should have penetrated its mystery. They talked of throwing him into the sea, in order, by a grand expiation, to still the waves.

Columbus, heedless of their anger, but completely taken up with the fate of his discovery, wrote upon parchment several short accounts of his voyage, and closed up some in rolls of wax, and others in cedar cases, and threw them into the sea, in hopes that perchance after his death they might be carried ashore. It has been said that one of these cases drifted about for three centuries and a half, and that not long since a sailor from a European vessel, while getting ballast on the African coast, opposite Gibraltar, picked up a petrified cocoa-nut, and brought it to his captain as a natural curiosity. The captain, on opening the nut to see whether the kernel had resisted the action of time, found that the shell concealed a parchment, which contained, in a Gothic character, these words: "We cannot survive the storm one day longer. We are between Spain and the newly-discovered Eastern Isles. If the caravel founders, may someone pick up this testimony! — CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

The ocean kept this message for 358 years, and did not give it to Europe until America — colonized, flourishing, and free — already rivalled the old continent.

The next day "Land ho!" was cried. It was the Portuguese isle of St. Mary, the last of the Azores. Columbus was driven from it by the jealous persecution of the Portuguese. Again given up to the sufferings of hunger and tempest for many days, it was not until the 4th of March that they entered the Tagus, where they at length anchored off a European shore. Columbus, on being presented to the King of Portugal, related his discoveries, without explaining his course, lest this prince might anticipate the fleets of Isabella. The nobles of the court of John II advised him to have the navigator assassinated, in order to bury with him his secret, as well as the rights of the Spanish crown over these new lands. John was indignant at this cowardly advice. Columbus was treated with honour, and permitted to send a courier to his sovereigns, to announce his success, and his approaching return by sea to Palos.

He landed there on the 15th of March, 1493, at sunrise, in the midst of a

crowd frantic with joy and pride, which rushed into the water to carry him triumphantly ashore. He threw himself into the arms of his friend and protector, Juan Perez. Columbus walked barefoot at the head of a procession to the monastery to return thanks for his safety, for his glory, and for the acquisition to Spain. The whole population followed him with blessings to the door of this humble convent. Never has any man brought to his country or posterity such a conquest since the creation of the globe, execept those who have given to earth the revelation of a new idea; and this conquest of Columbus had until then cost humanity neither a crime, a single life, a drop of blood, nor a tear. The most delightful days of his existence were those he passed while resting at La Rabida, in the arms of his children, and in the company of his friend the prior.

And as if Heaven had thought fit to crown his happiness and avenge him on the envy which was pursuing him, Alonzo Pinzon brought the *Pinta* next day into the harbour of Palos, where he hoped to arrive before his commander. But foiled in his design, and fearing lest the admiral might punish his desertion, Pinzon died of vexation and disappointment on seeing the vessel of Columbus at anchor. Columbus was too generous to rejoice, much more to have punished him; and the malice that pursues the steps of the great seemed to expire at his feet.

Ferdinand and Isabella, informed of the return and discoveries of their admiral, awaited him at Barcelona with honour and munificence worthy the greatness of his services. The nobility came from all the provinces to meet him. He made a triumphal entry as a prince of future kingdoms. The Indians brought over as a living proof of the existence of new races in these newly-discovered lands, marched at the head of the procession, their bodies painted with divers colours, and adorned with gold necklaces and pearls. The animals and birds, the unknown plants, and the precious stones collected on these shores, were exhibited in golden basins, carried on the heads of Moorish or negro slaves. The eager crowd pressed close upon them, and wondrous tales were circulated about the officers and companions of Columbus. The admiral himself, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger presented by the king, next appeared, accompanied by a numerous cavalcade of courtiers and gentlemen. All eyes were directed toward the man inspired of Heaven, who first had dared lift the veil of Ocean. People sought in his face for a sign of his mission, and thought they could discern one. The beauty of his features, the majesty of his countenance, the vigour of eternal youth joined to the dignity of age, the combination of thought with action, of strength with experience, a thorough appreciation of his worth, combined with piety made Columbus then appear (as those relate who saw him enter Barcelona) like a prophet, or a hero of Holy Writ or Grecian story.

"None could compare with him," they say; "all felt him to be the greatest or most fortunate of men."

Ferdinand and Isabella received him on their throne, shaded from the sun by a golden canopy. They rose up before him as though he had been an inspired messenger. They then made him sit on a level with themselves, and listened to the circumstantial account of his voyage. At the end of his recital, which habitual eloquence had coloured with his exuberant imagination, the king and queen, moved to tears, fell on their knees and repeated the *Te Deum,* a thanksgiving for the greatest conquest the Almighty had yet vouchsafed to sovereigns.

Couriers were dispatched to carry the news and fame of Columbus to all the courts of Europe. The obscurity with which he had until then been surrounded changed to a brilliant renown, filling the earth with his name. The discovery of the poor geographer became the subject of conversation for the world. Columbus neither suffered his mind to be elated by the honour decreed to his name, nor his pride to be humiliated by the jealousy which began to arise.

One day, when dining at the table of Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the guests, envious of the honour paid to the wool-comber's son, asked him sneeringly whether he thought no one else would have discovered the new hemisphere if he had not been born. Columbus did not answer the question, for fear of saying too much or too little of himself; but he took an egg between his fingers, and, addressing the whole company asked them if they could make it stand upright. None could manage this. Columbus then crushed the egg at one end, and, placing it erect on the broken extremity, showed his detractors that, if there were no merit in a simple idea, yet none could find it out before some inventor showed others the example; thus rendering to God the honour of the discovery, but taking to himself the credit of being the first by whom it was made.

Honours, titles, and territorial rights over the lands he should hereafter discover, became, by treaty with the court, the reward of Columbus. He obtained the viceroyalty and the government, with one-fourth of the produce of the seas, islands, and continents on which he should plant the cross of the Church and the flag of Spain. The Archdeacon of Seville, Fonseca, received the title of Patriarch of the Indies, and was charged with the preparation of the new expedition which Columbus was preparing. But, from that day, Fonseca became the secret rival of the navigator; and, as if he had been desirous of crushing the genius it was his duty to second, while appearing to procure aid for Columbus, was really raising obstacles. His delays and false pretences reduced to seventeen sail the fleet which was to escort the admiral back across the Atlantic.

The adventurous disposition of the Spaniards of that day, the ardour of religious proselytism, and the spirit of chivalry, collected in these vessels a great number of priests, gentlemen, and adventurers; some anxious to spread the faith, others desirous of winning renown and fortune by being the first to settle in these new countries. Workmen of all trades, labourers

from all climates, domestic animals of all races, seeds, plants, vine-shoots, slips of fruit-trees, sugar-canes, and specimens of all the arts and trades of Europe, were embarked on these ships, to try the climate and soil, to tempt the inhabitants, and to rob them of the gold, pearls, perfumes, and spices of India, in return for worthless trifles. It was the crusade of religion, war, industry, and avidity — for some, heaven; for others, earth; for all, the unknown and the marvellous.

The most illustrious of those who embarked was Alonzo de Ojeda, formerly a page of Isabella, and the handsomest, bravest, and most adventurous of her court. His mind and body were so overflowing with courage, that he carried his hardihood to the verge of madness. One day, when Isabella had ascended the lofty tower called the Giralda of Seville to look down on the streets and houses, appearing like an open ant-heap at her feet, he sprung on to a narrow beam which projected over the cornice, and, balancing himself on one foot at the end of it, executed the most extraordinary feats of boldness to amuse his sovereign, without being in the least alarmed or dizzy at the fear of imminent death.

On the 25th of September, 1493, the fleet left the Bay of Cadiz. Shouts of joy from the shore accompanied this second departure, which seemed destined to a continued triumph. The two sons of Columbus accompanied their father on board his flagship. He gave them his blessing and left them in Spain, that at least the better half of his existence might remain sheltered from the perils he was going to encounter. His squadron consisted of three large ships and fourteen caravels. The fleet discovered on the 2d of November the island of Guadaloupe, and cruised among the Caribbean islands, to which he gave names derived from his pious recollections; and soon afterward making the point of Hispaniola now called Hayti, Columbus set sail for the gulf where he had built the fort in which he had left his companions. Night concealed the shore from view, when, full of hope and anxiety, he cast anchor. He did not wait for dawn to announce his arrival. A salute from his guns boomed over the waves to acquaint the Spaniards with his return; but the fort remained silent, and this salute was answered only by the echo from the lonely cliffs. Next morning, with daybreak, he discovered the beach deserted, the fort destroyed, the guns half buried under its ruins, the bones of the Spaniards bleaching on the shore, and the village abandoned by its inhabitants. The few natives who appeared in the distance, at the edge of the forest, seemed afraid to come near, as if they were withheld by a feeling of remorse or by dread of revenge. The cacique, more confident in his innocence and in the justice of Columbus, at length advanced, and related the crimes of the Spaniards, who had abused the hospitality of his subjects by oppressing the natives, carrying off their wives and daughters, reducing their hosts to slavery, and, at length, rousing the hatred of the tribe. After having slaughtered a great number of Indians

and burned their huts, they had themselves been killed. The ruined fort was the first monument of the contact of these two races, one of which was bringing slavery and destruction on the other. Columbus wept over the crimes of his companions and the misfortunes of the cacique. He resolved to seek another place to disembark and colonize the island.

The most beautiful among the young Indian girls captured from the neighbouring isles, and kept prisoners in the ships, named Catalina, had attracted the attention of a cacique who visited Columbus on his ship. A plan of escape was arranged between the cacique and the girl by signs which the Europeans did not understand. The night Columbus set sail, Catalina and her companions, foiling their guards, sprang into the water. They swam, pursued in vain by the Europeans, toward the shore, where the cacique had lighted a fire to guide them. The lovers, united by this feat, took shelter in the forests, and concealed themselves from the Europeans.

Columbus landed on virgin soil some distance farther on, and founded the town of Isabella. He established friendly relations with the natives, built, cultivated, and governed the first European colony; and sent round detachments to scour the plains and mountains. He first attracted, and finally subjected, by equitable laws, the various tribes of this vast island. He built forts, and marked out roads toward the different parts of the empire. He searched for gold, which he discovered to be less abundant than he expected in these regions, which he still took for India; he found only the inexhaustible fertility of a rich land, and a people as easy to govern as to subdue. He sent back the greater part of his vessels to Spain, to ask his sovereign for fresh supplies of men, animals, tools, plants, and seeds, required by the immensity of the countries he was going to win over. But the disaffected and the envious were the first to rush on board his fleet, to raise murmurs, accusations, and calumnies against him. He himself remained behind, afflicted with the gout; condemned to inactivity of body and unceasing mental anxiety, and harassed by the rivalries, seditions, plots, disgraceful insubordination, and famine of his companions.

Always indulgent and noble-minded, Columbus triumphed, through sheer force of character, over the turbulence of his countrymen and the disobedience of his lieutenants, and was satisfied with confining the mutineers on board the vessels. On recovering from his long illness, he traversed the island with a picked body of men, seeking in vain for the mines of Solomon, but studying the natural history and peculiarities of the soil, and spreading respect and affection for his name.

He found, on his return, the same disorder, mutiny, and vice. The Spaniards made bad use of the superstition and fear with which they and their horses inspired the natives. The Indians took them for monstrous beings — horse and rider forming but one creature — striking down, and blasting with fire the enemies of the Europeans. By the influence of this dread,

they enslaved, violated, and tortured this gentle and obedient race. Columbus again interfered to punish the tyranny of his companions. He desired to bring the Indians the religion and arts of Europe, not its yoke and its sins. After re-establishing some sort of order, he embarked to visit the island of Cuba. He reached it, and sailed for a time past its shores, without discovering the extremity of the land, which he took for a continent. He sailed from thence toward Jamaica, another island of immense extent, whose mountain peaks he saw among the clouds. Then, crossing an archipelago, which he called the Garden of the Queen, from the richness and perfume of the vegetation on its isles, he returned to Cuba, and succeeded in establishing relations with the natives. These looked on with respect at the ceremonies of worship which the Spaniards celebrated in a recess among the palm-trees by the shore. One of their old men came up to Columbus after the ceremony, and said, in a solemn tone, "What thou hast done is well, for it appears to be thy worship of the universal God. They say that thou comest to these lands with great power beyond all resistance. If that be so, hear from me what our ancestors have told our fathers, who have repeated it to ourselves. When the souls of men are separated by the divine will from their bodies, they go, some to a country without sun and trees, others to a region of beauty and delight, according as they have acted ill or well here below, by doing evil or good to their fellows. If, therefore, thou art to die like us, have a care to do no wrong to those who have never injured thee."

This discourse of the old Indian, related by Las Casas, showed that they had a religion rivaling Christianity in the simplicity of its precepts and purity of its morality — either a mysterious emanation or primitive nature untarnished by depravity and vice, or the tradition of an ancient civilization long since exhausted.

After a long and fatiguing voyage of discovery, Columbus returned in a dying state to Hispaniola. His fatigue and anxiety, added to suffering and the approach of age, unfelt by his mind, but weighing upon his body, for a time triumphed over his genius. His sailors brought him back to Isabella insensible and exhausted. But Providence watched over him during the abeyance of his faculties. On recovering he found his beloved brother Bartholomew sitting by his bedside. He had come from Europe to Hispaniola, as though he had felt a presentiment of his brother's need. Bartholomew was endowed with the strength of the family, as Diego had the gentleness and Christopher the genius. The vigour of his body equalled the energy of his mind. Of athletic frame and iron nerve, with robust health, a commanding aspect, and a powerful voice that could be heard above wind and waves; a sailor from his youth, a soldier and adventurer; gifted with the boldness that secures obedience, and the integrity which ensures submission; as fit for command as for contest — he was the very man Columbus most wanted in the extremity to which anarchy had reduced his

kingdom; and besides, he was imbued with as much respect as attachment for the head and honour of his house. His relationship made Columbus certain of the fidelity of his lieutenant. The attachment of the brothers to each other was the best pledge of confidence on one side, and submission on the other. Columbus, during the long months throughout which exhausted nature compelled himself to inaction, gave up the government to him, under the title of Adelantado, or superintendent and vice-governor. Bartholomew, a severer administrator than Christopher, commanded more respect, but raised more opposition.

The rashness and treachery of the young Spanish warrior, Ojeda, raised a war of despair between the Indians and the colony. That intrepid adventurer, having advanced with some horsemen into the most distant and independent portions of the island, persuaded one of the caciques to return with him to Isabella, with a number of Indians, to see the grandeur and wealth of the Europeans. The cacique was induced to follow him. After some days, when they halted on the bank of a river, Ojeda, practising on the simplicity of the chief, showed him a pair of handcuffs of polished steel, whose brilliancy dazzled him. Ojeda told him that these were bracelets, which the kings of Europe wore on grand days when they met their subjects. His host was induced to wear them, and to ride on horseback like a Spaniard, that his subjects might see him in this pretended dress of the sovereigns of the Old World. The cacique had scarcely put on the handcuffs and mounted behind the cunning Ojeda, when the horsemen galloped off with their prisoner, crossed the island, and brought him to the colony, where they kept him in the irons which his childish vanity had induced him to put on.

A vast insurrection roused the Indians against this perfidy of strangers whom they had at first considered as guests, friends, benefactors, and gods. This insurrection brought down upon them the vengeance of the Spaniards. They reduced the Indians to a state of slavery, and sent four vessels to Spain loaded with these victims of their avarice, to make an infamous traffic in human cattle; thus making up for the gold they expected to pick up like dust in countries where they found nothing but blood, the war degenerated into a man hunt. Dogs brought from Europe, and trained to this chase in the forests, tracking down, throttling, and worrying the natives, assisted the Spaniards in this inhuman devastation.

Columbus, on reassuming the reins of government, was himself drawn into the wars which had broken out during his illness. He gained some decisive battles over the Indians, obliged them to submit to the yoke which gentleness and policy made easy, and merely subjected them to a small tribute of gold and the fruits of their country, rather as a token of alliance than of slavery. The island again flourished under his moderation; but the unhappy and confiding cacique, Guacanagari, who had been the first to receive the strangers, vexed to despair at having been the involuntary ac-

complice of his country's ruin, fled into the mountains of the interior, and died there a freeman, rather than live a slave under the laws of those who had taken a shameful advantage of his kindness.

During the sickness of Columbus and the troubles in the island, his enemies at court had injured him in the favour of Ferdinand. Isabella, more firm in her admiration, tried in vain to interpose her protection. The court sent to Hispaniola a magistrate invested with secret powers, authorizing him to take informations concerning alleged crimes of the viceroy, and to dispossess him of his authority and send him back to Europe if the accusations were confirmed. This partial judge, named Aguado, arrived at Hispaniola while the viceroy was at the head of the troops in the interior, employed in pacifying and managing the country. Forgetting the gratitude he owed Columbus as the first cause of his wealth, Aguado, even before collecting information, declared Columbus guilty, and provisionally deprived him of his authority. Surrounded and applauded on landing by the malcontents of the colony, he ordered Columbus to come to Isabella, and acknowledge his authority. Columbus, surrounded by friends and his devoted soldiery, might easily have refused obedience to the insolent commands of a subordinate. He, however, bowed before the mere name of his sovereign, went unarmed to Aguado, and giving up his authority, allowed him to carry on the infamous trial.

But at the very moment when his fortune was thus waning before persecution, it bestowed on him the favour of all others the most sure to reconcile him with the court. One of his young officers, Miguel Diaz, having killed one of his companions in a duel, fled into one of the back parts of the island. The tribe that inhabited that district was governed by the widow of a cacique, a young Indian of great beauty. She became deeply enamoured of the fugitive, and married him. But Diaz, though loved and presented with a crown by the object of his affection, could not forget his country, or conceal the sadness which his exile threw over him. His wife, questioning him as to his melancholy, was informed that gold was the passion of the Spaniards, and that they would come and live with him in that country if they could find the precious metal. The young Indian, overjoyed at having the means of retaining the man she loved, told him of the existence of inexhaustible mines hidden in the mountains. Having learned this secret, and being certain that it would procure his pardon, Diaz hastened to inform Columbus. Bartholomew went off with Diaz and an armed escort to verify the discovery. In a few days they reached a valley in which a stream rolled down gold dust among its sand, and where the rocks in the river were covered with shining particles of the metal. Columbus established a fort in the neighbourhood, worked and enlarged mines opened long before, and collected immense wealth for his sovereigns, becoming more and more convinced that he had discovered the fabulous land of Ophir. Diaz, grateful to the young Indian to whom he owed his pardon, his fortune, and his

happiness, had his marriage with her blessed by the priests of his own faith, and governed her tribe in peace.

After this, Columbus yielded without hesitation to the orders of Aguado, and embarked with his judge for Spain. He arrived, after eight months, more like a criminal led to execution than a conqueror returning with trophies. Calumny, incredulity, and reproach met him at Cadiz. Spain, which expected wonders, saw nothing but broken adventurers, accusers, and naked slaves. The unfortunate cacique, still confined in fetters, and taken over as a living trophy for Ferdinand and Isabella, died at sea, cursing his confidence in the Europeans and their treachery.

Columbus, adapting his dress to the misery of his situation, went to Burgos, where the court then was, in a Franciscan's dress, with nothing over it but a cord for a girdle; his head bowed down with years, care, and affliction; white-haired, and barefooted. Isabella alone received him with compassion, and persisted in giving credit to his virtue and services. This constant though secret favour of the queen sustained the admiral against the calumnies of the court. He proposed new voyages and vaster discoveries. They consented to trust him with more vessels, but made him waste, by systematic delays, the few years for which his advanced age left him strength. The pious Isabella, while granting him fresh titles and powers, stipulated on behalf of the Indians for conditions of liberty and humanity far in advance of the ideas of her time. The instinct of a woman's heart condemned that slavery which religion and philosophy could not abolish until 400 years later. At length Columbus was acquitted, and again allowed to sail for his new country; but hatred and envy followed him even on board his vessel. Breviesca, treasurer of the Patriarch of the Indies, and Fonseca, outrageously abused the admiral just as he was heaving anchor. Columbus, who, until then, had been restrained by his own strength of character, his patience, and his feeling of the greatness of his mission, now first gave vent to his wrath. At this last insult he gave way to passion, and striking with all the vigour of his spirit and the strength of his arm, redoubled by anger, at his persecutor, he felled him to the deck, and trampled him under foot. Such was the farewell to the jealousy of Europe of him who seemed too great or too fortunate for a mortal. This sudden vengeance raised a new cause of hatred in the heart of Fonseca, and gave his enemies a new point of attack. The wind which sprung up carried him out of reach of the insults and out of sight of the shore of his country.

In this voyage he changed his course, and reached the island of Trinidad, which he named. He rounded this island, and coasted the shore of the American continent near the mouth of the Orinoco. The freshness of the sea-water, which he tasted, ought to have convinced him that a river which poured a sufficient flood upon the ocean to freshen its waves could only come from a continent. He landed, however, without suspecting that it was the shore of the unknown world. He found it deserted and

silent. A distant column of smoke, an abandoned hut, and some traces of feet on the sand, were all that he beheld of America. He did but pass a single night under the sail which served for a tent; but even this ought to have been sufficient to bequeath his name to the new hemisphere.

He quitted the Gulf of Paria, and after a laborious survey of these seas, revisited Hispaniola. His afflictions of mind and body, his long delay in Spain, the ingratitude of his countrymen, the coldness of Ferdinand, the hatred of his ministers, his want of sleep during his voyages, and the infirmities of age, had affected him more than fatigue. His eyes were inflamed from want of rest, and from gazing upon maps and stars; his limbs, aching with the gout, could scarcely support him. His mind alone was vigorous; and his genius carried him in thought beyond his sufferings and beyond his time. Bartholomew, who had governed the colony during his absence, was again his consolation and succour. He came to meet the admiral as soon as his scouts signalled a sail in sight.

Bartholomew related the vicissitudes of the colony during his absence. He had scarcely finished the exploration and subjugation of the country, when the disorders of the Spaniards and the conspiracies of his own lieutenants undid the effects of his wisdom and energy. A superintendent named Roldan, popular and cunning, got together a party of sailors and adventurers, the refuse of Spain. He established himself with them on the opposite shore of San Domingo, and leagued against Bartholomew with the caciques of the neighbouring tribes. He built or captured forts, in which he defied the authority of his chief. The Indians, seeing these divisions among their tyrants, took advantage of them to rise in insurrection and to refuse the tribute. The new settlement was in complete anarchy. The heroism of Bartholomew alone retained some fragments of power in his hands. Ojeda freighted vessels on his own account for Spain; he cruised and made a descent on the southern shore of the island, and leagued himself with Roldan. Then Roldan betrayed Ojeda, and ranged himself again under the governor. During these disturbances, a young Spaniard of remarkable beauty, Don Fernando de Guerara, won the love of the daughter of Anacoana, widow of the cacique Ojeda had sent to Spain, but who died on the voyage. Anacoana herself was still young, and celebrated among the tribes for her beauty, her genius, and her poetical talent, which made her the Sibyl of her countrymen. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of her husband, she entertained a great admiration and predilection for the Spaniards. The numerous tribes which she and her brother governed afforded a safe asylum to these strangers. She extended to them hospitality, money, and protection. Her subjects, more civilized than the other tribes, lived in peace, rich and happy under her government.

Roldan, who ruled over that part of the island which was under Anacoana, became jealous of the influence of Guerara at the court of this princess. He forbade him to marry her daughter, and ordered him to embark.

Fernando refused and conspired against Roldan, but was taken prisoner by Roldan's soldiery in the house of Anacoana, and sent to Isabella to be tried. An expedition left the capital under pretence of surveying the island, and was received with great kindness in Anacoana's capital. The perfidious chief of this expedition had induced the queen to invite thirty caciques from the south of the island to see the festivities. The Spaniards, during the dances and feasts, arranged to fire the house, and kill their hostess, with her family, guests, and people. They persuaded Anacoana, her daughter, and the thirty caciques to see from their balcony the evolutions of their horse, and a sham fight among the cavaliers of their escort. The cavalry suddenly fell upon the unarmed populace that curiosity had collected in the square; they sabred them, and rode them down under the horses' feet; then, throwing a body of infantry round the palace, to prevent escape, they fired the building, still containing the remains of the feast at which they had themselves been seated, and beheld the unhappy Anacoana, forced back into her palace, expire among the flames, imprecating upon her murderers the vengeance of her gods.

This crime threw the island into a horror and commotion, which Columbus, with all his policy and virtue, was for long unable to subdue. The flames of the palace and the blood of this queen roused the oppressed against the oppressors: the island became a field of carnage, a prison, and a grave to the unhappy Indians. The Spaniards, as fanatical in their proselytism as they were barbarous in their avarice, now entered in Hispaniola upon the career of crime and cruelty which was shortly afterward to depopulate Mexico. The embrace of the two races was fatal to the weaker.

While Columbus was trying to pacify these different portions of the population, Ferdinand, informed by his enemies of the misfortunes of the island, imputed them to the governor. Columbus had asked the court to send him a magistrate of high rank, whose decision might command the respect of his undisciplined companions. The court sent him Bobadilla, a man of unimpeachable morality, but fanatical, and of excessive pride. The ill-defined power with which the royal decree had invested him, while it made him a subordinate, yet raised him above all authority. On arriving at Hispaniola, prejudiced against the admiral, he summoned him to appear before him as a prisoner, and, having had chains brought, ordered the soldiers to confine their general. The soldiers, accustomed to respect and love their chief, whom age and glory had made more venerable in their eyes, refused, and remained still, as if they had been desired to commit a sacrilege. But Columbus, holding out his hands to receive the chains his king had sent him, allowed himself to be fettered by one of his own domestics — a volunteer executioner, a ruffian in his own pay and service — called Espinosa, whose name Las Casas has preserved as the type of servile insolence and ingratitude.

Columbus himself ordered his brothers, who still commanded the army

in the interior, to submit to his judge. He was shut up in the dungeon of Fort Isabella for several months, while the informations were taken for his trial, in which his rebellious subjects and all his enemies, now accusers and jury, vied with each other in charging him with the most absurd and hateful imputations. An object of public scorn and detestation, he heard from his prison the savage jests and boasts of his persecutors who assembled round him every evening to insult his misfortunes. He expected hourly to see the order for his execution. But Bobadilla did not venture upon this last crime. He ordered the admiral to be banished and sent to Spain, to meet the justice or mercy of the king. Alonso de Villejo was appointed to guard him during the passage — a man of honour, obedient from a sense of military duty; but disgusted at his orders and merciful to his prisoner. Columbus, seeing him enter his dungeon, did not doubt that his last hour had come. Human nature, however, made him feel some anxiety. "Where are you going to take me?" he asked the officer. "To the vessel in which you are to embark, my lord," said Villejo. "To embark?" said Columbus, hesitating to believe this message, which implied that his life was safe; "do not deceive me, Villejo!" "No, my lord," replied the officer, "I swear, before God, that nothing is more true." He assisted the tottering steps of the admiral, and placed him on board, loaded with irons, and pursued by the hooting of a vile populace.

The vessel had hardly set sail, when Villejo and Andreas Martin, commanders of the ship, respectfully addressed him at the head of the crew, and desired to take off his irons. Columbus, to whom these were a sign of obedience to Isabella and a symbol of the wickedness of men, thanked them, but obstinately refused to take off his gyves. "No," said he, "my sovereigns have written to me to submit to Bobadilla. It is in their names that I have been put in these irons, which I will wear until they themselves order them removed; and I will afterward preserve them," he added, "as a reminiscence of the reward bestowed by men upon my labours."

His son and Las Casas relate that Columbus faithfully kept his promise; that he had his chains hung up in his sight wherever he lived; and that, in his will, he ordered them to be placed in his coffin.

Party hatred did not cross the ocean. The spoliation, the imprisonment, and the fetters of Columbus roused the pity and indignation of the people of Cadiz. When they saw the old man who had presented a new empire to their country — brought back from that empire as a miscreant, and repaid for his services with disgrace — all exclaimed against Bobadilla. Isabella, then at Granada, shed tears over this indignity, and commanded that his fetters should be changed for rich robes, and his jailers for an escort of honour. She sent for him to Granada; he fell at her feet, and sobs of thankfulness interrupted his speech. The king and queen did not even deign to examine the accusations laid to his charge. He was acquitted as much in consequence of their respect as of his own merits. They kept the

admiral some time at their court, and sent out another governor, Ovando, to replace Bobadilla. Ovando had the principles which make a man honest rather than the virtues which produce generosity of character. He was one of those with whom everything is narrow, even to their sense of duty, and in whom honesty seems rather to have arisen from contracted scruples than from a feeling of honour. Least of all was he fitted to replace a great man. He was ordered by Isabella to protect the Indians, and forbidden to sell them as slaves. The share in the revenue, guaranteed by treaty to Columbus, was to be remitted to him in Spain, as well as the treasures of which he had been deprived by Bobadilla. A fleet of thirty sail escorted the new governor to Hispaniola.

Columbus, unaffected by old age, and recruited from his sufferings, was impatient of rest and even of the honours of the whole country. Vasco de Gama had just discovered the road to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The world was full of admiration of this discovery of the Portuguese mariner. A noble spirit of chivalry occupied the mind of the Genoese navigator. Convinced of the circularity of the earth, he thought to reach the prolongation of the eastern continent by sailing straight westward, and he solicited from the court the command of a fourth expedition. He embarked at Cadiz on the 19th of May, 1502, for the last time, accompanied by his brother Bartholomew and his son Fernando, then fourteen years of age. His squadron consisted of four small vessels adapted for cruising on the coast, and exploring the gulfs and estuaries he wished to examine. His crews only mustered 150 strong. Although nearly seventy, his vigorous old age had, from his mental energy, resisted the waste of years: neither his illnesses nor the approach of death could turn him from his purpose. "Man," he would say, "is an instrument that must work until it breaks in the hands of Providence, which uses it for its own purposes. As long as the body is able, the spirit must be willing."

He had intended to touch at Hispaniola to refit, and had authority to do so. He crossed the ocean in stormy weather, and arrived with broken masts and torn sails, short of water and provisions. His experience made him foresee a hurricane more terrible than any he had yet encountered. He sent a boat to ask Ovando's leave to take shelter in the roads of Isabella. Aware of the impending danger, Columbus warned Ovando to delay the departure of a numerous convoy ready to start for Spain, laden with all the treasures of the New World. Ovando refused Columbus a brief refuge in the very port he himself had discovered. He bore away indignantly, and, seeking shelter under the remotest cliffs of the island, beyond the jurisdiction of Ovando, waited for the tempest. It destroyed the governor's whole fleet, with all its treasures, and cost the lives of 1000 Spaniards. Columbus felt its effects even in this distant roadstead. He sighed over the misfortunes of his countrymen, and, leaving this inhospitable island, revisited Jamaica, and at length landed on the continent in the bay of

Honduras. He encountered sixty days of continued tempest, buffeted about on the unknown shore of that America whose conquest the elements seemed to dispute with him. He lost one of his vessels, and the fifty men who composed its crew, at the mouth of a river which he named Desastro.

As the sea seemed to obstruct the road to the Indies, he cast anchor between the continent and a charming island. He was visited by the Indians, and kept seven of them with him, that he might learn their language and obtain intelligence. He cruised with them along a shore where the natives had gold and pearls in abundance. At the beginning of the year 1504, he ascended the river Veragua, and sent Bartholomew, at the head of sixty men, to visit the villages on its banks, and search for gold. He found nothing but forests and savages. The admiral quitted this river, and sailed up another, of which the banks were peopled by Indians, who exchanged gold with his crews for the commonest trifles. He thought he had obtained the object of his hopes, but he had reached the climax of his misfortunes. War broke out between this handful of Europeans and the numerous population. Bartholomew struck down with his own hand the most powerful and dreaded cacique, and made him prisoner. A village which Columbus had built on the coast to establish trade with the interior was burned by the natives. Eight Spaniards, pierced by arrows, perished under the ruins of their cabins. Bartholomew rallied the boldest of his men and drove back the savages into the forest; but the blood that had been shed increased the mutual hatred, and the Indian canoes in great force attacked a boat from the squadron, which was trying to pull further up the river. All the Europeans were massacred. During this struggle, Columbus, confined to his ship by his infirmities and sickness, kept the cacique and the chiefs prisoners on board. These chiefs, being told of the wasting of their territories and the capture of their wives, tried to escape during a dark night by lifting the hatch. The crew, aroused by the noise, drove them below, and fastened the scuttle with an iron bar. The next day, when the scuttle was opened to give them food, they were all found dead. They had killed one another in despair, to escape slavery.

Columbus was shortly afterward separated by the breakers from Bartholomew, who had remained ashore with the remainder of the expedition, and his only means of communication was owing to the courage of an officer, who swam to and fro across the surf with news that became worse every day. He could not leave his companions, or abandon them in their misfortunes. Anxiety, sickness, hunger — the prospect of a shipwreck without relief, and unwitnessed, on the fatal continent — were warring in his breast with his constancy and submission to the commands of God, of whom he felt that he was at once the messenger and the victim. He thus described the state of his mind during his vigils: "I was tired, and had fallen asleep, when a sad and piteous voice spoke these words to me: 'Weak man, slow to believe and serve the God of the Universe! How otherwise did

God unto Moses and David his servants? From thy birth, he has had great care of thee. As soon as thou reachedst man's estate, he made thy obscure name wonderfully known throughout the world; he gave thee possession of the Indies, the favoured part of his creation; he let thee find the key of the gates of the unmeasured ocean, until then an impassable barrier. Turn thee toward Him, and bless his mercies; and if there is yet a great enterprise to be accomplished, thy age will be no obstacle to his designs. Was not Abraham more than a hundred when he begat Isaac, or was Sarah young? Who caused thy present afflictions, God or the world? The promises he made thee he hath never broken. He never told thee, after thou hadst done his bidding, that thou hadst not understood his orders. He renders all that he owes, yea, and more besides. What thou sufferest today is thy payment for the labour and danger thou hast undergone for other masters. Fear nothing, therefore; take courage even in thy despair. All thy tribulations are engraven on marble, and not without reason, for surely will they be accomplished'; and the voice which had spoken to me left me full of consolation and courage."

A change of season at length brought about a change of weather, and the brothers, so long separated, again met on board. They sailed slowly toward Hispaniola. One of the three remaining caravels foundered from utter decay as they neared shore. He had now only two crazy old vessels for himself and his three crews. His companions, depressed in spirits, without provisions and strength, his anchors lost, his vessels leaky, and their planks worm-eaten, the storms driving him back from Hispaniola toward Jamaica, he had just time to run his vessels aground on the sand of an unknown bay. He tied them together with cables, and, joining their decks with a platform, over which he spread an awning, he waited for the help of Providence.

The Indians, attracted by the singular fortress built upon their beach, exchanged provisions for worthless objects. But months passed, provisions were getting scarce, and fear for the future, and the seditious murmurs of the crews, gave rise to great anxiety. The only hope of safety was in making Ovando acquainted with his position. But fifty leagues of sea rolled between Hispaniola and Jamaica. An Indian canoe was the only craft he could set afloat; and who would risk his life upon such a perilous voyage in a hollow tree, without any guidance but a paddle? Diego Mendez, a young officer, who had shown that disregard of self which makes heroes, presented himself to the admiral's mind. He had him secretly called to his bed, to which he was confined by the gout, and said to him, " My son, of all here, you and I alone understand the present danger, in which our only prospect is death. There still remains an experiment to be tried — for one of us to expose himself to death in the endeavour to save all. Will you be that one? " Mendez answered, " My lord, I have several times risked

my life for my companions; but some of them murmur, and say that your favour always singles me out when there is any daring exploit to be attempted. Call upon the crew tomorrow morning for one of them to undertake the duty you offer me. If no one volunteers, I will accept it." The admiral did as Mendez desired. All the crew said it was unreasonable to require them to make such a long passage in a mere morsel of wood. Mendez then stepped forward modestly, and said, " I have but a single life to lose, but I am ready to risk it in your service, and in the hope of saving all. I confide myself to the protection of God." He set off, and soon disappeared in the dimness of the horizon.

But hopeless expectation, isolation from the known world, and misery, excited his companions against the admiral, to whom they attributed their misfortunes. Two of his favourite officers, Diego and Francesco de Porras, whom he had treated as his own sons and intrusted with the command under himself, were the first to raise against him murmurs and abuse, and at last open sedition. They took advantage of a crisis of his complaint, and, drawing after them half the sailors and soldiers, they seized on a portion of the provisions and arms, assembled their accomplices to the cry of " Castile! Castile! ", and abused and insulted the admiral. Columbus, who could scarcely raise his hands to heaven to pray, in vain begged them to return to their duty. They despised alike his entreaties and his orders. They reproached him with his age, his white hairs, his sufferings, and even raised their weapons against him. Bartholomew seized his lance and rushed between the mutineers and the admiral, who was supported in the arms of his servants. Assisted by a part of the crew, he succeeded in saving the life and maintaining the authority of his brother. The two Porras, and fifty accomplices, quitted the ships, ravaged the country, raised the enmity of the natives by their excesses, and tried unsuccessfully to build vessels to enable them to reach Hispaniola — an attempt in which part of them perished. They then came back and attacked Columbus and their fellow-countrymen on board the ships, but were repulsed by the stalwart arm of Bartholomew, who killed their chief, Francesco Porras; and the remainder at length submitted to their duty, begging Columbus to forgive their ingratitude and rebellion.

Meanwhile, the messenger of Columbus, in his frail bark, guided by Providence across the waters, had at length been thrown upon the rocks of Hispaniola. Guided across the island by the natives, he had succeeded, after endless fatigue and dangers, in reaching Ovando. He gave him the admiral's message, and added to the interest of his mission by the pity which his account of the desperate situation ought to have inspired. But, whether from incredulity or ignorance, or a secret hope of effecting the ruin of a rival too great not to be embarrassing, the Spanish authorities allowed, under various pretences, days, even months, to pass. Then they

sent, as it were unwillingly, a small vessel commanded by Escobar, merely to reconnoitre the position of the shipwrecked vessels, without landing or speaking with the crews. This vessel had appeared at a distance one night to Columbus and his sailors, and disappeared so mysteriously that their superstition had made them take it for a phantom ship, which came to mock their hopes or announce their death.

Ovando at length made up his mind to send ships to the admiral, to rescue him from sedition, famine, and death. After a sixteen months' shipwreck, the admiral, overcome with infirmities, increased by his misfortunes, revisited, for a short season, the island he had made an empire, and from which jealousy and ingratitude had driven him. He remained some months in the house of the governor, well received in appearance, but deprived of all influence in the government, seeing his enemies in favour, and his friends banished or persecuted for their fidelity to him; grieving over the ruin and slavery of the land which he had found a garden, and now left a grave to his beloved Indians. His own property confiscated, his revenues plundered, his estates depopulated or wasted, he was exposed to poverty, want, and sickness. He, and his son and brother, with a few servants, were at length put on board a vessel bound for Europe, and a continued tempest swept him on through storm after storm to San Lucar, where he disembarked on the 7th of November. He was thence removed to Seville, where he arrived in a dying state, but unsubdued in spirit, unconquerable in will, and full of hope.

The possessor of so many islands and continents had not where to lay his head. " If I want to eat or to sleep," he writes to his son, " I must knock at the door of an inn, and oftentimes I have not the money to pay for a meal or a bed." His misfortunes and poverty were less burdensome than the misery of his companions and servants, whom his expectations had induced to follow his fortunes, and who reproached him with their want. He wrote to the king and queen on their behalf. But the ungrateful Porras had preceded him and prejudiced Ferdinand against his benefactor. " I have served your majesty," Columbus wrote to the king and queen, " with as much zeal and constancy as I would have worked for the hope of heaven, and if I have failed in any thing, it is because my skill or power could not reach it."

He relied with reason on the favour of Isabella, but this support was also about to fail him. Domestic misfortune had reached her also; she was languishing, inconsolable for her favourite daughter's death. While dying, she wrote in her will this evidence of her humility, and of constant love for the husband to whom she wished to remain united even in death. " I desire that my body be buried in the Alhambra, in a grave level with the ground and trodden down, and that my name be engraved on a flat tombstone. But if my lord the king choses a burial-place in some other temple or other part of our dominions, then I desire that my body be exhumed, and buried

by the side of his, that the union of our bodies in the grave may attest the union of our hearts during our lives, and I hope, by the mercy of God, the union of our souls in heaven."

On hearing of the death of his benefactress, Columbus wrote to Diego: "O, my son, let this serve to teach you what is now your duty. The first thing is to recommend the soul of our sovereign lady piously and affectionately to God. She was so good and holy, that we may feel sure of her eternal glory, and of her being now sheltered in the bosom of God from the tribulations of this world. The second thing I have to desire is, that you will labour with all your might for the king's service: he is the chief of Christendom. Remember, with regard to him, that when the head suffers, the limbs feel it. All the world ought to pray for the peace and preservation of his life, especially we who are his servants."

Such were Columbus' feelings, even at the height of his disappointments. But the death of Isabella affected not only his fortunes, but his life. Obliged to stop at Seville for want of means and by increasing infirmities, his only comforters were his brother Bartholomew and his son Fernando. This son, now sixteen years of age, exhibited all the serious qualities of middle life, with all the graces of youth: "Love him as a brother," Columbus writes to his eldest son Diego, then at court; "you have no other. Ten brothers would not be too many for you. I never had better friends than my brothers." He desired Bartholomew to take the youth to court, and commend him to the care of Diego. Bartholomew started with Fernando for Segovia, where the court then resided. He in vain solicited attention and justice for Columbus. When the approach of spring made the air more genial, Columbus, with his brother and sons, set out himself for Segovia. His presence was troublesome to the king, and his poverty was felt as a reproach. The judgment on his conduct, and the question of restoring his property, were referred to courts of conscience, which, without venturing to deny his rights, wore out his patience by delay. They were, at the same time, wearing out his life. His mental anxiety, and his sense of the poverty in which he was likely to leave his brothers and sons, added to his bodily sufferings. From his sick-bed he wrote to the king: "Your majesty does not think fit to keep the promises I have received from you and from the queen, who is now in glory. To struggle with your will would be wrestling with the wind. I have done my duty. May God, who has always been good to me, accomplish what remains, according to his divine justice!"

He felt that life, and not his firmness, was about to fail him. Bartholomew and Diego had gone by his order to petition Queen Juana, Isabella's daughter, who was returning from Flanders to Castile. Physical sufferings and mental anguish; the feeling that his days were drawing to a close; the triumph of his enemies at court, the contempt of the courtiers, the coldness of the prince, the approach of death, the loneliness in a forgetful or ungrateful town by the absence of his brother and sons; the remem-

brance of a life of which half was spent in waiting for the advent of a great destiny, and the other half in brooding over the uselessness of genius; doubtless, also, pity for the innocent and happy race of Indians, whom he had found free in their garden of delight, and whom he left slaves, despoiled and outraged, in the hands of oppressors; his brothers without support, and his sons without inheritance; doubts as to the judgment of posterity on his fame; the agony of genius misunderstood — all these afflictions of his limbs, body, soul, and mind — of the past, present, and future — united in weighing upon the old man in his chamber in Segovia. He asked one of his servants — the old and last remaining companion — to bring to his bedside a little breviary, a gift made him by Pope Alexander VI, at the time when sovereigns treated him as a sovereign. He wrote his will, with a weak hand, on a page of this book, to which he attributed the virtue of divine consecration.

Strange sight for his poor servant! An old man, abandoned by the world, and dying on a pauper's bed in a hired chamber at Segovia, distributing, in his will, seas, hemispheres, islands, continents, nations, and empires! He appointed, as his principal heir, his legitimate son Diego; in case of his dying without issue, his rights were to pass to his natural brother, Fernando: and if Fernando also died without children, the inheritance passed to his uncle, Don Bartholomew, and his descendants. "I pray my sovereigns and their successors," he continued, "to maintain for ever my wishes in the distribution of my rights, goods, and charges; for I, a native of Genoa, came to Castile to serve them, and have discovered in the far west the continent and the isles of India! . . . My son is to inherit my office of Admiral of the Seas to the westward of a line drawn from one pole to the other! . . ." Passing from this to the distribution of the revenue guaranteed him by his treaty, he divided, with liberality and wisdom, the millions which were to accrue to his family between his sons and Bartholomew. He assigned one fourth to his brother, and two millions a year to Fernando. He remembered the mother of this child, Beatrice Enriquez, whom he had never married, and with whose abandonment his conscience reproached him. He charged his heir to make a liberal pension to her who had been the companion of his days of obscurity, when he was struggling at Toledo. He even seemed to accuse himself of ingratitude or neglect toward his second love, for he appends to the legacy on her behalf these words, which must have hung heavy on his dying hand: "and let this be done for the relief of my conscience, for her name and recollection are a heavy load upon my soul."

Then, he called to mind the city of Genoa, in which time had swept away all his father's house, but where he still had some distant relatives. "I command Diego, my son," he writes, "always to maintain in Genoa a member of our family, who may reside there with his wife, and secure to him an honourable sustenance, such as befits a relative of ours. I desire

that this relative may retain his domicile and the citizenship of that city; for there was I born, and thence did I come.

" Let my son," he adds, with that chivalrous sentiment of his own allegiance to the sovereign which at that time constituted almost a second religion, " serve, in remembrance of me, the king and queen and their successors, even to the loss of the goods of this life, since, after God, it was they who furnished me with the means of making my discoveries.

" It is very true," he goes on, with involuntary bitterness, " that I came from afar to make the offer, and that much time elapsed before anyone would believe in the gift I brought their majesties; but this was natural; for it was for all the world a mystery, which could not fail to excite unbelief! Wherefore I must share the glory with these sovereigns, who were the first to put faith in me."

Columbus' thoughts next reverted to God, whom he had always looked upon as his only true suzerain, as if he had been the immediate vassal of that Providence whose instrument and minister above all others he felt himself to be. Resignation and enthusiasm, the two mainsprings of his life, did not fail him in the hour of death. He humbled himself beneath the hand of nature, and was exalted by the hand of God. He was full of repentance for his faults, and of hope in his double immortality. A poet at heart, as may be seen in his discourses and writings, he took from the Psalms the last yearnings of his soul and the last utterance of his lips. He pronounced in Latin his farewell, and yielded up aloud his soul to the Creator. A servant satisfied with his work, and dismissed from the visible world, he departed for the invisible world, to take possession of the expanse of the infinite universe.

The envy and ingratitude of his age and of his king vanished with the last breath of the great man they had made their victim. His contemporaries seemed anxious to make amends to the dead for the persecutions they had inflicted on the living. They gave Columbus a royal funeral. His body, and afterward that of his son, after having successively occupied several monuments in various Spanish cathedrals, were removed and buried, according to their wishes, in Hispaniola, as conquerors in the land they had won. They now rest in Cuba. But, by a singular decision of Providence or an ungrateful caprice of man, of all the lands of America which disputed the honour of retaining his ashes, not one retained his name.

All the characteristics of the truly great man are united in Columbus. Genius, labour, patience, obscurity of origin, overcome by energy of will; mild, but persisting firmness, resignation toward heaven, struggle against the world; long conception of the idea in solitude, heroic execution of it in action; intrepidity and coolness in storms, fearlessness of death in civil strife; confidence in the destiny, not of an individual, but of the race; a life risked without hesitation in venturing into the unknown ocean, 1500 leagues across, and on which the first step no more allowed of second

thoughts than Cæsar's passage of the Rubicon! — untiring study, knowledge as extensive as the science of his day, skilful but honourable management of courts to persuade them to truth; propriety of demeanour, nobleness and dignity in bearing; language adapted to the grandeur of his thoughts; eloquence which could convince kings, and quell the mutiny of his crews; a natural poetry of style, which placed his narrative on a par with the wonders of his discoveries and the marvels of nature; an immense, ardent, and enduring love for the human race, piercing even into that distant future in which humanity forgets those that do it service; legislative wisdom and philosophic mildness in the government of his colonies; paternal compassion for those Indians, whom he wished to give over to the guardianship of the Old World; magnanimous forgiveness of his enemies; and, lastly, piety, that virtue which includes and exalts all other virtues, when it exists as it did in the mind of Columbus — the constant presence of God in the soul, of justice in the conscience, of mercy in the heart, of resignation in reverses, of worship always and everywhere.

Such was the man. We know of none more perfect. He contained several impersonations within himself. He was worthy to represent the ancient world before that unknown continent on which he was the first to set foot, and to carry to these men of a new race all the virtues, without any of the vices, of the elder hemisphere. So great was his influence on the destiny of the earth, that none more than he ever deserved the name of *Civilizer*.

His influence on civilization was immeasurable. He completed the world; he realized the physical unity of the globe. He advanced, far beyond all that had been done before, the work of God — the *spiritual unity of the human race*. This work, in which Columbus had so largely assisted, was indeed too great to be worthily rewarded even by affixing his name to the fourth continent. America bears not that name; but the human race, drawn together by him, will spread his renown over the face of the earth.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

1452–1519

By Giorgio Vasari[1] (1511–1571)

The richest gifts are occasionally seen to be showered, as by celestial influence, on certain human beings, nay, they sometimes supernaturally and marvellously congregate in one sole person; beauty, grace, and talent being united in such manner, that to whatever the man thus favoured may turn himself, his every action is so divine as to leave all other men far behind him, and manifestly to prove that he has been specially endowed by the hand of God himself, and has not obtained his pre-eminence by human teaching, or the power of man. This was seen and acknowledged by all men in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, in whom, to say nothing of his beauty of person, which yet was such that it has never been sufficiently extolled, there was a grace beyond expression which was rendered manifest without thought or effort in every act and deed, and who had besides so rare a gift of talent and ability, that to whatever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he presently made himself absolute master of it. Extraordinary power was in his case conjoined with remarkable facility, a mind of regal boldness and magnanimous daring; his gifts were such that the celebrity of his name extended most widely, and he was held in the highest estimation, not in his own time only, but also, and even to a greater extent, after his death, nay, this he has continued, and will continue to be by all succeeding ages.

Truly admirable, indeed, and divinely endowed was Leonardo da Vinci; this artist was the son of Ser Piero da Vinci; he would without doubt have made great progress in learning and knowledge of the sciences, had he not been so versatile and changeful, but the instability of his character caused him to undertake many things which having commenced he afterwards abandoned. In arithmetic, for example, he made such rapid progress in the short time during which he gave his attention to it, that he often confounded the master who was teaching him, by the perpetual doubts he started, and by the difficulty of the questions he proposed. He also com-

[1] Reprinted from *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects: Translated from the Italian of Giorgio Vasari* . . . by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, London, 1850.

The first edition of Vasari appeared in 1550. In 1568 a much revised edition was published.

menced the study of music, and resolved to acquire the art of playing the lute, when, being by nature of an exalted imagination and full of the most graceful vivacity, he sang to that instrument most divinely, improvising at once the verses and the music.

But, though dividing his attention among pursuits so varied, he never abandoned his drawing, and employed himself much in works of relief, that being the occupation which attracted him more than any other. His father, Ser Piero, observing this, and considering the extraordinary character of his son's genius, one day took some of his drawings and showed them to Andrea del Verrocchio, who was a very intimate friend of his, begging him earnestly to tell him whether he thought that Leonardo would be likely to secure success if he devoted himself to the arts of design. Andrea Verrocchio was amazed as he beheld the remarkable commencement made by Leonardo, and advised Ser Piero to see that he attached himself to that calling, whereupon the latter took his measures accordingly, and sent Leonardo to study in the bottega or workshop of Andrea. Thither the boy resorted therefore, with the utmost readiness, and not only gave his attention to one branch of art, but to all the others, of which design made a portion. Endowed with such admirable intelligence, and being also an excellent geometrician, Leonardo not only worked in sculpture (having executed certain heads in terra-cotta, of women smiling, even in his first youth, which are now reproduced in gypsum, and also others of children which might be supposed to have proceeded from the hand of a master); but in architecture likewise he prepared various designs for ground-plans, and the construction of entire buildings: he too it was who, though still but a youth, first suggested the formation of a canal from Pisa to Florence, by means of certain changes to be effected on the river Arno. Leonardo likewise made designs for mills, fulling machines, and other engines, which were to be acted on by means of water; but as he had resolved to make painting his profession, he gave the larger portion of time to drawing from nature. He sometimes formed models of different figures in clay, on which he would arrange fragments of soft drapery dipped in plaster; from these he would then set himself patiently to draw on very fine cambric or linen that had already been used and rendered smooth, these he executed in black and white with the point of the pencil in a most admirable manner, as may be seen by certain specimens from his own hand which I have in my book of drawings. He drew on paper also with so much care and so perfectly, that no one has ever equalled him in this respect: I have a head by him in chiaroscuro, which is incomparably beautiful. Leonardo was indeed so imbued with power and grace by the hand of God, and was endowed with so marvellous a facility in reproducing his conceptions; his memory also was always so ready and so efficient in the service of his intellect, that in discourse he won all men by his reasonings, and confounded every antagonist, however powerful, by the force of his arguments.

This master was also frequently occupied with the construction of models and the preparation of designs for the removal or the perforation of mountains, to the end that they might thus be easily passed from one plain to another. By means of levers, cranes, and screws, he likewise showed how great weights might be raised or drawn; in what manner ports and havens might be cleansed and kept in order, and how water might be obtained from the lowest deeps. From speculations of this kind he never gave himself rest, and of the results of these labours and meditations there are numberless examples in drawings, etc., dispersed among those who practise our arts: I have myself seen very many of them. Besides all this he wasted not a little time, to the degree of even designing a series of cords, curiously intertwined, but of which any separate strand may be distinguished from one end to the other, the whole forming a complete circle: a very curiously complicated and exceedingly difficult specimen of these coils may be seen engraved; in the midst of it are the following words: — *Leonardus Vinci Academia.* Among these models and drawings there is one, by means of which Leonardo often sought to prove to the different citizens — many of them men of great discernment — who then governed Florence, that the church of San Giovanni in that city could be raised, and steps placed beneath it, without injury to the edifice: he supported his assertions with reasons so persuasive, that while he spoke the undertaking seemed feasible, although every one of his hearers, when he had departed, could see for himself that such a thing was impossible. In conversation Leonardo was indeed so pleasing that he won the hearts of all hearers, and though possessing so small a patrimony only that it might almost be called nothing, while he yet worked very little, he still constantly kept many servants and horses, taking extraordinary delight in the latter: he was indeed fond of all animals, ever treating them with infinite kindness and consideration; as a proof of this it is related, that when he passed places where birds were sold, he would frequently take them from their cages, and having paid the price demanded for them by the sellers, would then let them fly into the air, thus restoring to them the liberty they had lost. Leonardo was in all things so highly favoured by nature, that to whatever he turned his thoughts, mind, and spirit, he gave proof in all of such admirable power and perfection, that whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him.

Leonardo, with his profound intelligence of art, commenced various undertakings, many of which he never completed, because it appeared to him that the hand could never give its due perfection to the object or purpose which he had in his thoughts, or beheld in his imagination; seeing that in his mind he frequently formed the idea of some difficult enterprise, so subtle and so wonderful that, by means of hands, however excellent or able, the full reality could never be worthily executed and entirely realized. His conceptions were varied to infinity; philosophizing over natural objects; among

others, he set himself to investigate the properties of plants, to make observations on the heavenly bodies, to follow the movements of the planets, the variations of the moon, and the course of the sun.

Having been placed then by Ser Piero in his childhood with Andrea Verrocchio, as we have said, to learn the art of the painter, that master was engaged on a picture the subject of which was San Giovanni baptizing Jesus Christ; in this Leonardo painted an angel holding some vestments; and although he was but a youth, he completed that figure in such a manner, that the angel of Leonardo was much better than the portion executed by his master, which caused the latter never to touch colours more, so much was he displeased to find that a mere child could do more than himself.

Leonardo received a commission to prepare the cartoon for the hangings of a door which was to be woven in silk and gold in Flanders, thence to be despatched to the king of Portugal; the subject was the sin of our first parents in Paradise: here the artist depicted a meadow in chiaroscuro, the high lights being in white lead, displaying an immense variety of vegetation and numerous animals, respecting which it may be truly said, that for careful execution and fidelity to nature, they are such that there is no genius in the world, however God-like, which could produce similar objects with equal truth. In the fig-tree, for example, the foreshortening of the leaves, and the disposition of the branches are executed with so much care, that one finds it difficult to conceive how any man could have so much patience; there is besides a palm-tree, in which the roundness of the fan-like leaves is exhibited to such admirable perfection and with so much art, that nothing short of the genius and patience of Leonardo could have effected it: but the work for which the cartoon was prepared was never carried into execution, the drawing therefore remained in Florence, and is now in the fortunate house of the illustrious Ottaviano de' Medici, to whom it was presented, no long time since, by the uncle of Leonardo.

It is related that Ser Piero da Vinci, being at his country house, was there visited by one of the peasants on his estate, who, having cut down a fig-tree on his farm, had made a shield from part of it with his own hands, and then brought it to Ser Piero, begging that he would be pleased to cause the same to be painted for him in Florence. This the latter very willingly promised to do, the countryman having great skill in taking birds and in fishing, and being often very serviceable to Ser Piero in such matters. Having taken the shield with him to Florence therefore, without saying anything to Leonardo as to whom it was for, he desired the latter to paint something upon it. Accordingly, he one day took it in hand, but finding it crooked, coarse, and badly made, he straightened it at the fire, and giving it to a turner, it was brought back to him smooth and delicately rounded, instead of the rude and shapeless form in which he had received it. He then covered it with gypsum, and having prepared it to his liking, he began to consider what he could paint upon it that might best and most effectually

terrify whomsoever might approach it, producing the same effect with that formerly attributed to the head of Medusa. For this purpose therefore, Leonardo carried to one of his rooms, into which no one but himself ever entered, a number of lizards, hedgehogs, newts, serpents, dragon-flies, locusts, bats, glow-worms, and every other sort of strange animal of similar kind on which he could lay his hands; from this assemblage, variously adapted and joined together, he formed a hideous and appalling monster, breathing poison and flames, and surrounded by an atmosphere of fire; this he caused to issue from a dark and rifted rock, with poison reeking from the cavernous throat, flames darting from the eyes, and vapours rising from the nostrils in such sort that the result was indeed a most fearful and monstrous creature: at this he laboured until the odours arising from all those dead animals filled the room with a mortal fetor, to which the zeal of Leonardo and the love which he bore to art rendered him insensible or indifferent. When this work, which neither the countryman nor Ser Piero any longer inquired for, was completed, Leonardo went to his father and told him that he might send for the shield at his earliest convenience, since so far as he was concerned, the work was finished; Ser Piero went accordingly one morning to the room for the shield, and having knocked at the door, Leonardo opened it to him, telling him nevertheless to wait a little without, and having returned into the room he placed the shield on the easel, and shading the window so that the light falling on the painting was somewhat dimmed, he made Ser Piero step within to look at it. But the latter, not expecting any such thing, drew back, startled at the first glance, not supposing that to be the shield, or believing the monster he beheld to be a painting, he therefore turned to rush out, but Leonardo withheld him, saying: " The shield will serve the purpose for which it has been executed, take it therefore and carry it away, for this is the effect it was designed to produce." The work seemed something more than wonderful to Ser Piero, and he highly commended the fanciful idea of Leonardo, but he also silently bought from a merchant another shield, whereon there was painted a heart transfixed with an arrow, and this he gave to the countryman, who considered himself obliged to him for it to the end of his life. Some time after Ser Piero secretly sold the shield painted by Leonardo to certain merchants for one hundred ducats, and it subsequently fell into the hands of the Duke of Milan, sold to him by the same merchants for three hundred ducats.

No long time after Leonardo painted an admirable picture of Our Lady, which was greatly prized by Pope Clement VII; among the accessories of this work was a bottle filled with water in which some flowers were placed, and not only were these flowers most vividly natural, but there were dew-drops on the leaves, which were so true to nature that they appeared to be the actual reality. For Antonio Segni who was his intimate friend, Leonardo delineated on paper a Neptune in his chariot drawn by sea-horses, and

depicted with so much animation that he seems to be indeed alive; the turbulent waves also, the various phantasms surrounding the chariot, with the monsters of the deep, the winds, and admirable heads of marine deities, all contribute to the beauty of the work, which was presented by Fabio Segni, the son of Antonio, to Messer Giovanni Gaddi, with the following lines: —

Pinxit Virgilius Neptunum, pinxit Homerus;
Dum maris undisoni per vada flectit equos.
Mente quidem vates illum conspexit uterque,
Vincius ast oculis; jureque vincit eos.

Leonardo also had a fancy to paint the head of a Medusa in oil, to which he gave a circlet of twining serpents by way of head-dress; the most strange and extravagant invention that could possibly be conceived: but as this was a work requiring time, so it happened to the Medusa as to so many other of his works, it was never finished. The head here described is now among the most distinguished possessions in the palace of the Duke Cosimo, together with the half-length figure of an angel raising one arm in the air; this arm, being foreshortened from the shoulder to the elbow, comes forward, while the hand of the other arm is laid on the breast. It is worthy of admiration that this great genius, desiring to give the utmost possible relief to the works executed by him, laboured constantly, not content with his darkest shadows, to discover the ground tone of others still darker; thus he sought a black that should produce a deeper shadow, and be yet darker than all other known blacks, to the end that the lights might by these means be rendered still more lucid, until he finally produced that totally dark shade, in which there is absolutely no light left, and objects have more the appearance of things seen by night, than the clearness of forms perceived by the light of day, but all this was done with the purpose of giving greater relief, and of discovering and attaining to the ultimate perfection of art.

Leonardo was so much pleased when he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, beards or hair of unusual appearance, that he would follow any such, more than commonly attractive, through the whole day, until the figure of the person would become so well impressed on his mind that, having returned home, he would draw him as readily as though he stood before him. Of heads thus obtained there exist many, both masculine and feminine; and I have myself several of them drawn with a pen by his own hand, in the book of drawings so frequently cited. Among these is the head of Amerigo Vespucci, which is a very beautiful one of an old man, done with charcoal, as also that of the Gypsy Captain Scaramuccia, which had been left by Gianbullari to Messer Donato Valdambrini, of Arezzo, Canon of San Lorenzo. A picture representing the Adoration of the Magi was likewise commenced by Leonardo, and is among the best of his

works, more especially as regards the heads; it was in the house of Amerigo Benci, opposite the Loggia of the Peruzzi, but like so many of the other works of Leonardo, this also remained unfinished.

On the death of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, in the year 1493, Ludovico Sforza was chosen in the same year to be his successor, when Leonardo was invited with great honour to Milan by the Duke, who delighted greatly in the music of the lute, to the end that the master might play before him; Leonardo therefore took with him a certain instrument which he had himself constructed almost wholly of silver, and in the shape of a horse's head, a new and fanciful form calculated to give more force and sweetness to the sound. Here Leonardo surpassed all the musicians who had assembled to perform before the Duke; he was besides one of the best *improvisatori* in verse existing at that time, and the Duke, enchanted with the admirable conversation of Leonardo, was so charmed by his varied gifts that he delighted beyond measure in his society, and prevailed on him to paint an altar-piece, the subject of which was the Nativity of Christ, which was sent by the Duke as a present to the Emperor. For the Dominican monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, he also painted a Last Supper, which is a most beautiful and admirable work; to the heads of the Apostles in this picture the master gave so much beauty and majesty that he was constrained to leave that of Christ unfinished, being convinced that he could not impart to it the divinity which should appertain to and distinguish an image of the Redeemer. But this work, remaining thus in its unfinished state, has been ever held in the highest estimation by the Milanese, and not by them only, but by foreigners also: Leonardo succeeded to perfection in expressing the doubts and anxiety experienced by the Apostles, and the desire felt by them to know by whom their Master is to be betrayed; in the faces of all appear love, terror, anger, or grief and bewilderment, unable as they are to fathom the meaning of their Lord. Nor is the spectator less struck with admiration by the force and truth with which, on the other hand, the master has exhibited the impious determination, hatred, and treachery of Judas. The whole work indeed is executed with inexpressible diligence even in its most minute part, among other things may be mentioned the table-cloth, the texture of which is copied with such exactitude, that the linen-cloth itself could scarcely look more real.

It is related that the Prior of the Monastery was excessively importunate in pressing Leonardo to complete the picture; he could in no way comprehend wherefore the artist should sometimes remain half a day together absorbed in thought before his work, without making any progress that he could see; this seemed to him a strange waste of time, and he would fain have had him work away as he could make the men do who were digging in his garden, never laying the pencil out of his hand. Not content with seeking to hasten Leonardo, the Prior even complained to the Duke, and

tormented him to such a degree that the latter was at length compelled to send for Leonardo, whom he courteously entreated to let the work be finished, assuring him nevertheless that he did so because impelled by the importunities of the Prior. Leonardo, knowing the Prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had never chosen to do so with the Prior. He therefore discoursed with him at some length respecting art, and made it perfectly manifest to his comprehension, that men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be labouring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. He further informed the Duke that there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of the Saviour, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity incarnate. The second head still wanting was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form of feature that should properly render the countenance of a man who, after so many benefits received from his master, had possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying his Lord and the Creator of the world: with regard to that second, however, he would make search, and after all — if he could find no better, he need never be at any great loss, for there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent Prior. This made the Duke laugh with all his heart, he declared Leonardo to be completely in the right, and the poor Prior, utterly confounded, went away to drive on the digging in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace: the head of Judas was then finished so successfully, that it is indeed the true image of treachery and wickedness; but that of the Redeemer remained, as we have said, incomplete. The admirable excellence of this picture, the beauty of its composition, and the care with which it was executed, awakened in the King of France a desire to have it removed into his own kingdom, insomuch that he made many attempts to discover architects, who might be able to secure it by defences of wood and iron, that it might be transported without injury. He was not to be deterred by any consideration of the cost that might be incurred, but the painting, being on the wall, his Majesty was compelled to forego his desire, and the Milanese retained their picture.

In the same refectory, and while occupied with the Last Supper, Leonardo painted the portrait of the above-named Duke Ludovico, with that of his first-born son, Maximilian: these are on the wall opposite to that of the Last Supper, and where there is a Crucifixion painted after the old manner. On the other side of the Duke is the portrait of the Duchess Beatrice, with that of Francesco, their second son: both of these princes were afterwards Dukes of Milan: the portraits are most admirably done.

While still engaged with the paintings of the refectory, Leonardo proposed to the Duke to cast a horse in bronze of colossal size, and to place on it a figure of the Duke, by way of monument to his memory: this he commenced, but finished the model on so large a scale that it never could be completed, and there were many ready to declare (for the judgments of men are various, and are sometimes rendered malignant by envy) that Leonardo had begun it, as he did others of his labours, without intending ever to finish it. The size of the work being such, insuperable difficulties presented themselves, as I have said, when it came to be cast; nay, the casting could not be effected in one piece, and it is very probable that, when this result was known, many were led to form the opinion alluded to above, from the fact that so many of Leonardo's works had failed to receive completion. But of a truth, there is good reason to believe that the very greatness of his most exalted mind, aiming at more than could be effected, was itself an impediment; perpetually seeking to add excellence to excellence, and perfection to perfection; this was, without doubt, the true hindrance, so that, as our Petrarch has it, the work was retarded by desire. All who saw the large model in clay which Leonardo made for this work, declared that they had never seen anything more beautiful or more majestic; this model remained as he had left it until the French, with their King Louis, came to Milan, when they destroyed it totally. A small model of the same work, executed in wax, and which was considered perfect, was also lost, with a book containing studies of the anatomy of the horse, which Leonardo had prepared for his own use. He afterwards gave his attention, and with increased earnestness, to the anatomy of the human frame, a study wherein Messer Marcantonio della Torre, an eminent philosopher, and himself, did mutually assist and encourage each other. Messer Marcantonio was at that time holding lectures in Pavia, and wrote on the same subject; he was one of the first, as I have heard say, who began to apply the doctrines of Galen to the elucidation of medical science, and to diffuse light over the science of anatomy, which, up to that time, had been involved in the almost total darkness of ignorance. In this attempt Marcantonio was wonderfully aided by the genius and labour of Leonardo, who filled a book with drawings in red crayons, outlined with the pen, all copies made with the utmost care from bodies dissected by his own hand. In this book he set forth the entire structure, arrangement, and disposition of the bones, to which he afterwards added all the nerves, in their due order, and next supplied the muscles, of which the first are affixed to the bones, the second give the power of cohesion or holding firmly, and the third impart that of motion. Of each separate part he wrote an explanation in rude characters, written backwards and with the left-hand, so that whoever is not practised in reading cannot understand them, since they are only to be read with a mirror. Of these anatomical drawings of the human form, a great part is now in the possession of Messer Francesco da Melzo, a Milanese gentleman,

who, in the time of Leonardo, was a child of remarkable beauty, much beloved by him, and is now a handsome and amiable old man, who sets great store by these drawings, and treasures them as relics, together with the portrait of Leonardo of blessed memory. To all who read these writings it must appear almost incredible that this sublime genius could, at the same time, discourse, as he has done, of art, and of the muscles, nerves, veins, and every other part of the frame, all treated with equal diligence and success. There are, besides, certain other writings of Leonardo, also written with the left-hand, in the possession of N. N., a painter of Milan; they treat of painting, of design generally, and of colouring. This artist came to see me in Florence no long time since; he then had an intention of publishing this work, and took it with him to Rome, there to give this purpose effect, but what was the end of the matter I do not know.

But to return to the labours of Leonardo. During his time the King of France came to Milan, whereupon he (Leonardo) was entreated to prepare something very extraordinary for his reception. He therefore constructed a lion, and this figure, after having made a few steps, opened its breast, which was discovered to be entirely filled full of lilies. While in Milan, Leonardo took the Milanese Salai for his disciple; this was a youth of singular grace and beauty of person, with curled and waving hair, a feature of personal beauty by which Leonardo was always greatly pleased. This Salai he instructed in various matters relating to art, and certain works still in Milan, and said to be by Salai, were retouched by Leonardo himself.

Having returned to Florence, he found that the Servite Monks had commissioned Filippino to paint the altar-piece for the principal chapel in their church of the Nunziata, when he declared that he would himself very willingly have undertaken such a work. This being repeated to Filippino, he, like the amiable man that he was, withdrew himself at once, when the Monks gave the picture to Leonardo. And to the end that he might make progress with it, they took him into their own abode with all his household, supplying the expenses of the whole, and so he kept them attending on him for a long time, but did not make any commencement; at length, however, he prepared a cartoon, with the Madonna, Sant' Anna, and the infant Christ, so admirably depicted that it not only caused astonishment in every artist who saw it, but, when finished, the chamber wherein it stood was crowded for two days by men and women, old and young; a concourse, in short, such as one sees flocking to the most solemn festivals, all hastening to behold the wonders produced by Leonardo, and which awakened amazement in the whole people. Nor was this without good cause, seeing that in the countenance of that Virgin there is all the simplicity and loveliness which can be conceived as giving grace and beauty to the Mother of Christ, the artist proposing to show in her the modesty and humility of the Virgin, filled with joy and gladness as she contemplates the beauty of her Son, whom she is

tenderly supporting in her lap. And while Our Lady, with eyes modestly bent down, is looking at a little San Giovanni, who is playing with a lamb, Sant' Anna, at the summit of delight, is observing the group with a smile of happiness, rejoicing as she sees that her terrestrial progeny have become divine; all which is entirely worthy of the mind and genius of Leonardo. This cartoon was subsequently taken to France, as will be related hereafter. Leonardo then painted the portrait of Ginevra, the wife of Amerigo Benci, a most beautiful thing, and abandoned the commission entrusted to him by the Servite Monks, who once more confided it to Filippino, but neither could the last-named master complete it, because his death supervened before he had time to do so.

For Francesco del Giocondo, Leonardo undertook to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife, but, after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished. This work is now in the possession of the King Francis of France, and is at Fontainebleau. Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature, may do so to perfection in this head, wherein every peculiarity that could be depicted by the utmost subtlety of the pencil has been faithfully reproduced. The eyes have the lustrous brightness and moisture which is seen in life, and around them are those pale, red, and slightly livid circles, also proper to nature, with the lashes, which can only be copied, as these are, with the greatest difficulty: the eyebrows also are represented with the closest exactitude, where fuller and where more thinly set, with the separate hairs delineated as they issue from the skin, every turn being followed, and all the pores exhibited in a manner that could not be more natural than it is: the nose, with its beautiful and delicately roseate nostrils, might be easily believed to be alive; the mouth, admirable in its outline, has the lips uniting the rose-tints of their colour with that of the face, in the utmost perfection, and the carnation of the cheek does not appear to be painted, but truly of flesh and blood: he who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat cannot but believe that he sees the beating of the pulses, and it may be truly said that this work is painted in a manner well calculated to make the boldest master tremble, and astonishes all who behold it, however well accustomed to the marvels of art. Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait, he took the precaution of keeping someone constantly near her, to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her, to the end that she might continue cheerful, and so that her face might not exhibit the melancholy expression often imparted by painters to the likenesses they take. In this portrait of Leonardo's, on the contrary, there is so pleasing an expression, and a smile so sweet, that while looking at it one thinks it rather divine than human, and it has ever been esteemed a wonderful work, since life itself could exhibit no other appearance.

The excellent productions of this divine artist had so greatly increased and extended his fame, that all men who delighted in the arts (nay, the

whole city of Florence) were anxious that he should leave behind him some memorial of himself, and there was much discussion everywhere in respect to some great and important work to be executed by him, to the end that the commonwealth might have the glory, and the city the ornament, imparted by the genius, grace, and judgment of Leonardo, to all that he did. At that time the great Hall of the Council had been constructed anew, the architecture being after designs by Giuliano di San Gullo, Simone Pollaiuoli, called Cronaca, Michelagnolo Buonarroti, and Baccio d' Agnolo, as will be related in the proper place. The building having been completed with great rapidity, as was determined between the Gonfaloniere and the more distinguished citizens, it was then commanded by public decree that Leonardo should depict some fine work therein. The said hall was intrusted, accordingly, to that master by Piero Soderini, then Gonfaloniere of Justice, and he, very willing to undertake the work, commenced a cartoon in the hall of the Pope, an apartment so called, in Santa Maria Novella. Herein he represented the History of Niccolò Piccinino, Captain-General to the Duke Filippo of Milan, in which he depicted a troop of horsemen fighting around a standard, and struggling for the possession thereof. This painting was considered to be a most excellent one, evincing great mastery in the admirable qualities of the composition, as well as in the power with which the whole work is treated. Among other peculiarities of this scene, it is to be remarked that not only are rage, disdain, and the desire for revenge apparent in the men, but in the horses also. Two of these animals, with their forelegs intertwined, are attacking each other with their teeth, no less fiercely than do the cavaliers who are fighting for the standard. One of the combatants has seized the object of their strife with both hands, and is urging his horse to its speed, while he, lending the whole weight of his person to the effort, clings with his utmost strength to the shaft of the banner, and strives to tear it by main force from the hands of four others, who are all labouring to defend it with uplifted swords, which each brandishes in the attempt to divide the shaft with one of his hands, while he grasps the cause of contention with the other. An old soldier, with a red cap on his head, has also seized the standard with one hand, and raising a curved scimitar in the other, is uttering cries of rage, and fiercely dealing a blow, by which he is endeavouring to cut off the hands of two of his opponents, who, grinding their teeth, are struggling in an attitude of fixed determination to defend their banner. On the earth, among the feet of the horses, are two other figures foreshortened, who are obstinately fighting in that position; one has been hurled to the ground, while the other has thrown himself upon him, and, raising his arm to its utmost height, is bringing down his dagger with all his force to the throat of his enemy; the latter, meanwhile, struggling mightily with arms and feet, is defending himself from the impending death. It would be scarcely possible adequately to describe the skill shown by Leonardo in this work, or to do justice to

the beauty of design with which he has depicted the warlike habiliments of the soldiers, with their helmets, crests, and other ornaments, infinitely varied as they are; or the wonderful mastery he exhibits in the forms and movements of the horses; these animals were, indeed, more admirably treated by Leonardo than by any other master; the muscular development, the animation of their movements, and their exquisite beauty, are rendered with the utmost fidelity.

It is said that, for the execution of this cartoon, Leonardo caused a most elaborate scaffolding to be constructed, which could be increased in height by being drawn together, or rendered wider by being lowered: it was his intention to paint the picture in oil, on the wall, but he made a composition for the intonaco, or ground, which was so coarse that, after he had painted for a certain time, the work began to sink in such a manner as to induce Leonardo very shortly to abandon it altogether, since he saw that it was becoming spoiled.

Leonardo da Vinci was a man of very high spirit, and was very generous in all his actions: it is related of him that, having once gone to the bank to receive the salary which Piero Soderini caused to be paid to him every month, the cashier was about to give him certain paper packets of pence, but Leonardo refused to receive them, remarking, at the same time, "I am no penny-painter." Not completing the picture, he was charged with having deceived Piero Soderini, and was reproached accordingly; when Leonardo so wrought with his friends, that they collected sums which he had received and took the money to Piero Soderini with offers of restoration, but Piero would not accept them.

On the exaltation of Pope Leo X to the chair of St. Peter, Leonardo accompanied the Duke Giuliano de' Medici to Rome.[2] The Pontiff was much inclined to philosophical inquiry, and was more especially addicted to the study of alchemy: Leonardo, therefore, having composed a kind of paste from wax, made of this, while it was still in its half-liquid state, certain figures of animals, entirely hollow and exceedingly slight in texture, which he then filled with air. When he blew into these figures he could make them fly through the air, but when the air within had escaped from them they fell to the earth. One day the vine-dresser of the Belvedere found a very curious lizard, and for this creature Leonardo constructed wings, made from the skins of other lizards, flayed for the purpose; into these wings he put quicksilver, so that when the animal walked, the wings moved also,

2 "Vasari has here left a great chasm in his history," remarks the German annotator, passing from 1504 to 1515, and omitting all mention of the travels undertaken by Leonardo during that period, as well as the labours he performed as an engineer and architect. During a part of this time he travelled through certain districts of Italy as architect and engineer to Valentino Borgia, by whom he was commissioned to inspect the fortresses of his states: it is even believed that he made a journey to France, but this seems doubtful. — See Amoretti, *Memorie Storiche*, &c.; see also Della Valle, *Sienese Edition of Vasari.* — Translator's note.

with a tremulous motion. He then made eyes, horns, and a beard for the creature, which he tamed and kept in a case; he would then show it to the friends who came to visit him, and all who saw it ran away terrified. He more than once, likewise, caused the intestines of a sheep to be cleansed and scraped until they were brought into such a state of tenuity that they could be held within the hollow of the hand, having then placed in a neighbouring chamber a pair of blacksmith's bellows, to which he had made fast one end of the intestines, he would blow into them until he caused them to fill the whole room, which was a very large one, insomuch that whoever might be therein was compelled to take refuge in a corner: he thus showed them transparent and full of wind, remarking that, whereas they had previously been contained within a small compass, they were now filling all space, and this, he would say, was a fit emblem of talent or genius. He made numbers of these follies, in various kinds, occupied himself much with mirrors and optical instruments, and made the most singular experiments in seeking oils for painting, and varnishes to preserve the work when executed. About this time he painted a small picture for Messer Baldassare Turini, of Pescia, who was Datary to Pope Leo: the subject of this work was Our Lady, with the Child in her arms, and it was executed by Leonardo with infinite care and art, but whether from the carelessness of those who prepared the ground, or because of his peculiar and fanciful mixtures for colours, varnishes, etc., it is now much deteriorated. In another small picture he painted a little Child, which is graceful and beautiful to a miracle. These paintings are both in Pescia, in the possession of Messer Giulio Turini. It is related that Leonardo, having received a commission for a certain picture from Pope Leo, immediately began to distil oils and herbs for the varnish, whereupon the Pontiff remarked, " Alas! the while, this man will assuredly do nothing at all, since he is thinking of the end before he has made a beginning to his work." There was perpetual discord between Michelagnolo Buonarroti and Leonardo, and the competition between them caused Michelagnolo to leave Florence, the Duke Giuliano framing an excuse for him, the pretext for his departure being that he was summoned to Rome by the Pope for the Façade of San Lorenzo. When Leonardo heard of this, he also departed and went to France, where the king, already possessing several of his works, was most kindly disposed towards him, and wished him to paint the cartoon of Sant' Anna, but Leonardo, according to his custom, kept the king a long time waiting with nothing better than words. Finally, having become old, he lay sick for many months, and, finding himself near death, wrought diligently to make himself acquainted with the Catholic ritual, and with the good and holy path of the Christian religion: he then confessed with great penitence and many tears, and although he could not support himself on his feet, yet, being sustained in the arms of his servants and friends, he devoutly received the Holy Sacrament, while thus out of his bed. The king, who was

accustomed frequently and affectionately to visit him, came immediately afterwards to his room, and he, causing himself out of reverence to be raised up, sat in his bed describing his malady and the different circumstances connected with it, lamenting, besides, that he had offended God and man, inasmuch as that he had not laboured in art as he ought to have done. He was then seized with a violent paroxysm, the forerunner of death, when the king, rising and supporting his head to give him such assistance and do him such favour as he could, in the hope of alleviating his sufferings, the spirit of Leonardo, which was most divine, conscious that he could attain to no greater honour, departed in the arms of the monarch, being at that time in the seventy-fifth [sixty-seventh] year of his age.

The death of Leonardo caused great sorrow to all who had known him, nor was there ever an artist who did more honour to the art of painting. The radiance of his countenance, which was splendidly beautiful, brought cheerfulness to the heart of the most melancholy, and the power of his word could move the most obstinate to say, "No," or "Yes," as he desired; he possessed so great a degree of physical strength, that he was capable of restraining the most impetuous violence, and was able to bend one of the iron rings used for the knockers of doors, or a horseshoe, as if it were lead: with the generous liberality of his nature, he extended shelter and hospitality to every friend, rich or poor, provided only that he were distinguished by talent or excellence; the poorest and most insignificant abode was rendered beautiful and honourable by his works; and as the city of Florence received a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, so did it suffer a more than grievous loss at his death. To the art of painting in oil this master contributed the discovery of a certain mode of deepening the shadows, whereby the later artists have been enabled to give great force and relief to their figures. His abilities in statuary were proved by three figures in bronze, which are over the north door of San Giovanni; they were cast by Gio Francesco Rustici, but conducted under the advice of Leonardo, and are, without doubt, the most beautiful castings that have been seen in these later days, whether for design or finish.

We are indebted to Leonardo for a work on the anatomy of the horse, and for another much more valuable, on that of man; wherefore, for the many admirable qualities with which he was so richly endowed, although he laboured much more by his word than in fact and by deed, his name and fame can never be extinguished. For all these things Messer Gio. Batista Strozzi has spoken to his praise in the following words: —

Vince costui pur solo
Tutti altri, e vince Fidia, e vince Apelle,
E tutto il lor vittorioso stuolo.

The Milanese artist, Gio. Antonio Boltraffio, was a disciple of Leonardo; he was an intelligent and able master, and, in the year 1500, he painted a

picture in oil in the church of the Misericordia, outside the city of Bologna. The subject of this work is Our Lady, with the Child in her arms; there are besides figures of San Giovanni Battista, San Bastiano (Sebastian), a nude figure, and that of the person for whom the work was executed, painted in a kneeling position; a truly admirable picture, on which the artist inscribed his name, with the fact of his being a disciple of Leonardo. The same painter executed many other works in Milan and elsewhere, but it shall suffice me to have mentioned this one, which is his best. Marco Uggioni was likewise a disciple of Leonardo, and painted the Assumption of Our Lady in the church of Santa Maria della Pace, with the Marriage at Cana of Galilee, also in the same church.

SIR THOMAS MORE

1478–1535

By William Roper[1] (1496–1578)

Forasmuch as Sir Thomas More, Knight, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, a man of singular virtue and of a clear unspotted conscience (as witnesseth Erasmus), more pure and white than the whitest snow, and of such an angelical wit as England, he saith, never had the like before nor ever shall again: universally, as well in the laws of the realm (a study, in effect, able to occupy the whole life of a man) as in all other sciences, right well studied, was in his days accounted a man worthy perpetual famous memory — I, William Roper (though most unworthy), his son-in-law by marriage of his eldest daughter, knowing no one man that of him and of his doings understood so much as myself — for that I was continually resident in his house by the space of sixteen years and more — thought it therefore my part to set forth such matters touching his life as I could at this present call to remembrance, among which things very many notable, not meet to have been forgotten, through negligence and long continuance of time are slipped out of my mind. Yet to the intent that the same should not all utterly perish, I have — at the desire of divers worshipful friends of mine, though very far from the grace and worthiness of him, nevertheless, as far forth as my mean wit, memory and knowledge would serve me — declared so much thereof as in my poor judgment seemed worthy to be remembered.

This Sir Thomas More, after he had been brought up in the Latin tongue at St. Anthony's in London, was by his father's procurement received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate Cardinal Morton where, though he was young of years, yet would he at Christmastide suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers-on more sport than all the players beside. In whose wit and towardness the Cardinal much delighting, would often say of him unto the nobles that divers times dined with him, " This child

[1] The original title is *The Mirrour of Vertue in worldly greatness; or, The Life of Syr Thomas More, Knight, Sometime Lord Chancellor of England.* It circulated in MS until 1626, when it was first published in Paris. The spelling and punctuation have been modernized.

here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." Whereupon for his better furtherance in learning, he placed him at Oxford, where when he was both in the Greek and Latin tongues sufficiently instructed, he was then, for the study of the law of the Realm, put to an Inn of Chancery, called New Inn; where for his time he very well prospered, and from thence was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, with very small allowance, continuing there his study until he was made and accounted a worthy utter barrister. After this, to his great commendations, he read for a good space a public lecture of St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei,* in the church of St. Lawrence in the old Jewry, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grocyn, an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London. Then was he made reader of Furnival's Inn, so remaining by the space of three years and more. After which time he gave himself to devotion and prayer in the Charterhouse of London, religiously living there without vow about four years, until he resorted to the house of one Master Colte, a gentleman of Essex, that had oft invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there specially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both great grief and some shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her, never the more discontinuing his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, but applying still the same until he was called to the Bench, and had read there twice, which is as often as any judge of the law doth ordinarily read. Before which time he had placed himself and his wife at Bucklersbury in London, where he had by her three daughters and one son, in virtue and learning brought up from their youth, whom he would often exhort to take virtue and learning for their meat, and play for their sauce. Who, ere ever he had been reader in Court, was in the latter time of King Henry the Seventh made a Burgess of the Parliament, wherein was demanded by the king (as I have heard reported) about three fifteenths for the marriage of his eldest daughter, that then should be the Scottish Queen. At the last debating whereof he made such arguments and reasons thereagainst, that the king's demands were thereby clean overthrown; so that one of the king's privy chamber, named Master Tyler, being present thereat, brought word to the king out of the Parliament house, that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose. Whereupon the king, conceiving great indignation against him, could not be satisfied until he had some way revenged it. And forasmuch as he nothing having, nothing could lose, his grace devised a causeless quarrel against his father, keeping him in the Tower until he had made him pay to him a hundred pounds fine. Shortly hereupon it fortuned that this Sir Thomas More coming in a suit to Doctor Fox, Bishop of Winchester, one of the

king's privy council, the bishop called him aside, and pretending great favour towards him, promised that if he would be ruled by him, he would not fail into the king's favour again to restore him, meaning, as it was afterwards conjectured, to cause him thereby to confess his offence against the king, whereby his highness might with the better colour have occasion to revenge his displeasure against him. But when he came from the bishop, he fell in communication with one Master Whitforde, his familiar friend, then chaplain to that bishop, and afterward a father of Sion, and showed him what the bishop had said to him, desiring to have his advice therein; who, for the passion of God, prayed him in no wise to follow his counsel, for " My lord, my master," quoth he, " to serve the king's turn will not stick to agree to his own father's death." So Sir Thomas More returned to the bishop no more, and had not the king soon after died, he was determined to have gone over-sea, thinking that being in the king's indignation he could not live in England without great danger. After this he was made one of the under-sheriffs of London, by which office and his learning together (as I have heard him say) he gained without grief not so little as four hundred pounds by the year: sith there was at that time in none of the prince's courts of the laws of this realm any matter of importance in controversy, wherein he was not with the one party of counsel. Of whom, for his learning, wisdom, knowledge and experience, men had such estimation that before he came into the service of King Henry the Eighth, at the suit and instance of the English merchants, he was, by the king's consent, made twice ambassador in certain great causes between them and the merchants of the Stilliard. Whose wise and discreet dealing therein, to his high commendation, coming to the king's understanding, provoked his highness to cause Cardinal Wolsey, then Lord Chancellor, to procure him to his service. And albeit the Cardinal, according to the king's request, earnestly travailed with him therefore, among many other his persuasions, alleging unto him how dear his service must needs be unto his majesty, which could not with his honour with less than he should yearly lose thereby, seem to recompense him. Yet he, loath to change his estate, made such means unto the king, by the Cardinal, to the contrary, that his grace for that time was well satisfied. Now happened there, after this, a great ship of his, that was then Pope, to arrive at Southampton, which the king claiming for a forfeiture, the Pope's ambassador, by suit unto his grace, obtained that he might for his master the Pope have counsel learned in the laws of this realm; and the matter in his own presence (being himself a singular civilian), in some public place to be openly heard and discussed. At which time there could none of our law be found so meet to be of counsel with this ambassador as Sir Thomas More, who could report to the ambassador in Latin all the reasons and arguments by the learned counsel on both sides alleged. Upon this the counsellors on either part, in presence of the Lord Chancellor and other the judges in the Star Chamber

had audience accordingly. Where Sir Thomas More not only declared to the ambassador the whole effect of all their opinions, but also in defence on the Pope's side argued so learnedly himself, that both was the aforesaid forfeiture restored to the Pope, and himself, among all the hearers, for his upright and commendable demeanour therein, so greatly renowned, that for no entreaty would the king from henceforth be induced any longer to forbear his service. At whose first entry thereunto he made him Master of the Requests, having then no better room void, and, within a month after, Knight, and one of his privy council. And so from time to time was he by the king advanced, continuing in his singular favour and trusty service twenty years and above. A good part thereof used the king upon holy days when he had done his own devotions, to send for him into his traverse, and there — sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity and such other faculties, and sometimes of his worldly affairs — to sit and confer with him. And otherwhiles in the night would he have him up into the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets. And because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the king and queen, after the council had supped, at the time of their supper, for their pleasure commonly to call for him to be merry with them. When he perceived them so much in his talk to delight that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and his children (whose company he most desired), and to be absent from the court two days together but that he should be thither sent for again: he much misliking this restraint of his liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little, from his former mirth to disuse himself, that he was of them from henceforth at such seasons no more so ordinarily sent for. Then died one Master Weston, Treasurer of the Exchequer, whose office, after his death, the king of his own offer, without any asking, freely gave unto Sir Thomas More. In the fourteenth year of his grace's reign there was a parliament holden, whereof Sir Thomas More was chosen speaker, who, being very loath to take this room upon him, made an oration, not now extant, to the king's highness, for his discharge thereof. Whereunto when the king would not consent, he spoke unto his grace in form following:

" Sith I perceive, most redoubted sovereign, that it standeth not with your pleasure to reform this election and cause it to be changed, but have, by the mouth of the most reverend Father in God, the Legate, your Highness' Chancellor, thereunto given your most royal assent, and have of your benignity determined far above that I may bear, to enable me, and for this office to repute me meet; rather than you should seem to impute unto your Commons that they had unmeetly chosen, I am therefore and always shall be ready obediently to conform myself to the accomplishment of your highness' pleasure and commandment, in most humble wise beseeching your most noble Majesty, that I may with your grace's favour,

before I farther enter thereinto, make my humble intercession unto your highness for two lowly petitions: the one privately concerning myself, the other the whole assembly of your Commons' House. For myself, most gracious sovereign, that if it mishap me in anything hereafter that is on the behalf of your Commons, in your high presence to be declared, to mistake my message, and in lack of good utterance by my mis-rehearsal, to pervert or impair their prudent instructions, that it may then like your most noble majesty, of your abundant grace, with the eye of your wonted pity to pardon my simpleness, giving me leave to repair again unto the Commons' House, and there to confer with them, and to take their substantial advice what things and in what wise I shall on their behalf utter and speak before your noble Grace, to the intent their prudent devices and affairs be not by my simpleness and folly hindered or impaired. Which thing, if it should so happen, as it were well likely to mishap in me, if Your Grace's benignity relieved not my oversight, it could not fail to be during my life a perpetual grudge and heaviness to my heart. The help and remedy whereof in manner aforesaid remembered, is (most Gracious Sovereign) my first lowly suit and humble petition unto your Noble Grace. Mine other humble request, most excellent Prince, is this. Forasmuch as there be of your Commons, here by your high commandment assembled for your parliament, a great number which are after the accustomed manner appointed in the Commons' House to treat and advise of the common affairs among themselves apart: and albeit, most dear Liege Lord, that according to your prudent advice, by your honourable writs everywhere declared, there have been as due diligence used in sending up to Your Highness' Court of Parliament the most discreet persons out of every quarter that men could esteem meet thereto; whereby it is not to be doubted but that there is a very substantial assembly of right wise meet and politic persons. Yet, most Victorious Prince, sith among so many wise men neither is every man wise alike, nor, among so many men alike well witted, every man alike well spoken, and it often happeth that likewise as much folly is uttered with painted polished speech, so, many, boisterous and rude in language, see deep indeed, and give right substantial council; and sith also in matters of great importance the mind is so often occupied in the matter, that a man rather studieth what to say, than how; by reason whereof the wisest man and best spoken in a whole country fortuneth while his mind is fervent in the matter, somewhat to speak in such wise as he would afterward wish to have been uttered otherwise, and yet no worse will had he when he spake it, than he hath when he would so gladly change it. Therefore, most Gracious Sovereign, considering that, in all your high Court of Parliament, is nothing treated but matter of weight and importance concerning your Realm and your own royal estate, it could not fail to let and put to silence from the giving of their advice and counsel many of your discreet Commons, to the great hindrance of the common affairs, except that

every one of your Commons were utterly discharged of all doubt and fear how any thing, that it should happen them to speak, should happen of your highness to be taken. And in this point, though your well-known and proved benignity putteth every man in good hope, yet such is the weight of the matter, such is the reverent dread that the timorous hearts of your natural subjects conceive towards Your Highness, our most redoubted King and undoubted Sovereign, that they cannot, in this point, find themselves satisfied, except your gracious bounty therein declared put away the scruple of their timorous minds and animate and encourage them and put them out of doubt. It may therefore like your Most Abundant Grace, our most Benign and Godly King, to give to all your Commons, here assembled, your most gracious licence and pardon, freely, without doubt of your dreadful displeasure, every man to discharge his conscience, and boldly, in every thing incident among us, to declare his advice; and, whatsoever happeneth any man to say, that it may like your Noble Majesty of your inestimable goodness to take all in good part, interpreting every man's words, how uncunningly soever they be couched, to proceed yet of good zeal towards the profit of your Realm and honour of your Royal Person, the prosperous estate and preservation whereof, most Excellent Sovereign, is the thing which we all, your humble loving subjects, according to the most bounden duty of our natural allegiance, most highly desire and pray for."

At this Parliament Cardinal Wolsey found himself much grieved with the burgesses thereof, for that nothing was so soon done or spoken therein but that it was immediately blown abroad in every ale-house. It fortuned at that Parliament a very great subsidy to be demanded, which the Cardinal fearing would not pass the Commons' House, determined for the furtherance thereof to be there present himself. Before whose coming, after long debating there, whether it were better but with a few of his lords, as the most opinion of the house was, or with his whole train royally, to receive him there amongst them: "Masters," quoth Sir Thomas More, "forasmuch as my Lord Cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall not in my mind be amiss to receive him with all his pomp, with his maces, his pillars, his poleaxes, his crosses, his hat and the great seal too; to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay the blame on those that his grace bringeth hither with him." Whereunto the house wholly agreeing, he was received accordingly. Whereafter he had in a solemn oration by many reasons proved how necessary it was the demand there moved to be granted, and further showed that less would not serve to maintain the Prince's purpose, he seeing the company sitting still silent and thereunto nothing answering, and contrary to his expectations showing in themselves towards his request no towardness of inclination, said unto them, "Masters, you have many wise and learned

men amongst you, and sith I am from the king's own person sent hither unto you for the preservation of yourselves and all the Realm, I think it meet you give me some reasonable answer." Whereat every man holding his peace, then began he to speak to one Master Marney, afterward Lord Marney. "How say you," quoth he, "Master Marney?"; who, making him no answer neither, he severally asked the same question of divers others accounted the wisest of the company; to whom, when none of them all would give so much as one word (being agreed before, as the custom was, to answer by their Speaker), "Masters," quoth the Cardinal, "unless it be the manner of your house, as of likelihood it is, by the mouth of your Speaker, whom you have chosen for trusty and wise (as indeed he is), in such cases to utter your minds, here is without doubt a marvellous obstinate silence." And thereupon he required answer of Master Speaker, who first reverently on his knees excusing the silence of the house, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in the Realm, and after by many probable arguments proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the house; in conclusion for himself showed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his one head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his Grace answer. Whereupon the Cardinal, displeased with Sir Thomas More, that had not in this parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed. And after the parliament ended, in his gallery at Whitehall in Westminster, he uttered unto him all his griefs, saying: "Would to God you had been at Rome, Master More, when I made you Speaker." "Your Grace not offended, so would I too, My Lord," quoth Sir Thomas More. And to wind such quarrels out of the Cardinal's head, he began to talk of the gallery, saying, "I like this gallery of yours, My Lord, much better than your gallery at Hampton Court." Wherewith so wisely broke he off the Cardinal's displeasant talk, that the Cardinal at that present, as it seemed, wist not what more say to him; but, for the revengement of his displeasure, counselled the king to send him ambassador to Spain, commending to His Highness his wisdom, learning and meetness for that voyage. And, the difficulty of the cause considered, none was there, he said, so well able to serve His Grace therein. Which when the king had broken to Sir Thomas More, and that he had declared unto his grace how unfit a journey it was for him, — the nature of the country, the disposition of his complexion so disagreeing together, that he should never be able to do his grace acceptable service there, knowing right well that if His Grace sent him thither he should send him to his grave; but showing himself nevertheless ready according to his duty, or were it with the loss of his life, to fulfil His Grace's pleasure in that behalf. The king, allowing well his answer, said unto him: "It is not our pleasure, Master More, to do you hurt, but to do you good we would be glad;

we therefore for this purpose will devise upon some other, and employ your service otherwise." And such entire favour did the king bear him, that he made him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster upon the death of Sir Richard Wingfield, who had that office before.

And for the pleasure he took in his company would His Grace suddenly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither, on a time, unlooked-for, he came to dinner, and after dinner in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck. As soon as His Grace was gone, I rejoicing thereat, said to Sir Thomas More how happy he was whom the king had so familiarly entertained, as I never had seen him do to any before, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw His Grace walk once with arm in arm. "I thank our Lord, son," quoth he, "I find His Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this Realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France (for then there was war between us), it should not fail to go."

This Sir Thomas More, among all other his virtues, was of such meekness that if it had fortuned him with any learned men resorting to him from Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere (as there did divers, some for desire of his acquaintance, some for the famous report of his wisdom and learning, some for suits of the Universities), to have entered into argument (wherein few were comparable to him) and so far to have discoursed with them therein that he might perceive they could not without some inconvenience hold out much further disputation against him; then, lest he should discomfort them (as one that sought not his own glory, but rather would seem conquered than to discourage students in their studies, ever showing himself more desirous to learn than to teach), would he by some witty device courteously break off into some other matter and give over. Of whom, for his wisdom and learning, had the king such an opinion that at such time as he attended upon His Highness, taking his progress either to Oxford or Cambridge, where he was received with very eloquent orations, His Grace would always assign him (as one that was most prompt and ready therein) extempore to make answer thereunto. Whose manner was, whensoever he had occasion either here or beyond the sea, to be in any University, not only to be present at the readings and disputations there commonly used, but also learnedly to dispute among them himself. Who being chancellor of the duchy was made ambassador twice, joined in commission with Cardinal Wolsey; once to the Emperor Charles into Flanders, the other time to the French king into France. Not long after this, the Water-bailiff of London, sometime his servant, hearing, where he had been at dinner, certain merchants liberally to rail against his old master, waxed so discontented therewith that he hastily came to him and told him what he had heard, "And were I, sir," quoth he, "in

such favour and authority with my prince as you are, such men surely should not be suffered so villainously and falsely to misreport and slander me. Wherefore I would wish you to call them before you and, to their shame, for their lewd malice to punish them." Who, smiling upon him, said, "Why, Master Water-bailiff, would you have me punish them by whom I receive more benefit than by all you that be my friends? Let them a-God's name speak as lewdly as they list of me, and shoot never so many arrows at me as long as they do not hit me, what am I the worse? But if they should once hit me, then would it indeed not a little trouble me; howbeit I trust by God's help there shall none of them all once be able to touch me. I have more cause, I assure thee, Master water-bailiff, to pity them than to be angry with them." Such fruitful communication had he oft-times with his familiar friends. So on a time walking with me along the Thames' side at Chelsea, in talking of other things he said unto me, "Now, would to our Lord, son Roper, upon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put in a sack and presently cast into the Thames." "What great things be those, Sir," quoth I, "that should move you so to wish?" "Wouldst thou know, son Roper, what they be?" quoth he. "Yea marry, with a good will, sir, if it pleases you," quoth I. "In faith, son, they be these," said he, "the first is, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were all at universal peace. The second, that where the Church of Christ is at this present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were well settled in perfect uniformity of religion. The third, that where the matter of the king's marriage is now come in question, it were to the glory of God and quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion." Whereby as I could gather, he judged that otherwise it would be a disturbance to a great part of Christendom. Thus did it, by his doings throughout the whole course of his life, appear, that all his travail and pains, without respect of earthly commodities, either to himself or any of his, were only upon the service of God, the Prince, and the Realm, wholly bestowed and employed; whom I heard in his latter time to say that he never asked of the king for himself the value of one penny.

As Sir Thomas More's custom was daily (if he were at home), besides his private prayers with his children, to say the Seven Psalms, the Litany, and the Suffrages following, so was his guise nightly before he went to bed with his wife, children, and household to go to his chapel, and there on his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them. And because he was desirous for godly purposes sometimes to be solitary and sequester himself from worldly company, a good distance from his mansion-house builded he a place called the New Building, wherein there was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which, as his use was on other days to occupy himself in prayer and study there together, so on the Fridays used he continually to be there from morning till evening, spending his time only in devout prayers and spiritual exercises. And to provoke his

wife and children to the desire of heavenly things, he would sometimes use these words unto them: "It is now no mastery for you children to go to heaven, for everybody giveth you good counsel, everybody giveth you good example. You see virtue rewarded and vice punished, so that you are carried up to heaven even by the chins. But if you live in the time that no man will give you good counsel, no man will give you good example, when you shall see virtue punished and vice rewarded, if you will then stand fast and firmly stick to God upon pain of life, though you be but half good, God will allow you for whole good."

If his wife or any of his children had been diseased or troubled, he would say unto them, "We may not look at our pleasures to go to heaven in featherbeds; it is not the way, for our Lord Himself went thither with great pain, and by many tribulations, which was the path wherein He walked thither, and the servant may not look to be in better case than his Master." And as he would in this sort persuade them to take their troubles patiently, so would he in like sort teach them to withstand the devil and his temptations valiantly, saying, "Whosoever will mark the devil and his temptations shall find him therein much like to an ape who, not well looked to, will be busy and bold to do shrewd turns, and contrariwise, being spied, will suddenly leap back and adventure no farther. So the devil finding a man idle, slothful and without resistance, ready to receive his temptations, waxeth so hardy that he will not fail still to continue with him until to his purpose he hath thoroughly brought him. But on the other side, if he see a man with diligence persevere to prevent and withstand his temptations, he waxeth so weary that in conclusion he utterly forsaketh him. For as the devil of disposition is a spirit of so high a pride that he cannot abide to be mocked, so is he of nature so envious that he feareth any more to assault him, lest he should thereby not only catch a foul fall himself, but also minister to the man more matter of merit." Thus delighted he evermore not only in virtuous exercises to be occupied by himself, but also to exhort his wife, children, and household to embrace the same and follow it. To whom for his notable virtue and godliness God showed as it seemed a manifest miraculous token of His special favour towards him.

At such time as my wife (as many other that year were) was sick of the sweating sickness; who lying in so great extremity of that disease as by no invention or devices that physicians in such cases commonly use (of whom she had divers both expert, wise, and well learned then continually attendant upon her) could she be kept from sleep, so that both the physicians and all other there present despaired of her recovery and gave her over; her father, as he that most entirely tendered her, being in no small heaviness for her, by prayer at God's hand sought to get her remedy. Whereupon going up after his usual manner into his aforesaid New Building, there in his chapel on his knees with tears most devoutly besought Almighty God that it would like His goodness, unto whom nothing was impossible, if it

were His blessed will, at his mediation, to vouchsafe graciously to hear his humble petition. Where incontinent came into his mind that a glister should be the only way to help her. Which when he told the physicians, they by and by confessed that if there were any hope of health that that was the very best help indeed; much marvelling of themselves that they had not before remembered it. Then was it immediately administered to her sleeping which she could by no means have been brought unto waking. And albeit, after she was thereby thoroughly awaked, God's marks (an evident undoubted token of death) plainly appeared upon her, yet she, contrary to all their expectations was, as it was thought, by her father's most fervent prayers miraculously recovered, and at length again to perfect health restored; whom, if it had pleased God at that time to have taken to His mercy, her father said he would never have meddled with worldly matters more.

Now while Sir Thomas More was chancellor of the duchy, the see of Rome chanced to be void, which was cause of much trouble. For Cardinal Wolsey, a man very ambitious, and desirous (as good hope and likelihood he had) to aspire to that dignity, perceiving himself of his expectation disappointed, by means of the Emperor Charles so highly commending one Cardinal Adrian, sometime his schoolmaster, to the cardinals of Rome in the time of their election for his virtue and worthiness, that thereupon he was chosen Pope; who from Spain, where he was then resident, coming on foot to Rome, before his entry into the city did put off his hose and shoes, and barefooted and barelegged passed through the streets towards his palace with such humbleness that all the people had him in great reverence. Cardinal Wolsey, I say, waxed so wood therewith, that he studied to invent all ways of revengement of his grief against the Emperor; which as it was the beginning of a lamentable tragedy, so some part thereof, as not impertinent to my present purpose, I reckoned requisite here to put in remembrance. This Cardinal therefore, not ignorant of the king's inconstant and mutable disposition, soon inclined to withdraw his devotion from his most noble, virtuous, and lawful wife Queen Katherine, aunt to the Emperor, upon every light occasion; and upon other, to her in nobility, wisdom, virtue, favour, and beauty far incomparable, to fix his affection; meaning to make this his so light disposition an instrument to bring about his ungodly intent, devised to allure the King (then already contrary to his mind nothing less looking for than falling in love with the Lady Anne Bullen) to cast fantasy unto one of the French King's sisters. Which thing (because of the enmity and war that was at that time between the French King and the Emperor, whom, for the cause before remembered, he mortally maligned) he was very desirous to procure. And for the better achieving thereof requested Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, being ghostly father to the King, to put a scruple into His Grace's head, that it was not lawful for him to marry his brother's wife. Which the King not sorry to hear of, opened

it first to Sir Thomas More, whose counsel he required therein, showing him certain places of Scripture that seemed somewhat to serve his appetite. Which when he had perused, and thereupon, as one that never had professed the study of divinity, himself excused to be unmeet many ways to meddle with such matters, the King, not satisfied with his answer, so sore still pressed upon him therefor, that in conclusion he condescended to His Grace's motion. And farther, forasmuch as the case was of such importance as needed good advisement and deliberation, he besought His Grace of sufficient respite advisedly to consider of it. Wherewith the King, well contented, said unto him that Tunstal and Clarke, Bishops of Bath and Durham, with other learned of his privy council, should also be dealers therein. So Sir Thomas More departing, conferred those places of Scripture with the exposition of divers of the old holy doctors. And at his coming to the court in talking with His Grace of the foresaid matter, he said, "To be plain with Your Grace, neither my Lord of Durham, nor my Lord of Bath, though I know them both to be wise, virtuous, learned and honourable prelates, nor myself with the rest of your council, being all Your Grace's own servants, for your manifold benefits daily bestowed on us so much bounden unto you, be in my judgment meet counsellors for Your Grace herein. But if Your Grace mind to understand the truth, such counsellors may you have devised, as neither for respect of their own worldly commodity, nor for fear of your princely authority, will be inclined to deceive you." To whom he named then St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and divers other old holy doctors, both Greeks and Latins: and moreover showed him what authorities he had gathered out of them. Which although the King (as disagreeable to his desire) did not very well like of, yet were they by Sir Thomas More (who in all his communication with the King in that matter had always most discreetly behaved himself) so wisely tempered, that he both presently took them in good part, and oftentimes had thereof conference with him again. After this were there certain questions among his council proponed, whether the King needed in this case to have any scruple at all, and if he had, what way were best to be taken to deliver him of it? The most part of them were of the opinion that there was good cause of scruple, and that for the discharging of it, suit were meet to be made to the see of Rome, where the King hoped by liberality to obtain his purpose; wherein, as it after appeared, he was far deceived.

Then was there, for the examination and trial of this matrimony, procured from Rome a commission in which Cardinal Campegius, and Cardinal Wolsey were joined commissioners, who for the determination thereof sat at the Black-Friars in London, where a libel was put in for the annulling of the said matrimony, alleging the marriage between the King and Queen to be unlawful. And for proof of the marriage to be lawful was there brought in a dispensation, in which after divers disputations thereupon holden, there appeared an imperfection; which, by an instrument or brief, found upon

search in the treasury of Spain and sent to the commissioners in England, was supplied. And so should judgment have been given by the Pope accordingly, had not the King, upon intelligence thereof, before the same judgment, appealed to the next general council; after whose appellation the cardinals upon that matter sat no longer.

It fortuned, before the matter of the said matrimony brought in question, when I in talk with Sir Thomas More (of a certain joy) commended unto him the happy estate of this Realm, that had so Catholic a Prince that no heretic durst show his face; so virtuous and learned a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, and so loving obedient subjects all in one faith agreeing together. " Troth, it is indeed, son Roper," quoth he, (and went far beyond me in commending all degrees and estates of the same), " and yet, son Roper, I pray God," said he, " that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we gladly would wish to be at league and composition with them to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves." After that I had told him many considerations why he had no cause to say so. " Well," said he, " I pray God, son Roper, some of us live not till that day "; showing me no reason why I should put any doubt therein. To whom I said, " By my troth, sir, it is very desperately spoken." That vile term, I cry God mercy, did I give Him, who, by these words perceiving me in a fume, said merrily unto me, " Well, well, son Roper, it shall not be so, it shall not be so," whom in sixteen years and more, being in his house conversant with him, I could never perceive as much as once in a fume.

But now to return again where I left. After the supplying of the imperfection of the dispensation sent, as is before rehearsed, to the commissioners into England, the King, taking the matter for ended and then meaning no farther to proceed in that matter, appointed the Bishop of Durham and Sir Thomas More to go ambassadors to Cambray, a place neither Imperial nor French, to treat a peace between the Emperor, the French King, and him. In the concluding whereof Sir Thomas More so worthily handled himself, procuring in our league far more benefits unto this Realm than at that time by the King or his council was thought possible to be compassed, that for his good service in that voyage the King, when he after made him Lord Chancellor, caused the Duke of Norfolk openly to declare to the people, as you shall hear hereafter more at large, how much all England was bounden unto him. Now upon the coming home of the Bishop of Durham and Sir Thomas More from Cambray, the King was as earnest of persuading Sir Thomas More to agree to the matter of his marriage as before, by many and divers ways provoking him thereunto, for which, as it was thought, he the rather soon after made him Lord Chancellor, and farther declaring unto him that though at his going over-sea to Cambray he was in utter despair thereof, yet he had conceived since some

good hope to compass it. For albeit his marriage, being against the positive laws of the church, and against the written law of God, was holpen by the dispensation, yet was there another thing found out of late, he said, whereby his marriage appeared to be so directly against the law of nature that it could in no wise by the church be dispensable, as Doctor Stokesley, whom he had then [newly] preferred to be Bishop of London, and in that case chiefly credited, was able to instruct him: with whom he prayed him in that point to confer. But for all his conference with him he saw nothing of such force as could induce him to change his opinion therein. Which notwithstanding, the Bishop showed himself in his report of him to the King's Highness so good and favourable, that he said he found him in His Grace's cause very toward, and desirous to find some good matter wherewith he might truly serve His Grace to his contentation.

This Bishop Stokesley, being by the Cardinal not long before in the Star Chamber openly put to rebuke, and awarded to the Fleet, not brooking this contumelious usage and thinking that forasmuch as the Cardinal, for lack of such forwardness in setting forth the King's divorce as His Grace looked for, was out of His Highness' favour, he had now a good occasion offered him to revenge his quarrel; farther to increase the King's displeasure towards him, busily travailed to invent some colourable device for the King's furtherance in that behalf; which, as before is remembered, he to His Grace revealed, hoping thereby to bring the King to the better liking of himself and the more misliking of the Cardinal, whom His Highness therefore soon after of his office displaced, and to Sir Thomas More, the rather to move him to incline to his side, the same in his stead committed. Who between the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being brought through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery, the Duke of Norfolk, in audience of all the people there assembled, showed that he was from the King himself straightly charged by special commission, there openly in presence of them all to make declaration how much all England was beholden unto Sir Thomas More for his good service, and how worthy he was to have the highest room in the Realm, and how dearly His Grace loved and trusted him, for which, said the Duke, he had great cause to rejoice. Whereunto Sir Thomas More, amongst many other his humble and wise sayings not now in my memory answered, that although he had good cause to take comfort of His Highness' singular favour towards him, that he had, far above his deserts, so highly commended him, to whom therefore he acknowledged himself most deeply bounden; yet nevertheless he must for his own part needs confess that in all things by His Grace alleged he had done no more than was his duty: and farther disabled himself to be unmeet for that room wherein, considering how wise and honourable a prelate had lately before taken so great a fall, he said he had no cause thereof to rejoice. And as they had charged him, on the King's behalf, uprightly to administer indifferent justice to the people,

without corruption or affection, so did he likewise charge them again that if they saw him at any time in any thing digress from any part of his duty in that honourable office, even as they would discharge their own duty and fidelity to God and the King, so should they not fail to disclose it to His Grace, who otherwise might have just occasion to lay his fault wholly to their charge.

While he was Lord Chancellor, being at leisure (as seldom he was), one of his sons-in-law on a time said merrily unto him, "When Cardinal Wolsey was Lord Chancellor, not only divers of his privy chamber, but such also as were his doorkeepers, gat great gain"; (and since he had married one of his daughters, and gave still attendance upon him, he thought he might of reason look for some); where he indeed, because he was ready himself to hear every man, poor and rich, and keep no doors shut from them, could find none; which was to him a great discouragement. And whereas some for friendship, some for kindred, and some for profit would gladly have his furtherance in bringing them to his presence, if he should now take anything of them, he knew, he said, he should do them great wrong, for that they might do as much for themselves as he could do for them. Which condition, though he thought in Sir Thomas More very commendable, yet to him, he said, being his son he found it nothing profitable. When he had told him this tale, "You say well, son," quoth he. "I do not mislike that you are of conscience so scrupulous; but many other ways be there, son, that I may both do you good, and pleasure your friend also. For some time may I by my word stand your friend in stead, and some time may I by my letter help him; or if he have a cause depending before me, at your request I may hear him before another. Or if his cause be not all the best, yet may I move the parties to fall to some reasonable end by arbitrament. Howbeit this one thing, son, I assure thee on my faith, that if the parties will at my hands call for justice, then all-were-it my father stood on the one side, and the devil on the other, his cause being good, the devil should have right." So offered he his son as he thought, he said, so much favour as he could with reason require. And that he would for no respect digress from justice, well appeared by a plain example of another of his sons-in-law called Master Heron. For when he, having a matter before him in the Chancery, and presuming too much of his favour, would by him in nowise be persuaded to agree to any indifferent order, then made he in conclusion a flat decree against him. This Lord Chancellor used commonly every afternoon to sit in his open hall, to the intent that if any person had any suit unto him, they might the more boldly come to his presence, and there open their complaints before him. Whose manner was also to read every bill himself, ere he would award any *subpœna,* which bearing matter worthy a *subpœna,* would he set his hand unto, or else cancel it. Whensoever he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery, by the Court of

the King's Bench, if his father (one of the judges thereof) had been seated or he came, he would go into the same court, and there reverently kneeling down, in the sight of them all, duly ask his father's blessing. And if it fortuned that his father and he at readings in Lincoln's Inn met together (as they sometimes did), notwithstanding his high office he would offer in argument the pre-eminence to his father, though he, for his office' sake, would refuse to take it. And for the better declaration of his natural affection towards his father, he not only, while he lay in his deathbed, according to his duty, oft-times with comfortable words most kindly came to visit him, but also at his departure out of the world, with tears taking him about the neck most lovingly kissed and embraced him, commending him into the merciful hands of Almighty God, and so departed from him. And as few injunctions as he granted while he was Lord Chancellor, yet were they by some of the judges of the law misliked; which I understanding, declared the same unto Sir Thomas More, who answered me that they should have little cause to find fault with him therefore, and thereupon caused he one Master Crooke, chief of the Six Clerks, to make a docket containing the whole number and causes of all such injunctions as either in his time had already passed, or at present depended in any of the King's courts at Westminster before him. Which done, he invited all the Judges to dine with him in the council chamber at Westminster, where, after dinner, when he had broken with them what complaints he had heard of his injunctions and moreover showed them both the number and causes of every one of them, in order so plainly that, upon full debating of those matters, they were all enforced to confess that they, in like case, could have done no otherwise themselves. Then offered he this unto them, that if the justices of every court unto whom the reformation of the rigour of the law, by reason of their office, most especially appertained, would upon reasonable considerations by their own discretions, as they were, as he thought, in conscience bound, mitigate and reform the rigour of the law themselves, there should from thenceforth by him no more injunctions be granted. Whereunto, when they refused to condescend, then said he unto them, "Forasmuch as yourselves, my lords, drive me to that necessity for awarding out injunctions to relieve the people's injury, you cannot hereafter any more justly blame me." After that he said secretly to me: "I perceive, son, why they like not so to do. For they see that they may, by the verdict of the jury, cast off all quarrels from themselves upon them, which they account their chief defence; and therefore am I compelled to abide the adventure of all such reports."

And, as little leisure as he had to be occupied in the study of the Holy Scripture, and controversies about religion and such other virtuous exercises, being in a manner continually busied about the affairs of the King and the Realm, yet such watch and pain in setting forth of divers profit-

able works in the defence of the true Christian religion, against heresies secretly sown abroad in the Realm, assuredly sustained he, that the bishops (to whose pastoral care the reformation thereof most principally appertained) thinking themselves by his travail (wherein by their own confession they were not able with him to make comparison) of their duties in that behalf discharged; and, considering that for all his Prince's favour, he was no rich man, nor in yearly revenues advanced as his worthiness deserved; therefore, at a convocation among themselves and others of the clergy, they agreed together and concluded upon a sum of four or five thousand pounds, at the least, to my remembrance, for his pains to recompense him. To the payment whereof every bishop, abbot, and the rest of the clergy were after the rate of their abilities liberal contributors, hoping that this portion should be to his contentation. Whereupon Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, Clarke, Bishop of Bath, and as far as I can call to mind, Vaysye, Bishop of Exeter, repaired unto him, declaring how thankfully for his travails to their discharge in God's cause bestowed, they reckoned themselves bounden to consider him. And that albeit they could not according to his desert so worthily as they gladly would, requite him therefor, but must refer that only to the goodness of God; yet for a small part of recompense in respect of his estate, so unequal to his worthiness, in the name of their whole convocation they presented unto him that sum, which they desired him to take in good part. Who, forsaking it said that like as it was no small comfort unto him that so wise and learned men so well accepted his simple doings, for which he never intended to receive reward but at the hands of God only, to whom alone was the thank thereof chiefly to be ascribed; so gave he most humble thanks unto their honours all for their so bountiful and friendly consideration. When they, for all their importunate pressing upon him (that few would have weened he could have refused) could by no means make him to take it, then besought they him to be content yet that they might bestow it on his wife and children. "Not so, my lords," quoth he, "I had liever see it cast into the Thames than either I or any of mine should have thereof the worth of a penny. For though your offer, my lords, be indeed very friendly and honourable, yet set I so much by my pleasure and so little by my profit, that I would not, in good faith, have lost the rest of so many a night's sleep as was spent upon the same, for much more than your liberal offer. And yet wish would I for all that, upon condition that all heresies were suppressed, that all my books were burned, and my labour utterly lost." Thus departing, were they fain to restore unto every man his own again.

This Lord Chancellor, albeit he was to God and the world well known to be of notable virtue, though not so of every man considered, yet, for the avoiding of singularity, would he appear no otherwise than other men in his apparel and other behaviour. And albeit he appeared outwardly honourable like one of his calling, yet inwardly he no such vanities es-

teeming, secretly next his body wore a shirt of hair. Which my sister More, a young gentlewoman, in the summer as he sat at supper singly in his doublet and hose, wearing thereupon a plain shirt without either ruff or collar, chancing to espy, began to laugh at it. My wife, not ignorant of his manner, perceiving the same, privily told him of it, and he being sorry that she saw it, presently amended it. He also sometimes used to punish his body with whips, the cords knotted, which was known only to my wife, his eldest daughter whom, for her secrecy, above all other he specially trusted, causing her, as need required, to wash the same shirt of hair. Now shortly upon his entry into the high office of the Chancellorship, the King eftsoons again moved him to weigh and consider his great matter. Who falling down on his knees, humbly besought His Highness to stand his Gracious Sovereign, as ever since his entry into his gracious service he had found him, saying there was nothing in the world had been so grievous unto his heart as to remember that he was not able (as he willingly would with the loss of one of his limbs), for that matter, anything to find whereby he could serve His Grace to his contentation, as he that always bare in mind the most godly words that His Highness spake unto him at his first coming into his noble service, the most virtuous lesson that ever prince taught his servant; willing him first to look unto God, and after God unto him; as in good faith, he said, he did, or else might His Grace well account him his most unworthy servant. To this the King answered that if he could not therein with his conscience serve him, he was content to accept his service otherwise and, using the advice of other of his learned council whose consciences could well enough agree therewith, would nevertheless continue his gracious favour towards him, and never with that matter molest his conscience afterward. But Sir Thomas More in process of time seeing the King fully determined to proceed forth in the marriage of Queen Anne; and when he with the bishops and nobles of the higher House of Parliament were, for the furtherance of that marriage, commanded by the King to go down unto the Commons' House, to show unto them both what the Universities, as well of other parts beyond the seas as of Oxford and Cambridge, had done in that behalf, and their seals also testifying the same, all which matters, at the King's request, not showing of what mind himself was therein, he opened to the Lower House of the Parliament. Nevertheless, doubting lest further attempts after should follow, which, contrary to his conscience, by reason of his office, he was likely to be put unto, he made suit unto the Duke of Norfolk, his singular dear friend, to be a mean to the King that he might, with His Grace's favour, be discharged of that chargeable room of the Chancellorship wherein, for certain infirmities of his body, he pretended himself unable any longer to serve. This Duke, coming on a time to Chelsea to dine with him, fortuned to find him at the church, in the choir, with a surplice on his back, singing. To whom, after service, as they went homeward to-

gether arm in arm, the Duke said, "God's body, God's body, my Lord Chancellor, a parish clerk, a parish clerk! You dishonour the King, and his office." "Nay," quoth Sir Thomas More, smiling on the Duke, "Your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will with me for serving of God his master, be offended, or thereby account his office dishonoured."

When the Duke, being thereunto often solicited, by importunate suit had at length of the King obtained for Sir Thomas More a clear discharge of his office, then, at a time convenient, by His Highness's appointment, repaired he to His Grace to yield up to him the great seal. Which, as His Grace with thanks and praise for his worthy service in that office, courteously at his hands received, so pleased it His Highness to say more unto him; that for the good service which he before had done him, in any suit which he should after have unto him, that should either concern his honour — for that word it pleased His Highness to use unto him — or that should appertain unto his profit, he should find His Highness good and gracious lord unto him. After he had thus given over the Chancellorship, and placed all his gentlemen and yeomen with noblemen and bishops, and his eight watermen with the Lord Audley that in the same office succeeded him (to whom also he gave his great barge), then calling us all that were his children unto him, and asking our advice how he might now in this decay of his ability, by the surrender of his office so impaired, that he could not as he was wont, and gladly would, bear out the whole charges of them all himself, from thenceforth be able to live and continue together, as he wished we should. When he saw us silent, and in that case not ready to show our opinions unto him, "Then will I," said he, "show my poor mind to you. I have been brought up," quoth he, "at Oxford, at an Inn of the Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and also in the King's court, and so forth from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present left me little above a hundred pounds by the year. So that now we must hereafter, if we like to live together, be contented to become contributaries together. But by my counsel it shall not be best for us to fall to the lowest fare first; we will not, therefore, descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right-worshipful and of good years do live full well. Which, if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then we will the next year go one step down to New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented. If that exceed our ability too, then will we, the next year after, descend to Oxford fare, where many grave learned and ancient fathers be continually conversant. Which, if our ability stretch not to maintain neither, then may we yet, with bags and wallets, go a-begging together, and hoping that for pity some good folk will give us their charity, at every man's door to sing *Salve Regina,* and so still keep company and be merry together."

And whereas you have heard before, he was by the King from a very worshipful living taken into His Grace's service, with whom, in all the great and weighty causes that concerned His Highness or the Realm, he consumed and spent with painful cares, travail, and trouble, as well beyond the seas as within the Realm, in effect, the whole substance of his life, yet with all the gain he got thereby, being never wasteful spender thereof, he was not able, after the resignation of his office of Lord Chancellor, for the maintenance of himself and such as necessarily belonged unto him, sufficiently to find meat, drink, fuel, apparel, and such other necessary charges. All the land that ever he purchased — which also he purchased before he was Lord Chancellor — was not, I am well assured, above the value of twenty marks by the year; and after his debts paid, he had not, I know, his chain excepted, in gold and silver left him, the worth of one hundred pounds. And whereas upon the holydays, during his High Chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the church was done, ordinarily used to come to my lady his wife's pew-door, and say unto her, " Madam, my lord is gone," the next holyday after the surrender of his office and departure of his gentlemen, he came unto my lady his wife's pew himself, and making a low curtsey, said unto her, " Madam, my lord is gone." But she, thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal. Whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing, but they, after search, saying they could find none, he replied, " Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry? " Of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible that she went from him in a rage.

In the time somewhat before his trouble he would talk unto his wife and children of the joys of heaven and pains of hell, of the lives of holy martyrs, of their grievous martyrdoms, of their marvellous patience, and of their passions and deaths that they suffered rather than they would offend God, and what a happy and blessed thing it was for the love of God to suffer the loss of goods, imprisonment, loss of lands, and life also. He would farther say unto them that upon his faith, if he might perceive his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it should so comfort him that for very joy thereof it would make him merrily run to death. He showed to them before what trouble might after fall unto him; wherewith and the like virtuous talk he had so long before his trouble encouraged them, that when he after fell into trouble indeed, his trouble was to them a great deal the less. *Quia spicula prævisa minus lædunt.*

Now upon this resignment of his office, came Sir Thomas Cromwell, then in the King's high favour, to Chelsea to him with a message from the King. Wherein when they had thoroughly communed together, " Master Cromwell," quoth he, " you are now entered into the service of a most

noble, wise, and liberal Prince; if you will follow my poor advice, you shall, in your counsel-giving to His Grace, ever tell him what he ought to do, but never what he is able to do. So shall you show yourself a true faithful servant, and a right wise and worthy counsellor. For if a lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

Shortly thereupon was there a commission directed to Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, to determine the matter of the matrimony between the King and Queen Katharine, at St. Alban's where, according to the King's mind, it was thoroughly determined; who, pretending because he had no justice at the Pope's hands, from thenceforth sequestered himself from the see of Rome, and so married the Lady Anne Bullen. Which Sir Thomas More understanding, said unto me, " God give grace, son, that these matters within a while be not confirmed with oaths." I, at that time, seeing no likelihood thereof, yet fearing lest for his forespeaking it would the sooner come to pass, waxed therefore for his so saying much offended with him.

It fortuned not long before the coming of Queen Anne through the streets of London from the Tower to Westminster to her coronation, that he received a letter from the Bishops of Durham, Bath and Winchester, requesting him both to keep them company from the Tower to the coronation, and also to take twenty pounds, that by the bearer thereof they had sent him, to buy a gown withal; which he thankfully receiving and at home still tarrying, at their next meeting said merrily unto them: " My lords, in the letters which you lately sent me you required two things of me: the one, sith I was so well content to grant you, the other therefore I thought I might be the bolder to deny you. And like as the one, because I took you for no beggars, and myself I knew to be no rich man. I thought I might the rather fulfil, so the other did put me in remembrance of an emperor who ordained a law that whosoever had committed a certain heinous offence (which I now remember not), except it were a virgin should suffer the pains of death — such a reverence had he to virginity. Now so it happened that the first committer of that offence was indeed a virgin, whereof the emperor hearing, was in no small perplexity, as he that by some example would fain have had that law put in execution. Whereupon when his council had sat long, solemnly debating this cause, suddenly rose there up one of his council, a good plain man, amongst them, and said, ' Why make you so much ado, my lords, about so small a matter? Let her first be deflowered, and then after may she be devoured.' And so, though your lordships have in the matter of the matrimony hitherto kept yourselves pure virgins, yet take good heed, my lords, that you keep your virginity still. For some there be that by procuring your lordships first at the coronation to be present, and next to preach for the setting forth of it, and finally to write books to all the world in defence thereof, are desirous to deflower you, and when they have deflowered you then will they not

fail soon after to devour you. Now, my Lords," quoth he, "it lieth not in my power but that they may devour me, but God being my good Lord, I will so provide that they shall never deflower me."

In continuance: when the King saw that he could by no manner of benefit win him to his side, then lo, went he about by terror and threats to drive him thereunto. The beginning of which trouble grew by occasion of a certain nun dwelling in Canterbury, for her virtue and holiness of life among the people not a little esteemed; unto whom, for that cause, many religious persons, doctors of divinity, and divers others of good worship of the laity, used to resort. Who affirming that she had revelations from God to give the King warning of his wicked life and of the abuse of the sword and authority committed to him by God, and understanding my Lord of Rochester, Bishop Fisher, to be a man of notable virtuous living and learning, repaired to Rochester, and there disclosed unto him all her revelations, desiring his advice and council therein. Which the bishop perceiving might well stand with the laws of God and His holy church, advised her (as she before had warning and intended) to go to the King herself, and to let him know and understand the whole circumstance thereof. Whereupon she went to the King and told him all her revelations, and so returned home again. And in short space after, making a journey to the nuns of Sion, by means of one Master Raynolds, a father of the same house, she there fortuned, concerning such secrets as had been revealed unto her (some part whereof seemed to touch the matter of the King's supremacy and marriage which shortly followed), to enter into talk with Sir Thomas More. Who, notwithstanding he might well at that time without danger of any law — though after, as himself had prognosticated before, those matters were established by statutes and confirmed by oaths — freely and safely have talked with her therein, nevertheless in all the communication between them (as in process it appeared) had always so discreetly demeaned himself, that he deserved not to be blamed, but contrariwise to be commended and praised. And had he not been one that in all his great offices and doings for the King and the Realm, so many years together, had from all corruption and wrong-doing or bribes-taking kept himself so clear, that no man was able therewith once to blame or blemish him, or make any just quarrel against him, it would without doubt in this troublous time of the King's indignation towards him have been deeply laid to his charge, and of the King's Highness most favourably accepted. As in the case of one Parnell it most manifestly appeared; against whom, because Sir Thomas More, while he was Lord Chancellor, at the suit of one Vaughan his adversary, had made a decree, this Parnell to His Highness most grievously complained that he, for making the decree, had of the said Vaughan, unable to travel abroad himself for the gout, by the hands of his wife taken a fair great gilt cup for a bribe. Who thereupon, by the King's appointment being called before the whole council

where the matter was heinously laid to his charge, forthwith confessed that forasmuch as that cup was, long after the foresaid decree, brought him for a New Year's gift, he, upon her importunate pressing upon him thereof, of courtesy refused not to receive it. Then the Lord of Wiltshire, for hatred of his religion preferrer of this suit, with much rejoicing said unto the lords: "Lo, my lords, did I not tell you, my lords, that you should find this matter true?" Whereupon Sir Thomas More desired their lordships that as they had heard him courteously tell the one part of his tale, so that they would vouchsafe of their honours indifferently to hear the other. After which obtained, he farther declared unto them, that albeit he had indeed with much work received that cup, yet immediately thereupon caused he his butler to fill it with wine, and of that cup drank to her; and that when he had so done and she pledged him, then as freely as her husband had given it to him, even so freely gave he the same again to her to give unto her husband for his New Year's gift; which, at his instant request, though much against her will, at length yet she was fain to receive, as herself and certain others there present before them deposed. Thus was the great mountain turned scant to a little molehill.

So I remember that at another time, upon a New Year's day, there came unto him one Mistress Croker, a rich widow, for whom with no small pains he had made a decree in the Chancery against the Lord of Arundel, to present him with a pair of gloves and forty pounds in Angels in them for a New Year's gift. Of whom he thankfully receiving the gloves, but refusing the money, said unto her: "Mistress, since it were against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for your money I utterly refuse." So, much against her mind, enforced he her to take her gold again. And one Master Gresham likewise at the same time, having a cause depending in the Chancery before him, sent him for New Year's gift a fair gilt cup, the fashion whereof he very well liking, caused one of his own, though not in his fantasy of so good a fashion, yet better in value, to be brought out of his chamber, which he willed the messenger, in recompense to deliver unto his master, and under other conditions would he in no wise receive it. Many things more of like effect for the declaration of his innocency and clearness from all corruption or evil affection could I here rehearse besides, which for tediousness omitting, I refer to the readers by these few fore-remembered examples with their own judgments wisely to weigh and consider.

At the Parliament following was there put into the Lords' House a bill to attaint the nun, and divers other religious persons, of high treason, and the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas More, and certain others of misprison of treason; the King presupposing of likelihood that this bill would be to Sir Thomas More so troublous and terrible that it would force him to relent and condescend to his request; wherein His Grace was much deceived. To which bill Sir Thomas More was a suitor personally to be

received in his own defence to make answer. But the King not liking that, assigned the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Master Cromwell, at a day and place appointed, to call Sir Thomas More before them. At which time I, thinking that I had a good and fit opportunity, earnestly advised him to labour to those lords for the help of his discharge out of the Parliament bill; who answered me he would. And at his coming before them, according to their appointment, they entertained him very friendly, willing him to sit down with them, which in no wise he would. Then began the Lord Chancellor to declare unto him how many ways the King had showed his love and favour towards him; how fain he would have had him continue in his office; how glad he would have been to have heaped more benefits upon him; and finally how he could ask no worldly honour nor profit at His Highness's hands that were likely to be denied him; hoping, by the declaration of the King's kindness and affection towards him, to provoke him to recompense His Grace with the like again, and unto those things which the Parliament, the bishops, and the Universities had already passed, to add his consent. To this Sir Thomas More mildly made answer, saying, "No man living is there, my lords, that would with better will do the thing that should be acceptable to the King's Highness than I, which must needs confess his manifold benefits and bountiful goodness, most benignly bestowed upon me. Howbeit, I verily hoped I should never have heard of this matter more, considering that I have from time to time always from the beginning so plainly and truly declared my mind unto His Grace, which His Highness ever seemed to me, like a most gracious prince, very well to accept, never minding, as he said, to molest me more therewith. Since which time any further thing that was able to move me to any change could I never find; and if I could, there is none in all the world that would have been gladder of it than I." Many things more were there of like sort uttered on both sides.

But in the end, when they saw they could by no manner of persuasions remove him from his former determination, then began they more terribly to touch him, telling him that the King's Highness had given them in commandment if they could by no gentleness win him, in his name with his great ingratitude to charge him, that never was there servant to his sovereign so villainous, nor subject to his prince so traitorous as he. For he by his subtle sinister slights most unnaturally procuring and provoking him to set forth a book of the assertion of the seven Sacraments and maintenance of the Pope's authority, had caused him, to his dishonour throughout all Christendom, to put a sword in the Pope's hand to fight against himself.

When they had thus laid forth all the terrors they could imagine against him, "My lords," quoth he, "these terrors be arguments for children, and not for me. But to answer that wherewith you do chiefly burthen me,

I believe the King's Highness of his honour will never lay that to my charge, or none is there that can in that point say in my excuse more than His Highness himself, who right well knoweth that I was never procurer nor counsellor of His Majesty thereunto, but after it was finished, by His Grace's appointment and consent of the makers of the same, I was only a sorter out and placer of the principal matters therein contained. Wherein when I found the Pope's authority highly advanced, and with strong arguments mightily defended, I said unto His Grace, 'I must put Your Highness in remembrance of one thing, and that is this: the Pope, as Your Grace knoweth, is a Prince as you are, and in league with all other Christian princes; it may hereafter so fall out that Your Grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow breach of amity and war between you both; I think it best therefore that that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched.' 'Nay,' quoth His Grace, 'that it shall not: we are so much bounden unto the see of Rome that we cannot do too much honour unto it.' Then did I farther put him in remembrance of the Statute of Præmunire, whereby a good part of the Pope's pastoral care here was pared away. To that answered His Highness: 'Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost, for we received from that see our crown imperial'; which I never heard of before till His Grace told it me with his own mouth. So that I trust when His Grace shall be truly informed of this, and call to his gracious remembrance my doing in that behalf, His Highness will never speak of it more, but clear me therein thoroughly himself."

And thus displeasantly departed they. Then took Sir Thomas More his boat towards his house at Chelsea, wherein by the way he was very merry, and for that I was nothing sorry, hoping that he had gotten himself discharged out of the Parliament bill. When he was landed and come home, then walked we twain alone in his garden together; where I, desirous to know how he had sped, said: "I trust, Sir, that all is well, because that you be so merry." "It is so indeed, son Roper, I thank God," quoth he. "Are you then put out of the Parliament bill?" quoth I. "By my troth, son Roper," quoth he, "I never remembered it!" "Never remembered it!" said I, "a case that toucheth yourself so near, and us all for your sake! I am sorry to hear it, for I verily trusted, when I saw you so merry, that all had been well." Then said he: "Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I was so merry?" "That would I gladly, Sir," quoth I. "In good faith, I rejoiced, son," said he, "that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I had gone so far as without great shame I could never go back again." At which words waxed I very sad; for though himself liked it well, yet liked it me but a little.

Now upon the report made by the Lord Chancellor and the other lords to the King of all their whole discourse had with Sir Thomas More, the

King was so highly offended with him, he plainly told them he was fully determined that the foresaid Parliament bill should undoubtedly proceed forth against him. To whom the Lord Chancellor and the rest of the lords said that they perceived the lords of the Upper House so precisely bent to hear him in his own defence make answer himself, that if he were not put out of the bill, it would without fail be utterly an overthrow of all. But for all this, needs would the King have his own will therein, or else he said that at the passing thereof he would be personally present himself. Then the Lord Audley and the rest, seeing him so vehemently set thereupon, on their knees most humbly besought His Grace to forbear the same, considering that if he should in his own presence receive an overthrow, it would not only encourage his subjects ever after to contemn him, but also through all Christendom redound to his dishonour for ever; adding thereunto that they mistrusted not in time against him to find some meeter matter to serve His Grace's turn better; for in this cause of the nun he was accounted, they said, so innocent and clear, that for his dealing therein, men reckoned him far worthier of praise than reproof.

Whereupon, at length, through their earnest persuasion, he was content to condescend to their petition; and on the morrow, after Master Cromwell meeting me in the Parliament House, willed me to tell my father that he was put out of the Parliament bill. But because I had appointed to dine that day in London, I sent the message by my servant to my wife to Chelsea. Whereof when she informed her father: "In faith, Megg," quoth he, "*Quod differtur non aufertur.*" After this, as the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Thomas More chanced to fall in familiar talk together, the Duke said unto him: "By the Mass, Master More, it is perilous striving with princes, therefore I would wish you somewhat to incline to the King's pleasure. For by God's body, Master More, *Indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all, my lord? ", quoth he. "Then in good faith the difference between Your Grace and me is but this, that *I shall die today and you tomorrow.*"

So fell it out, within a month or thereabout, after the making of the Statute for the Oath of the Supremacy and Matrimony, that all the priests of London and Westminster, and no temporal men but he, were sent for to appear at Lambeth before the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Secretary Cromwell, commissioners appointed there to tender the oath unto them. Then Sir Thomas More, as his accustomed manner was always ere he entered into any matter of importance — as when he was first chosen of the King's privy council, when he was sent ambassador, appointed Speaker of the Parliament, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any like weighty matter upon him — to go to church and be confessed, to hear Mass, and be houseled, so did he likewise in the morning early the selfsame day that he was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lambeth. And whereas he evermore used before, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them

bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, then would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him, and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants there took boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting still sadly a while, at the last he rounded me in the ear and said: "Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won." What he meant thereby I wist not, yet loath to seem ignorant, I answered: "Sir, I am thereof very glad." But, as I conjectured afterwards, it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually, that it conquered all his cardinal affections utterly.

Now at his coming to Lambeth, how wisely he behaved himself before the commissioners at the ministration of the oath unto him, may be found in certain letters of his sent to my wife remaining in a great book of his works. Where by the space of four days he was betaken to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, during which time the King consulted with his council what order were meet to be taken with him. And albeit in the beginning they were resolved that with an oath, not to be acknown, whether he had to the supremacy been sworn, or what he thought thereof, he should be discharged; yet did Queen Anne by her importunate clamour so sore exasperate the King against him that, contrary to his former resolution, he caused the said Oath of the Supremacy to be administered unto him; who albeit he made a discreet qualified answer, nevertheless was committed to the Tower. Who as he was going thitherward wearing, as he commonly did, a chain of gold about his neck, Sir Richard Cromwell, that had the charge of his conveyance thither, advised him to send home his chain to his wife or to some of his children. "Nay, Sir," quoth he, "that I will not: for if I were taken in the field by my enemies I would they should somewhat fare the better for me." At whose landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. "Master porter," quoth he, "here it is," and took off his cap and delivered it to him, saying, "I am very sorry it is no better for thee." "No, Sir," quoth the porter, "I must have your gown." And so was he by Master Lieutenant conveyed to his lodging, where he called unto him one John-a-Wood, his own servant there appointed to attend him, who could neither write nor read, and sware him before the Lieutenant, that if he should hear or see him at any time speak or write any matter against the King, the council, or the state of the Realm, he should open it to the Lieutenant, that the Lieutenant might incontinent reveal it to the council.

Now when he had remained in the Tower little more than a month, my wife, longing to see her father, by her earnest suit at length got leave to go unto him. At whose coming after the seven psalms and litany said (which whensoever she came to him, ere he fell in talk of any worldly matters, he used accustomedly to say with her) among other communi-

cation he said unto her: "I believe, Megg, that they that have put me here ween that they have done me a high displeasure: but I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife and ye that be my children (whom I account the chief part of my charge), I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as straight a room, and straighter too. But since I am come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God of His goodness will discharge me of my care, and with His gracious help supply my lack among you. I find no cause, I thank God, Megg, to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house, for methinketh God maketh me a wanton, and setteth me on his lap and dandleth me." Thus, by his gracious demeanour in tribulation, appeared it that all the trouble that ever chanced unto him, by his patient sufferance thereof, were to him no painful punishments, but of his patience profitable exercises.

And at another time, when he had first questioned with my wife a while of the order of his wife, children, and state of his house in his absence, he asked her how Queen Anne did. "In faith, Father," quoth she, "never better." "Never better, Megg!" quoth he, "alas Megg, alas! it pitieth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she shall shortly come." After this, Master Lieutenant coming into his chamber to visit him, rehearsed the benefits and friendship that he had many ways received at his hands, and how much bounden he was therefore friendly to entertain him, and to make him good cheer; which since, the case standing as it did, he could do not without the King's indignation, he trusted, he said, he would accept his good-will, and such poor cheer as he had. "Master Lieutenant," quoth he again, "I verily believe as you say, so are you my good friend indeed, and would, as you say, with your best cheer entertain me, for the which I most heartily thank you: and assure yourself, Master Lieutenant, I do not mislike my cheer, but whensoever I so do, then thrust me out of your doors."

Whereas the oath confirming the Supremacy and Matrimony was by the first statute in few words comprised, the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Secretary did of their own heads add more words unto it, to make it appear to the King's ears more pleasant and plausible, and that oath, so amplified, caused they to be ministered to Sir Thomas More, and to all other throughout the Realm. Which Sir Thomas More perceiving, said unto my wife: "I may tell thee, Megg, they that have committed me hither for the refusing of this oath, not agreeable with the statute, are not by their own law able to justify mine imprisonment: and surely, daughter, it is great pity that any Christian Prince should by a flexible council ready to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace, constantly to stand to their learning, with flattery be so shamefully abused." But at length the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Secretary, espying their oversight in that behalf, were fain afterward to find the means that another

statute should be made for the confirmation of the oath so amplified with their additions.

After Sir Thomas More had given over his office and all worldly doings therewith, to the intent he might from thenceforth settle himself the more quietly to the service of God, then made he a conveyance for the disposition of all his lands, reserving to himself an estate thereof only for term of his own life; and after his decease assuring some part thereof to his wife, some to his son's wife for a jointure in consideration that she was an inheretrix in possession of more than a hundred pounds' land by the year, and some to me and my wife in recompense of our marriage money, with divers remainders over. All which conveyance and assurance was perfectly finished long before the matter whereupon he was attainted was made an offence, and yet after by statute clearly voided; and so were all his lands that he had to his wife and children by the said conveyance in such sort assured, contrary to the order of law, taken from them and brought into the King's hands, saving that portion which he had appointed to my wife and me. Which although he had in the foresaid conveyance reserved as he did the rest for term of life to himself, nevertheless upon consideration two days after by another conveyance he gave the same immediately to my wife and me in possession; and so because the statute had undone only the first conveyance, giving no more to the King but so much as passed by that, the second conveyance, whereby it was given to my wife and me, being dated two days after, was without the compass of the statute, and so was our portion by that means clearly reserved to us.

As Sir Thomas More, in the Tower, chanced on a time, looking out of his window, to behold one Master Raynolds, a religious, learned and virtuous father of Sion, and three monks of the Charterhouse, for the matter of the Supremacy and Matrimony, going out of the Tower to execution, he, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife, then standing there beside him: "Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage? Wherefore thereby mayest thou see, mine own good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have in effect spent all their days in a straight, hard, penitential and painful life, religiously, and such as have in the world, like worldly wretches, as thy poor father hath done, consumed all their time in pleasure and ease licentiously. For God, considering their long-continued life in most sore and grievous penance, will no longer suffer them to remain here in this vale of misery and iniquity, but speedily hence taketh them to the fruition of His everlasting Deity. Whereas thy silly father, Megg, that like a most wicked caitiff hath passed forth the whole course of his miserable life most sinfully, God, thinking him not worthy so soon to come to that eternal felicity, leaveth him here yet still in the world further to be plagued and turmoiled with misery."

Within a while after, Master Secretary coming to him into the Tower from the King, pretended much friendship towards him, and for his comfort told him that the King's Highness was his good and gracious lord, and mindeth not with any matter wherein he should have any cause of scruple henceforth to trouble his conscience. As soon as Master Secretary was gone, to express what comfort he received of his words, he wrote with a coal, for ink then he had none, these verses:

" Eye-flatt'ring fortune, look thou ne'er so fair,
Or ne'er so pleasantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruin all repair,
During my life thou shall not me beguile:
Trust shall I, God, to enter in a while,
Thy haven of heaven sure and uniform,
E'er after thy calm look I for a storm."

When Sir Thomas More had continued a good while in the Tower, my lady, his wife, obtained licence to see him; who, at her first coming, like a simple ignorant woman and somewhat worldly too, with this manner of salutation bluntly saluted him: " What the good-yere, Master More," quoth she, " I marvel that you that have been always hitherto taken for so wise a man will now so play the fool to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favour and good-will both of the King and his council if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned of this Realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your gallery, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might in the company of me your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what a-God's name you mean here still thus fondly to tarry." After he had a while quietly heard her, with a cheerful countenance he said unto her: " I pray thee, good Mistress Alice, tell me one thing! " " What is that? ", quoth she. " Is not this house," quoth he, " as nigh heaven as mine own? " To whom she after her accustomed homely fashion, not liking such talk, answered: " Tylle valle, Tylle valle! " " How say you, Mistress Alice, is it not so? " " *Bone Deus, bone Deus,* man, will this gear never be left? ", quoth she. " Well then, Mistress Alice, if it be so," quoth he, " it is very well. For I see no great cause why I should much joy in my gay house, or in any thing thereunto belonging, when if I should but seven years lie buried under the ground and then arise and come thither again, I should not fail to find some therein that would bid me get out of doors, and tell me it were none of mine. What cause have I then to like such a house as would so soon forget his master? " So her persuasions moved him but a little.

Not long after came to him the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk

and Suffolk, with Master Secretary, and certain other of the privy council, at two several times by all policies possible procuring him either precisely to confess the Supremacy, or precisely to deny it, whereunto, as appeareth by his examinations in the said great book, they could never bring him. Shortly thereupon Master Rich, afterward Lord Rich, then newly made the King's Solicitor, Sir Richard Southwell, and one Master Palmer, servant to the Secretary, were sent to Sir Thomas More into the Tower to fetch away his books from him. And while Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer were busy in the trussing up of his books, Mr. Rich, pretending friendly talk with him, among other things of a set course, as it seemed, said thus unto him: " Forasmuch as it is well known, Master More, that you are a man both wise and well learned as well in the laws of the Realm as otherwise, I pray you therefore, sir, let me be so bold, as of good will to put unto you this case. Admit there were, sir," quoth he, " an act of Parliament that the Realm should take me for King, would not you, Mr. More, take me for king? " " Yes, sir," quoth Sir Thomas More, " that would I." " I put the case further," quoth Mr. Rich, " that there were an act of Parliament that all the Realm should take me for pope, would you not then, Master More, take me for pope? " " For answer, sir," quoth Sir Thomas More, " to your first case, the Parliament may well, Master Rich, meddle with the state of temporal princes, but to make answer to your other case, I will put you this case: suppose the Parliament would make a law that God should not be God, would you then, Master Rich, say that God were not God? " " No, sir," quoth he, " that would I not, sith no Parliament may make any such law." " No more," said Sir Thomas More (as Master Rich reported him), " could the Parliament make the King supreme head of the church." Upon whose only report was Sir Thomas More indicted of high treason on the statute to deny the King to be Supreme Head of the Church, into which indictment were put these heinous words, *maliciously, traitorously* and *diabolically.*

When Sir Thomas More was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall to answer to the indictment, and at the King's Bench bar there before the judges arraigned, he openly told them that he would upon that indictment have abiden in law, but that he thereby should have been driven to confess of himself the matter indeed, that was the denial of the King's supremacy, which he protested was untrue. Therefore he thereunto pleaded not guilty, and so reserved unto himself advantage to be taken of the body of the matter after verdict to avoid that indictment; and moreover added, that if those only odious terms, *maliciously, traitorously,* and *diabolically,* were put out of the indictment, he saw therein nothing justly to charge him. And for proof to the jury that Sir Thomas More was guilty of this treason, Master Rich was called forth to give evidence unto them upon his oath, as he did; against whom thus sworn, Sir Thomas More began in this wise to say: " If I were a man, my lords, that did not regard

an oath I needed not, as it is well known, in this place, and at this time, nor in this case to stand here as an accused person. And if this oath of yours, Master Rich, be true, then I pray that I never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to win the whole world." Then recited he to the court the discourse of all their communication in the Tower according to the truth, and said: "In good faith, Master Rich, I am sorrier for your perjury than for mine own peril, and you shall understand that neither I nor no man else to my knowledge, ever took you to be a man of such credit as in any matter of importance I or any other would at any time vouchsafe to communicate with you. And I, as you know, of no small while have been acquainted with you and your conversation, who have known you from your youth hitherto, for we long dwelled together in one parish. Whereas yourself can tell — I am sorry you compel me to say — you were esteemed very light of your tongue, a great dicer, and of no commendable fame. And so in your house at the Temple, where hath been your chief bringing up, were you likewise accounted. Can it therefore seem likely unto your honourable lordships that I would in so weighty a cause so unadvisedly overshoot myself as to trust Master Rich, a man of me always reputed of so little truth, as your lordships have heard, so far above my sovereign lord the King, or any of his noble counsellors, that I would unto him utter the secrets of my conscience touching the King's supremacy, the special point and only mark at my hands so long sought for? A thing which I never did, nor never would, after the statute thereof made, reveal unto the King's Highness himself or to any of his honourable counsellors, as it is not unknown unto your honours at sundry and several times sent from His Grace's own person to the Tower unto me for none other purpose. Can this in your judgment, my lords, seem likely to be true? And if I had so done indeed, my lords, as Master Rich hath sworn, seeing it was spoken but in familiar secret talk, nothing affirming, and only in putting of cases, without other displeasant circumstances, it cannot justly be taken to be spoken *maliciously;* and where there is no malice, there can be no offence. And over this I can never think, my lords, that so many worthy bishops, so many honourable personages, and many other worshipful, virtuous, wise and well learned men, as at the making of that law were in the Parliament assembled, ever meant to have any man punished by death in whom there could be found no malice, taking *malitia* for *malevolentia;* for if *malitia* be generally taken for sin, no man is there then that can excuse himself. *Quia si dixerimus quod peccatum non habemus, nosmet ipsos seducemus, et veritas in nobis non est.* And only this word *maliciously* is in the statute material, as this term *forcibly* is in the statute of *forcible entries,* by which statute if a man enter peaceably, and put not his adversary out *forcibly,* it is no offence, but if he put him out *forcibly,* then by that statute it is an offence, and so shall he be punished by this term *forcibly.* Besides this, the manifold

goodness of the King's Highness himself, that hath been so many ways my singular good lord and gracious Sovereign, and that hath so dearly loved and trusted me, even at my very first coming into his noble service, with the dignity of his honourable Privy Council vouchsafing to admit me, and to offices of great credit and worship most liberally advanced me; and finally with that weighty room of His Grace's high chancellor, the like whereof he never did to temporal man before, next to his own royal person the highest officer in this whole Realm, so far above my qualities or merits able and meet therefore of his own incomparable benignity honoured and exalted me; by the space of twenty years and more, showing his continual favour toward me, and (until at mine own poor suit it pleased His Highness giving me licence with His Majesty's favour to bestow the residue of my life, for the provision of my soul, in the service of God, and of His special goodness thereof to discharge and unburthen me) most benignly heaped honours continually more and more upon me. All this His Highness's goodness, I say, so long thus bountifully extended towards me, were in my mind, my lords, matter sufficient to convince this slanderous surmise by this man so wrongfully imagined against me."

Master Rich, seeing himself so disproved, and his credit so foully defaced, caused Sir Richard Southwell and Master Palmer, who at the time of their communication were in the chamber, to be sworn what words had passed betwixt them. Whereupon Master Palmer upon his depositions said, that "he was so busy about trussing up Sir Thomas More's books into a sack that he took no heed to their talk." Sir Richard Southwell likewise said upon his deposition, that "because he was appointed only to look to the conveyance of those books he gave no ear to them." After this were there many other reasons, not now in my remembrance, by Sir Thomas More in his own defence alleged to the discredit of Master Rich's foresaid evidence, and proof of the clearness of his own conscience; all which notwithstanding, the jury found him guilty. And incontinent upon their verdict the Lord Chancellor, for that matter Chief Commissioner, beginning to proceed in judgment against him, Sir Thomas More said unto him: "My Lord, when I was toward the law, the manner in such case was to ask the prisoner before judgment what he could say, why judgment should not be given against him." Whereupon the Lord Chancellor, staying his judgment, wherein he had partly proceeded, demanded of him what he was able to say to the contrary; who then in this sort most humbly made answer:

"Forasmuch, my Lord," quoth he, "as this indictment is grounded upon an act of Parliament directly repugnant to the laws of God and His holy Church, the supreme government of which or any part thereof, may no temporal prince presume by any law to take upon him, as rightfully belonging to the see of Rome, a spiritual pre-eminence by the mouth of our Saviour himself, personally present upon the earth, only to Saint Peter and his

successors, bishops of the same see, by special prerogative granted; it is therefore in law, amongst Christian men, insufficient to charge any Christian man." And for proof thereof, like as amongst divers other reasons and authorities, he declared that this Realm, being but a member and small part of the church, might not make a particular law disagreeable with the general law of Christ's universal Catholic Church, no more than the City of London, being but one poor member in respect of the whole Realm, might make a law against an act of Parliament to bind the whole Realm; so further showed he that it was both contrary to the laws and statutes of this our land yet unrepealed, as they might evidently perceive in MAGNA CHARTA, *quod* Ecclesia Anglicana *libera sit, et habeat omnia jura sua integra, et libertates suas illæsas,* and also contrary to that sacred oath which the King's Highness himself, and every other Christian prince, always with great solemnity received at their coronations. Alleging, moreover, that no more might this Realm of England refuse obedience to the see of Rome, than might the child refuse obedience to his natural father. For, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, *I have regenerated you, my children in Christ,* so might St. Gregory, Pope of Rome (of whom, by St. Augustine his messenger, we first received the Christian faith) of us Englishmen truly say, You are my children, because I have under Christ given to you everlasting salvation (a far higher and better inheritance than any carnal father can leave to his child), and by regeneration have made you spiritual children in Christ. Then was it by the Lord Chancellor thereunto answered, that, "seeing all the bishops, universities, and best learned men of the Realm had to this act agreed, it was much marvelled that he alone against them all would so stiffly stick thereat, and so vehemently argue thereagainst." To that Sir Thomas More replied, saying: "If the number of bishops and universities be so material as your lordship seemeth to take it, then see I little cause, my lord, why that thing in my conscience should make any change. For I nothing doubt but that, though not in this Realm, yet in Christendom about, of these well learned bishops and virtuous men that are yet alive, they be not the fewer part that be of my mind therein. But if I should speak of those that already be dead, of whom many be now holy saints in heaven, I am very sure it is the far, far greater part of them that all the while they lived thought in this case that way that I now think; and therefore am I not bound, my lord, to conform my conscience to the council of one Realm, against the general council of Christendom."

Now when Sir Thomas More for the avoiding of the indictment had taken as many exceptions as he thought meet, and many more reasons than I can now remember alleged, the Lord Chancellor, loath to have the burden of the judgment wholly to depend upon himself, there openly asked the advice of the Lord Fitzjames, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and joined in commission with him, whether this indict-

ment were sufficient or not. Who, like a wise man answered, " My Lords all, by St. Julian " (that was ever his oath) " I must needs confess that if the act of Parliament be not unlawful, then is the indictment in my conscience not insufficient." Whereupon the Lord Chancellor said to the rest of the Lords: " Lo, my Lords, lo! you hear what my Lord Chief Justice saith," and so immediately gave judgment against him. After which ended, the commissioners yet further courteously offered him, if he had anything else to allege for his defence, to grant him favourable audience. Who answered: " More have I not to say, my Lords, but that like as the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends for ever, so I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."

Thus much touching Sir Thomas More's arraignment, being not there present myself, have I by the credible report of the Right Worshipful Sir Anthony Saintleger, and partly of Richard Haywood, and John Webb, gentlemen, with others of good credit at the hearing thereof present themselves, as far forth as my poor wit and memory would serve me, here truly rehearsed unto you.

Now, after his arraignment, departed he from the bar to the Tower again, led by Sir William Kingston, a tall, strong, and comely knight, Constable of the Tower, and his very dear friend. Who when he had brought him from Westminster to the Old Swan towards the Tower, there with a heavy heart, the tears running down his cheeks, bade him farewell. Sir Thomas More, seeing him so sorrowful, comforted him with as good words as he could, saying: " Good Master Kingston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer; for I will pray for you and my good lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever." Soon after Sir William Kingston, talking with me of Sir Thomas More, said: " In good faith, Mr. Roper, I was ashamed of myself that at my departing from your father I found my heart so feeble and his so strong, that he was fain to comfort me that should rather have comforted him."

When Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward again, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she would never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the Tower wharf, where she knew he should pass by, before he could enter into the Tower. There tarrying his coming, as soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, she hasting towards him, without consideration or care of herself, pressing in amongst the midst of the throng and company of the guard, that with

halberds and bills went round about him, hastily ran to him, and there openly in sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him. Who well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing, and many godly words of comfort besides. From whom after she was departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of her dear father, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her dear father, having respect neither to herself nor to the press of people and multitude that were there about him, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him most lovingly; and at last, with a full and heavy heart, was fain to depart from him. The beholding whereof was to many of them that were present thereat so lamentable that it made them for very sorrow thereof to weep and mourn.

So remained Sir Thomas More in the Tower, more than a seven-night after his judgment. From whence, the day before he suffered, he sent his shirt of hair, not willing to have it seen, to my wife, his dearly beloved daughter, and a letter written with a coal (contained in the foresaid book of his works), plainly expressing the fervent desire he had to suffer on the morrow, in these words following: "I cumber you, good Margaret, much but would be sorry if it should be any longer than tomorrow. For tomorrow is St. Thomas even, and the Utas of St. Peter, and therefore tomorrow I long to go to God: it were a day very meet and convenient for me. Dear Megg, I never liked your manner better towards me than when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

And so upon the next morrow, being Tuesday, Saint Thomas's eve, and the Utas of Saint Peter, in the year of our Lord 1535, according as he in his letter the day before had wished, early in the morning came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular good friend, on message from the King and his council, that he should before nine of the clock of the same morning suffer death; and that, therefore, he should forthwith prepare himself thereto. "Master Pope," quoth Sir Thomas More, "for your good tidings I heartily thank you. I have been always much bounden to the King's Highness for the benefits and honours that he had still from time to time most bountifully heaped upon me; and yet more bounden am I to His Grace for putting me into this place, where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And so help me God, most of all, Master Pope, am I bounden to His Highness that it pleaseth him so shortly to rid me out of the miseries of this wretched world, and therefore will I not fail earnestly to pray for His Grace, both here, and also in the world to come." "The King's pleasure is farther," quoth Master Pope, "that at your execution you shall not use many words." "Master Pope," quoth he, "you do well to give me warning of His Grace's pleasure, for

otherwise, at that time had I purposed somewhat to have spoken; but of no matter wherewith His Grace, or any other, should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheless, whatsoever I intended, I am ready obediently to conform myself to His Grace's commandment; and I beseech you, good Master Pope, to be a mean to His Highness, that my daughter Margaret may be at my burial." " The King is content already," quoth Master Pope, " that your wife, children and other friends shall have liberty to be present thereat." " Oh, how much beholden then," said Sir Thomas More, " am I unto His Grace, that unto my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration! " Wherewithal Master Pope, taking his leave of him, could not refrain from weeping. Which Sir Thomas More perceiving, comforted him in this wise: " Quiet yourself, good Master Pope, and be not discomforted, for I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love together, in joyful bliss eternally."

Upon whose departure, Sir Thomas More, as one that had been invited to some solemn feast, changed himself into his best apparel. Which Master Lieutenant espying, advised him to put it off, saying that he that should have it was but a javill. " What, Master Lieutenant? " quoth he, " shall I account him a javill that will do me this day so singular a benefit? Nay, I assure you, were it cloth of gold, I should think it well bestowed on him, as Saint Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirty pieces of gold." And albeit, at length, through Master Lieutenant's importunate persuasion, he altered his apparel, yet, after the example of the holy Martyr St. Cyprian, did he, of that little money that was left him send an Angel of gold to his executioner. And so was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution. Where, going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant: " I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Then desired he all the people thereabout to pray for him, and to bear witness with him that he should now there suffer death in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. Which done, he kneeled down, and, after his prayers said, turned to the executioner with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him: " Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office: my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

So passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God, upon the very same day which he most desired. Soon after his death came intelligence thereof to the Emperor Charles. Whereupon he sent for Sir Thomas Eliott, our English ambassador, and said to him: " My Lord ambassador, we understand that the King your master hath put his faithful servant and grave wise councillor, Sir Thomas More, to death." Whereupon Sir Thomas Eliott answered that " he understood nothing thereof." " Well," said the

Emperor, " it is too true; and this will we say, that had we been master of such a servant, of whose doings ourselves have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions, than have lost such a worthy councillor." Which matter was, by the same Sir Thomas Eliott to myself, to my wife, to Master Clement and his wife, to master Heywood and his wife, and unto divers others his friends accordingly reported.

SIXTUS V

1521–1590

By LEOPOLD VON RANKE[1] (1794–1886)

IT WOULD sometimes seem that even in confusion itself there exists some occult force, by which the man capable of steering through its maze is formed and brought forward.

Hereditary principalities or aristocracies transmit their power from generation to generation throughout the world, but the sovereignty of the church has this peculiarity, that its throne may be attained by men from the lowest ranks of society. It was from a station among the most humble that a pope now appeared, by whom those qualities, intellectual and moral, demanded for the suppression of the prevalent disorders, were possessed in their highest perfection.

When the provinces of Illyria and Dalmatia first became a prey to the successful armies of the Ottomans, many of their inhabitants fled into Italy. Arriving in melancholy groups, they might be seen seated on the sea-shore, and raising their hands imploringly towards heaven; among these fugitives would most probably have been found a Sclavonian by birth, named Zanetto Peretti; this was the ancestor of Sixtus V. Sharing the frequent lot of exiles, neither Zanetto nor his descendants, who had settled in Montalto, could boast of any great prosperity in the country of their adoption. Peretto Peretti, the father of the future pope, was driven by his debts from Montalto, and it was only by marriage that he was enabled to rent a garden at Grotto a Mare, near Fermo; the place was a remarkable one: amidst the plants of the garden were seen the ruins of a temple to Cupra, the Etruscan Juno; rich fruits of the south grew up around it, for the climate of Fermo is milder and more beneficent than that of any other district in the March. Here a son was born to Peretti, on the 18th of December, 1521; but a short time before this birth, the father had been consoled by the voice of a divinity, which, speaking to him in a dream, as he bemoaned his many privations, assured him that a son should be granted to him, by whom his house should be raised to high fortunes. On this hope he seized with all the eagerness of a visionary temperament, further excited by want, and naturally disposed to mysticism. He named the boy Felix.

[1] Reprinted from *The History of the Popes*, etc., translated by E. Foster, London, 1853.

The original German work appeared in Berlin, 1834–36.

That the family was not in prosperous circumstances, appears from what is related, among other things, of the child falling into a pond, when his aunt, "who was washing clothes at this pond," drew him out; it is certain that he was employed to watch the fruit, and even to attend swine. His father was not able to spare even the five bajocchi (threepence) demanded monthly by the nearest schoolmaster; thus Felix had to learn his letters from the primers that other boys left lying beside him as they passed through the fields in their way to and from school. There was happily one member of the family who had entered the church, Fra Salvatore, a Franciscan; this relative at length permitted himself to be prevailed upon to pay the schoolmaster. Felix could then go to receive instruction with the other boys; he had a piece of bread for his dinner, and this he ate at midday by the side of a stream, which supplied him with drink for his meal. These depressed circumstances did not prevent the hopes of the father from being shared by his son. In his twelfth year he entered the order of the Franciscans, for the council of Trent had not then forbidden the vows to be taken thus early, but did not resign his name of good omen, and continued to be called Felix.

Fra Salvatore kept him in very strict order, joining the authority of an uncle to that of a father; but he sent him to school. The young Felix passed long evenings in conning his lessons, without supper, and with no better light than that afforded by the lantern hung up at the crossing of the streets; and when this failed him, he would go to the lamp that burnt before the host in some church. He was not remarked for any particular tendency to religious devotion, or profound researches in science; we find only that he made rapid progress, as well at the school of Fermo, as at the universities of Ferrara and Bologna. His particular talent seemed rather for dialectics, and he became a perfect master of that monkish accomplishment, the dexterous handling of theological subtleties. At the general convention of the Franciscans, in the year 1549, which commenced with an exhibition of skill in literary disputation, he was opposed to a certain Thelesian, Antonio Persico of Calabria, who was at that time in high repute at Perugia; on this occasion he acquitted himself with a presence of mind and intelligence, that first procured him notice and a certain degree of distinction: from this time Cardinal Pio of Carpi, protector of the order, took a decided interest in his fortunes.

But it is to another circumstance that his progress is principally to be attributed.

In the year 1552, he was appointed Lent preacher in the church of the Holy Apostles in Rome, and his sermons were very well received; his style was found to be animated, copious, fluent, and free from meretricious ornament; his matter was well arranged, his manner impressive, his utterance clear and agreeable. While preaching to a full congregation, he one day came to that pause in the sermon, customary among Italian preachers; and when he had reposed for a time, he took up the memorials, which are usually

prayers and intercessions only: while reading these, he perceived a paper lying sealed in the pulpit, and containing matter of a totally different character; all the main points of the sermons hitherto preached by Peretti, especially those touching the doctrine of predestination, were here set down, and opposite to each were written in large letters the words, " Thou liest." The preacher could not wholly conceal his amazement, he hurried to a conclusion, and instantly on reaching home dispatched the paper to the Inquisition. Very shortly afterwards the Grand Inquisitor, Michele Ghislieri, entered his room; the most searching examination ensued: in later times Peretti often described the terror caused him by the aspect of this man, with his stern brow, deep-set eyes, and strongly-marked features; but he did not lose his presence of mind, answered satisfactorily, and betrayed weakness on no point whatever. When, therefore, Ghislieri saw that there was no shadow of suspicion, that the friar was not only guiltless, but also well versed in the Catholic doctrines, and firmly fixed in the faith, he became a totally different person, embraced Peretti with tears, and was his second patron.

From that time Fra Felice Peretti attached himself with a firm hold to the severe party just then beginning to gain ascendancy in the Church; with Ignazio, Felino, and Filippo Neri, all of whom received the title of saints, he maintained the most intimate intercourse. It was of particular advantage to him that he was driven out of Venice by the intrigues of his brethren, for having attempted to reform the order. This greatly enhanced his credit with the representatives of the more rigid opinions, then fast acquiring the predominance. He was presented to Paul IV, and sometimes called to give an opinion in cases of difficulty. At the council of Trent he laboured with the other theologians, and was consultor to the Inquisition. He had a considerable share in the condemnation of the Archbishop Carranza. Patiently submitting to the labour of seeking through the Protestant writers for all those passages which Carranza was accused of embodying in his works. He gained the entire confidence of Pius V, who appointed him vicar-general of the Franciscans, with the express understanding that his authority extended to the reformation of the order. This, Peretti carried into execution with a high hand. The principal offices of the order had hitherto been controlled by the commissaries-general. These functionaries he deposed, restored the primitive constitution according to which the supreme power was vested in the provincials, and made the most rigorous visitations. The expectations of Pius were not only fulfilled, they were surpassed. He considered his inclination for Peretti as an inspiration from above; refused all credence to the calumnies by which his favourite was persecuted, bestowed on him the bishopric of St. Agatha, and in the year 1570 exalted him to the college of cardinals.

The bishopric of Fermo was also conferred on the successful monk. Robed in the purple of the church, Felix Peretti returned to the abode of his fathers; to that place where he had once guarded the fruit-trees, and fol-

lowed the swine; yet were neither the predictions of his father nor his own hopes entirely accomplished.

The various artifices employed by Cardinal Montalto, so was Peretti now called, to obtain the papal tiara, have been described and repeated, much and often. The affected humility of his deportment; how he tottered along leaning on his stick, bent to the earth, and coughing at every step; but to him who reflects, no evidence will be requisite to prove that in all this there is but little truth. It is not by such means that the highest dignities are won.

Montalto kept guard over his own interests by a life of tranquil frugality and industrious seclusion. His recreations were, the planting of vines and other trees in his gardens near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which are still visited by the stranger, and doing such service as he could to his native town. His hours of labour he devoted to the works of St. Ambrose; an edition of which he published in the year 1580. He bestowed great pains on this work, but has not always been sufficiently conscientious in adhering to the meaning of his author. In other respects his character does not appear to have been so guileless as it is occasionally represented. So early as 1574, he is described as learned and prudent, but also crafty and malignant. He was doubtless gifted with remarkable self-control. When his nephew, the husband of Vittorie Accorambuona, was assassinated, he was himself the person who requested the pope to discontinue the investigation. This quality, which was admired by all, very probably contributed to his election; when, having been put in nomination, principally by the intrigues of the conclave, in 1585, he was nevertheless elected. The authentic narrative of the proceedings assures us also that his comparatively vigorous years were taken into account, he being then sixty-four, and possessing a firm and healthy constitution; for all were persuaded that a man of unimpaired energies, whether physical or mental, was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times.

And thus did Fra Felice see himself at the summit of his wishes. It was doubtless with a feeling of proud satisfaction that he beheld the accomplishment of desires so noble and so legitimate. Evvery incident of his life in which he had ever believed himself to perceive an intimation of his exalted destiny, now recurred to his thoughts. The words he chose for his motto were these: " Thou, O God, hast been my defender, even from my mother's womb."

In all his undertakings he believed himself, from this time, to possess the immediate favour of God. At his first accession to the throne, he announced his determination to exterminate all the bandits and evil-doers. He was persuaded that in the event of his own powers failing, God would send him legions of angels for so good a work.

To this difficult enterprise he at once addressed himself with deliberate judgment and inflexible resolution.

The memory of Gregory XIII was regarded with intense dislike by his successor. Pope Sixtus departed instantly from the measures of the previous pontiff. He disbanded the greater part of the troops, and reduced the number of sbirri by one half. He determined, on the other hand, to visit with relentless severity whatever criminals should fall into his hands.

A prohibition had for some time existed against carrying short weapons, and more especially a particular kind of rifle. Four young men of Cora, nearly related to each other, were nevertheless taken with arms of this description about them. The day following was that of the coronation, and an occasion so auspicious was seized by their friends for entreating their pardon from the pontiff. "While I live," replied Sixtus, "every criminal must die." That very day the four young men were seen hanging on one gallows near the bridge of St. Angelo.

A youth of the Trastevere was condemned to death for having offered resistance to the sbirri, who were proceeding to take his ass from him. On sight of the poor boy led weeping to the place where he was to die for so venial an offence, all were moved with pity. His youth was represented to the pope, who is said to have replied, "I will add a few years of my own life to lengthen his," and he caused the sentence to be executed.

The rigour of these first acts of the pontiff impressed all with terror; immediate obedience was secured by it to the commands he next sent forth.

Barons and communes were enjoined to clear their castles and towns of banditti; the losses sustained by the bands of outlaws were at once to be made good by the noble or commune within whose jurisdiction they might take place.

It had been customary to set a price on the head of a bandit, Sixtus now decreed that this should no longer be paid by the public treasury, but by the relations of the outlaw; or, if these were too poor, by the commune wherein he was born.

It is manifest that his purpose in this proceeding was to engage the interests of the barons, the municipalities, and even the kinsmen of the outlaws on the side of his wishes; he made an effort to enlist that of the banditti themselves in the same cause, promising to any one of them who should deliver up a comrade, living or dead, not his own pardon only, but also that of some of his friends whom he was at liberty to name, with a sum of money in addition.

When these commands had been carried into effect, and certain examples of their rigorous enforcement had been exhibited, the condition of the outlaws was presently seen to assume a very different character.

It happened fortunately for the purpose of Sixtus, that pursuit had from the beginning been successfully directed against some of the most formidable chiefs of large bands.

He declared that sleep had forsaken his eyes, because the priest Guer-

cino, who called himself king of the Campagna, was still continuing his depredations, and had just committed new deeds of violence. This man had laid his commands on the subjects of the bishop of Viterbo to pay no further obedience to their lord; Sixtus prayed, as we are told by Galesinus, " that God would be pleased to deliver the church from that robber "; and the following morning intelligence arrived that Guercino was taken. A gilded crown was placed on the severed head, which was instantly set up on the castle of St. Angelo. The man who brought it received its price of two thousand scudi, and the people applauded his holiness for so effectual a mode of administering justice.

Spite of all these severities, another leader of outlaws, called Della Fara, had the boldness to present himself one night at the Porta Salara, he called up the watchmen, declared his name, and desired them to present a greeting on his part to the pope and the governor. Hearing this, Sixtus sent an order to those of the outlaw's own family, commanding them to find and bring him in, under pain of suffering death themselves. In less than a month from the date of this order, the head of Della Fara took its place beside that of Guercino.

It was on some occasions rather cruelty than justice that was now employed against the bandits.

Some thirty of them had entrenched themselves on a hill at no great distance from Urbino. The duke caused mules laden with provisions to be driven near their hold, the robbers did not fail to plunder this rich train; but the food had been poisoned, and they all died together. " When intelligence of this was carried to Sixtus V," says one of his historians, " the pope received thereby an infinite contentment."

In the capital, a father and son were led to death, though they persisted in declaring their innocence; the mother presented herself, entreating for a postponement only of the execution, when she could bring proof of innocence both for her husband and son: this the senator refused to grant. " Since you thirst for blood," she exclaimed, " I will give you enough of it! " Saying which, she threw herself from the window of the Capitol. The victims meanwhile arrived at the place of execution, neither could endure to see the other suffer, each implored permission to die first; seized with compassion, the people called aloud for mercy, while the savage executioner reproached them for causing useless delay.

The ordinances of Sixtus permitted no respect of persons; a member of one of the first families in Bologna, Giovanni count Pepoli, was known to have taken part in the excesses committed by the outlaws; he was strangled in prison, his estates and every other species of property being confiscated. No day passed without an execution: over all parts of the country, in wood and field, stakes were erected, on each of which stood the head of an outlaw. The pope awarded praises only to those among his legates and governors who supplied him largely with these terrible trophies, his demand

was ever for heads: there is a sort of oriental barbarism in this mode of administering justice.

Such of the outlaws as escaped the officers of the pontiff, were destroyed by their own comrades. The promises of forgiveness and reward before alluded to had carried dissension into their bands; none dared trust even his nearest connection, — they fell by the hands of each other.

In this manner, and before the year had come to an end, the disturbances that had so harassed the Roman states, if not extinguished at the source, were yet suppressed at the outbreak; intelligence was received in the year 1586, that Montebrandano and Arara, the two last leaders of the bandits, had been put to death.

It was matter of great pride and rejoicing to the pope, when ambassadors now arriving at his court, assured him that "in every part of his states through which their road had led, they had travelled through a land blessed with peace and security."

It was not only to the absence of vigilant control that those disorders against which the pontiff contended owed their birth, there were others also; and it is principally to his measures with regard to these, that the decided success of his efforts must be attributed. It has been common to regard Sixtus V as the sole founder of that judicial system by which the ecclesiastical states are governed; laws and institutions are ascribed to him that were in fact existing long before his day. He is extolled as an incomparable master of finance, a statesman, wholly free from prejudice, and an enlightened restorer of antiquity. This arises from the fact that his natural qualities were such as readily impress themselves on the memory of man, and dispose him to the credence of fabulous and hyperbolical narrations.

We are not then to believe all that we find related of this pontiff's regulations. It is nevertheless perfectly true, that his administration was an extremely remarkable one.

It was in certain particulars directly opposed to that of his predecessor. Gregory XIII was severe and energetic, but not clear-sighted in his general measures; individual cases of disobedience he readily overlooked. The attacks he made upon so many different interests on the one hand, with the unexampled impunity that he permitted to various offences on the other, gave rise to those miserable perplexities that he lived to bewail. Sixtus, on the contrary, was implacable towards individual cases of crime. His laws were enforced with a rigour that bordered on cruelty; but the character of his regulations generally was mild, conciliatory, almost indulgent. Under Gregory the obedient were not rewarded, nor were the refractory punished. Under Sixtus the insubordinate had everything to fear, but whoever sought to gain his approbation might safely depend on receiving proofs of his favour. This mode of proceeding was admirably calculated for the promotion of his purposes.

We have seen the many disquietudes suffered by Gregory from the claims he sought to enforce on his neighbours regarding ecclesiastical affairs; these Sixtus would in no case pursue. He declared that it was incumbent on the head of the church to uphold and extend the privileges of the temporal powers. In accordance with this principle, he restored the Milanese to their place in the Rota, of which Gregory had sought to deprive them. When the Venetians succeeded in bringing to light a brief by which their claims were definitely established in the affair of Aquileja, they did not themselves experience a more decided satisfaction than was evinced by the pope. He determined on suppressing the clause so much complained of in the bull "In Cœnâ Domini." The Congregation taking cognizance of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in foreign countries, from whose interposition it was that the greater part of the disputes between the papal see and its neighbours had originated, Sixtus abolished entirely. There is doubtless a certain magnanimity in the voluntary cession of contested rights; in the pontiff's case this course of proceeding was instantly productive of effects the most satisfactory. He received an autograph letter from the king of Spain, who informed him that he had commanded his ministers in Milan and Naples to receive the papal ordinances with obedience no less implicit than that paid to his own. This moved the pope even to tears, "That the most exalted monarch of the world should," as he said, "so honour a poor monk." The Tuscan state declared itself devoted to the church. Venice expressed entire satisfaction. These powers now adopted a different line of policy. The outlaws who had found refuge within their frontiers were given up to the pope. Venice prohibited their return into the papal states, and forbade such of her ships as should touch the Roman coasts to receive them on board. This delighted the pope. He declared that, to use his own words, "He would think of Venice for this some other day; he would suffer himself to be flayed alive for the republic, and would shed his blood for her." The bandits now found aid and refuge from no quarter, so that he no longer found it difficult to master them completely.

The unpopular measures by which Gregory had sought to enrich the treasury were wholly abandoned by Sixtus. He did not fail to punish the rebellious feudatories, but as earnestly set himself to conciliate and attach the great body of the nobles. Pope Gregory had deprived the Colonna family of its fortresses; Sixtus, on the contrary, made them advances of money, and assisted them to regulate the expenditure of their households. Those ancient enemies, the Colonna and the Orsino, he united by marriages between their respective houses, and with his own. He gave one of his grand-nieces to the constable Marc Antonio Colonna, and another to the Duke Virginio Orsino. The dower bestowed with each was of equal value, and their husbands received similar marks of favour. Their claims to precedence he adjusted by according it to the elder of either house. Highly

exalted was the position now taken up by Donna Camilla, the pontiff's sister, surrounded as she was by her children, her noble sons-in-law and grand-daughters so magnificently allied.

The pope derived extreme gratification from the power he possessed of conferring benefits and privileges.

He proved himself more particularly a good and open-handed fellow-countryman to the people of the March. He restored many of their ancient immunities to the inhabitants of Ancona. In Macerata he instituted a supreme court of justice for the whole province. The college of advocates in that district he distinguished by the grant of new privileges. Fermo he erected into an archbishopric, and Tolentino into a bishopric. The little village of Montalto, where his ancestors had first taken up their abode, he raised by a special bull to the rank of an episcopal city; " For here," said he, " did our race take its fortunate origin." During his cardinalate he had established a school of science there, and he now founded a " college of Montalto " in the university of Bologna, for fifty students from the March; Montalto holding presentations for eight, and even the little Grotto a Mare receiving the right to send two.

Loreto also he resolved to elevate into a city. Fontana pointed out to him the difficulties that opposed this plan: " Give yourself no uneasiness about it, Fontana," said the pope, " the execution of this project will not cost me so much as the resolving on it has done." Portions of land were bought from the people of Recana, valleys were filled up, hills levelled, and lines of streets marked out. The communes of the March were encouraged to build houses, Cardinal Gallo appointed new civic authorities for the holy chapel; by all which, the patriotism of Sixtus and his devotion to the Blessed Virgin were equally satisfied.

His solicitude was extended in different degrees to the several cities of all the provinces; he made arrangements for preventing the increase of their debts, and for the control and limitation of their mortgages and alienations; he caused a strict inquiry to be made into the management of their finances, and made regulations of various character, but all conducing to restore the lost importance and well-being of the communes.

Agriculture was equally indebted to the care of Sixtus V: he undertook to drain the Chiana (swamp or pool) of Orvieto and the Pontine marshes, which last he visited in person. The river Sixtus (Fiume Sisto), which, until the time of Pius VI, was the best attempt made for draining the Pontine marshes, was cut across them by his command.

Neither was he negligent with regard to manufactures: a certain Peter of Valencia, a Roman citizen, had offered his services for the establishment of a silk manufacture. The thorough-going measures by which Sixtus attempted to forward his plans are extremely characteristic of that pontiff. He commanded that mulberry trees should be planted throughout the States of the Church, in all gardens and vineyards, in every field and wood,

over all hills, and in every valley — wherever no corn was growing, these trees were to find place; for it was fixed that five of them should be planted on every rubbio of land, and the communes were threatened with heavy fines in case of neglect. The woollen manufactures, also, he sought earnestly to promote, " in order," as he says, " that the poor may have some means of earning their bread." To the first person who undertook this business he advanced funds from the treasury, accepting a certain number of pieces of cloth in return.

But we must not attribute dispositions of this kind to Sixtus alone; this would be unjust to his predecessors. Agriculture and manufactures were favoured by Pius V and Gregory XIII also. It was not so much by the adoption of new paths that Sixtus distinguished himself from earlier pontiffs, as by the energy and decision with which he pursued those on which they had already entered. Therefore it is that his actions have remained fixed in the memory of mankind.

Neither is it to him that the " congregations " of cardinals are wholly indebted for their origin — the seven most important, those for the Inquisition, namely, the index, the affairs of councils, of the bishops, the monastic orders, the *segnatura,* and the *consulta,* were already in existence. Nor were affairs of state left altogether unprovided for by these earlier congregations, the two last named having cognizance of judicial and administrative affairs. Sixtus added eight new congregations to these, of which two only were for ecclesiastical matters — one relating to the erection of new bishoprics, the other charged with the renewal and maintenance of church usages: the remaining six received the management of various departments in the government, as the inspection of roads, the repeal of oppressive imposts, the building of ships of war, the corn laws (Annona), the Vatican press, and the Roman university. The pope's disregard of all system in these arrangements is most obvious — partial and transient interests are placed on a level with those most permanent and general; his plans were nevertheless carried out well, and his regulations have, with very slight changes, been persisted in for centuries.

With regard to the personal character of the cardinals, he fixed a very high standard. " Men of true distinction, of morals most exemplary, their words oracles, their whole being a model and rule of life and faith to all who behold them; the salt of the earth, the light set upon a candlestick." Such was the cardinal in the theory of Sixtus: in his practice these demands were not always strictly adhered to. He had, for example, nothing better to plead in behalf of Gallo, whom he had raised to that dignity, than that he was his servant, for whom he had many reasons to feel regard, and who had once received him very hospitably when on a journey. He nevertheless established a rule even in this department of his government, which if it has not been adhered to invariably, has yet much affected the subsequent practice; he limited, namely, the number of cardinals to

seventy. " As Moses," he remarks, " chose seventy elders from among the whole nation, to take counsel with them."

This pontiff has also received the credit of having abolished nepotism; but, considering the question more closely, we find that this was not done by him. The habit of unduly exalting the pontifical house had greatly declined under Pius IV, Pius V, and Gregory XIII; the favours bestowed on the papal nephews had sunk to insignificance. Pius V. more especially deserves commendation in this particular, since he forbade the alienation of church property by an express law. The earlier forms of nepotism were then extinct before the times of Sixtus V, but among the popes of the succeeding century it re-appeared under a different form. There were always two favoured nephews or kinsmen, of whom one, raised to the cardinalate, acquired the supreme administration of affairs, ecclesiastical and political; the other, remaining in a secular station, was married into some illustrious family, was endowed with lands and " luoghi di monte," established a *majorat,* and became the founder of a princely house. If we now ask by whom this mode of nepotism was introduced, we shall find that though its rise was gradual, yet it grew to maturity under Sixtus V. Cardial Montalto, whom the pope loved so tenderly that he even put a restraint on the impetuosity of his temper in his favour, gained admission to the *consulta,* and a share at least in the administration of foreign affairs: his brother Michele became a marquis, and founded a wealthy house.

We are yet not to conclude that Sixtus thus introduced a system of governing by nepotism. The marquis possessed no influence whatever, the cardinal none over essential interests. To have allowed them any, would have been wholly at variance with the pontiff's mode of thinking. There was something cordial and confiding in the favours he bestowed, and they procured him the goodwill not of individuals only, but of the public also. The helm of government was, however, in no case resigned to another hand, he was himself sole ruler. He appeared to regard the " congregations " with very high consideration, and pressed the members to give their free unfettered opinions; but whenever any one of them did so, he became irritated and impatient. Obstinately did he persist in the execution of his own will. " With him," says Cardinal Gritti, " no man has a voice, even in counsel, — how much less then in decision." His personal and provincial attachments were never permitted to interfere with his general government, which was invariably rigid, thorough-going, and above all arbitrary.

These characteristics were exhibited in no department more strikingly than in that of finance.

The Chigi family in Rome are in possession of a small memorandum book, kept by Sixtus in his own handwriting while yet but a poor monk. With the utmost interest does the reader turn over the leaves of this document, wherein he has noted all the important interests of his life: the places he preached in during Lent, the commissions he received and

executed, the books that he possessed, in what manner they were bound, whether singly or together, are here noted down; finally, all the details of his small monkish housekeeping are given with the utmost exactitude. We read in these pages how Fra Felice bought twelve sheep of his brother-in-law Baptista; how he paid first twelve florins, and afterwards two florins and twenty bolognins for these sheep, so that they became his own property; how the brother-in-law kept them, receiving half the profits, as was the custom of Montalto, with many other matters of like character. We perceive with how close an economy he guarded his small savings, how minutely he kept account of them, and how at length they amounted to some hundred florins; all these details one follows with interest and sympathy, remarking throughout, the same economical exactitude which this Franciscan afterwards brought to bear on the government of the papal states. His frugality is a quality for which he gives himself due praise in every bull that affords him opportunity for introducing the subject; and even in many of his inscriptions; it is certain that no pope, either before or after him, administered the revenues of the church with so good an effect.

The treasury was utterly exhausted when Sixtus V ascended the papal chair, and he complains bitterly of Pope Gregory, whom he accuses of having spent the treasures of his predecessor and his successor, as well as his own; he conceived so bad an opinion of this pontiff, that he ordered masses to be said for his soul, having seen him in a dream enduring the torments of the other world. The revenues of the state were found to be anticipated up to the following October.

All the more earnestly did he set himself to the task of replenishing the public coffers, and in this he succeeded beyond his expectations. In April, 1586, at the close of the first year of his pontificate, he had already gathered a million of scudi in gold. To this he added a second million in November of 1587, and in the April following, a third. Thus an amount of more than four millions and a half of silver scudi was laid up by the early part of 1588. When Sixtus had got together one million, he deposited it in the castle of St. Angelo, dedicating it, as he says, " to the Holy Virgin, the mother of God, and to the holy apostles Peter and Paul." In this bull he tells us that he " not only surveyed the billows on which the little bark of St. Peter was now sometimes tossing, but also the storms that are threatening from the distance. Implacable is the hatred of the heretics; the faithful are menaced by the power of the Turk, Assur, the scourge of God's wrath." The Almighty, in whom he trusted, had taught him that " even by night also shall the father of the family be watchful, and shall follow that example given by the patriarchs of the Old Testament, who had ever large treasures stored in the temple of the Lord."

He decided, as is well known, on what contingencies those were, that would make it lawful to have recourse to this fund. They were the follow-

ing: a war undertaken for the conquest of the Holy Land, or for a general campaign against the Turks; the occurrence of famine or pestilence; manifest danger of losing any province of Catholic Christendom; hostile invasion of the ecclesiastical states; or the attempt to recover a city belonging to the papal see. He bound his successors, as they would shun the wrath of Almighty God, and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, to confine themselves within the limits thus assigned them.

The merit of this arrangement we leave for the moment unquestioned, to inquire by what means the pontiff contrived to amass a treasure, so astonishing for the times he lived in.

The direct revenues of the papal see could not account for it; these as Sixtus himself informs us, were not in their net product more than two hundred thousand scudi a year.

The savings of the pope were considerable, but not equal to this amount. His retrenchments were certainly very close, the expenses of his table being reduced to six pauls a day (nearly three shillings of our present money). He abolished many useless offices of the court, and disbanded a part of the troops. But we have the authority of the Venetian Delfino for the fact, that all this did not lessen the expenditure of the camera by more than one hundred and fifty thousand scudi; and we learn, besides, from Sixtus himself, that his reduction of expense was to the amount of one hundred and forty-six thousand scudi only.

We find then, that with all his economy and by his own showing, the net revenue was increased to 350,000 scudi, and no more. This would scarcely suffice for the buildings he was engaged in; what then would it do towards the amassing of so enormous a treasure?

The extraordinary system of finance established in the States of the Church has been already considered; we have seen the continued increase of imposts and burthens of all sorts, without any corresponding increase of the real income; we have observed the multiplicity of loans by the sale of offices and by monti, with the ever-augmenting encumbrances laid on the state for the necessities of the church. The many evils inseparable from this system are manifest, and, hearing the eulogies so liberally bestowed on Sixtus V, we at once infer that he found means to remedy those evils. What then is our amazement, when we find that he pursued the same course in a manner the most reckless; nay, that he even gave to this system so fixed a character as to render all future control or remedy impossible!

In the sale of offices it was that Sixtus found one chief source of his treasures. He raised in the first instance the prices of many that had been obtained by purchase only from periods long before his own. Thus the office of treasurer to the camera, of which the price till now had been 15,000 scudi, he sold for 50,000 to one of the Giustiniani family; and, having raised him to the college of cardinals, he sold it again to a Pepoli for 72,000 scudi. This second purchaser being also invested with the purple,

Sixtus appropriated one half the income of the office, namely 5,000 scudi, to a monte; and thus mulcted, he sold it once more for 50,000 golden scudi. In the next place he began to sell certain employments that up to his time had always been conferred gratuitously; as, for example, the notariates, the office of fiscal, with those of commissary general, solicitor to the camera, and advocate of the poor: for all these he now obtained considerable sums; as 30,000 scudi for a notariate, 20,000 for a commissariat-general, etc. Finally, he created a multitude of new offices, many of them very important ones, as were those of treasurer to the dataria, prefect of the prisons, etc., and some others. Of his invention are, besides, the "twenty-four referendaries," from which, as from notariates in the principal cities of the state, and from "two hundred cavalierates," he derived very large sums of money.

When all these means are taken into account, the mode by which Sixtus amassed his treasure is no longer problematical. The sale of offices is computed to have brought him 608,510 golden scudi, and 401,805 silver scudi, making together nearly a million and a half of silver scudi; but if this sale of places had before caused undue pressure on the state, from their involving, as we have shown, a share in the rights of government under plea of a loan, which rights were most rigorously enforced against the taxpayer, while the duties of these offices were never performed, how greatly was this evil now augmented! Offices were, in fact, considered as property conferring certain rights, rather than as an obligation demanding labour.

In addition to all this, an extraordinary increase was made by Pope Sixtus in the number of the monti; of these he founded three "non vacabili," and eight "vacabili," more than any one of his predecessors.

The monti were always secured, as we have seen, on new taxes; to this expedient Sixtus was at first most reluctant to have recourse, but he could devise no other. When he brought forward in the consistory his project of an investment of treasure for the church, Cardinal Farnese opposed the idea, by observing that his grandfather Paul III had thought of this plan, but had resigned it on perceiving that it could not be accomplished without imposing new taxes. The pope turned on him fiercely; the intimation that a previous pontiff had been wiser than himself put him in a fury. "That," he retorted, "was because there were certain great spendthrifts under Paul III, who by the blessing of God are not permitted to exist in our times." Farnese reddened and made no reply, but the result showed that he was right.

In the year 1587, Sixtus would no longer endure restraint from considerations of this kind: he laid heavy imposts on the most indispensable articles of daily use, such as firewood, and the wine sold by retail in the wine-shops of the city, as also on the most toilsome occupations, that of towing barges up the Tiber by means of buffaloes or horses, for example: with the money thus gained he established *monti*. He debased the coinage, and a small

money-changing trade having arisen from this fact, he turned even that circumstance to account, by selling permission to those who stationed themselves at the corners of the streets with a view to such traffic. His attachment to the March did not prevent him from burthening the trade of Ancona by a duty of two per cent on her imports. Even the manufactures, which were but just commencing their existence, he compelled to afford him at least an indirect advantage. In these and similar operations his principal adviser was one Lopez, a Portuguese Jew, who had fled his country from fear of the Inquisition, and having gained the confidence of the datary and of Signora Camilla, at length obtained that of the pontiff himself. The mode in which Cardinal Farnese had been silenced, rendered the whole college very cautious in their opposition of the pope; when the wine-tax just referred to was discussed in the consistory, Albano of Bergamo remarked, "Whatever pleases your holiness, I approve; but should this impost displease your holiness, I shall approve still more."

By all these means so many new sources of income were rendered available, that the pontiff was enabled to take up a loan of two millions and a half of scudi (or to be exact, 2,424,725), and pay interest thereon.

It must be admitted, however, that in this system of finance there is something exceedingly difficult to comprehend.

The country was most oppressively burthened by these taxes and by the multitude of places. Of the latter the salaries were made to depend on perquisites and fees, which must of necessity embarrass the course of justice and the administration. The taxes were imposed on the trade of the country, wholesale and retail, and could not but seriously impair its activity. And to what end was all this suffering inflicted?

If we add the proceeds of the monti to those of the offices, we shall find that the whole sum thus produced to the camera was about equal to the treasure shut up by Sixtus in the castle of St. Angelo — four millions and a half of scudi, and very little more. All the undertakings for which this pope has been so highly praised might very well have been accomplished with the amount of his savings.

To collect and hoard superfluous revenues is a proceeding sufficiently intelligible: to raise a loan for some present necessity is also easily comprehended, and in the course of things; but to borrow money and impose heavy imposts, merely for the purpose of locking up the proceeds in a fortress, as a treasure for some future contingency, this is altogether foreign to the general practice of governments. Such was nevertheless the process which has gained the admiration of the world for the government of Sixtus V.

There was doubtless much tyranny and many unpopular characteristics in the administration of Gregory XIII. The reaction of these was most pernicious; but I am decidedly of opinion that if he had succeeded in rendering the papal treasury independent of new loans and imposts for the future, the result would have been highly beneficial to the Roman states,

and would probably have rendered their progress much more prosperous.

But the energy required to carry the views of Gregory into all their consequences, was not fully possessed by that pontiff; it was more especially wanting in the last year of his life.

This practical force it was, this power of executing what he willed, that characterized Sixtus V. His accumulation of treasure by means of loans, imposts, and venal offices, did but add burthen to burthen; nor shall we fail to perceive the consequence, but the world was dazzled by his success, which, for the moment, did certainly give the papal see increased importance. For the states surrounding those of the church were in most cases always pressed for money, and the possession of wealth inspiring the pontiffs with a more perfect confidence in themselves, procured for them a more influential position in the eyes of their neighbours.

This mode of administering the state was indeed an essential part of the Catholic system of those times. Gathering all the financial strength of the realm into the hands of the ecclesiastical chief, it first rendered him the complete and exclusive organ of spiritual influence. For to what purpose could all this treasure be applied, if not to the defence and extension of the Catholic faith?

And in projects having these ends in view did Sixtus live, move, and have his being. His enterprises were sometimes directed against the East and the Turks, but more frequently against the West and the Protestants. Between these two confessions, the Catholic and Protestant, a war broke out, in which the pontiffs took most earnest part and interest. . . .

Even in her external form, the city now assumed for the third time the aspect of capital of the world.

The splendour and extent of ancient Rome are familiar to all; its ruins and its history have alike contributed to bring it clearly before our eyes: these have been zealously explored, nor would the Rome of the middle ages less richly repay our diligence. This too was a noble city. The majesty of her basilicas, the divine worship ever proceeding in her grottoes and catacombs, the patriarchal temples of her pontiffs, preserving as they did the most revered monuments of early Christianity, all aided to render her august and imposing. The palace of the Cæsars, still magnificent, and then possessed by the German kings, with the many fortresses erected by independent races, as if in defiance of those numerous powers by which they were surrounded, added further to the interest awakened.

But during the absence of the popes at Avignon, this Rome of the middle ages had fallen into decay, equally with the long-ruined Rome of antiquity.

In the year 1443, when Eugenius IV returned to Rome, the city was become a mere dwelling of herdsmen; her inhabitants were in no way distinguished from the peasants and shepherds of the surrounding country. The hills had been long abandoned, and the dwellings were gathered

together in the levels along the windings of the Tiber: no pavements were found in the narrow streets, and these were darkened by projecting balconies and by the buttresses that served to prop one house against another. Cattle wandered about as in a village. From San Silvestro to the Porta del Popolo all was garden and marsh, the resort of wild-ducks. The very memory of antiquity was fast sinking; the capital had become "the hill of goats," the Forum Romanum was "the cow's field." To the few monuments yet remaining the people attached the most absurd legends. The church of St. Peter was on the point of falling to pieces.

When Nicholas at length regained the allegiance of all Christendom, and had become enriched by the offerings of those pilgrims who had flocked to Rome for the jubilee, he determined to adorn the city with buildings that should compel all to acknowledge her as the capital of the world.

To effect this was, however, no work for the life of one man; the popes succeeding him, also laboured at it for centuries.

Their exertions are sufficiently described by their respective biographers, and I do not repeat the details; the most effective and remarkable labourers, not as to the consequences only, but also as to the contrasts they presented, were Julius II and that Sixtus whose pontificate we are now considering.

When Sixtus IV had built the simple but substantial bridge of Travertine which bears his name, thus forming a more convenient communication between the two shores of the Tiber, the inhabitants began to build on either bank with considerable activity. The lower city, which had now withdrawn to these banks of the river, was entirely restored under Julius II. Not content with his enterprise of St. Peter's church on the southern side, which was rising in great majesty under his direction, Julius also restored the palace of the Vatican, and across the declivity that separated the old buildings from the villa of Innocent VIII, called the Belvedere, he laid the foundation of the Loggie, one of the most admirably conceived works in existence. At no great distance from these erections, his kinsmen of the Riario family, and his treasurer, Agostini Chigi, were all building palaces of great beauty, each in emulation of the other. Of these, the Farnesina, that of Chigi, is unquestionably the superior, admirable for the perfection of its plan and the grace of its construction, but most of all for the rich decorations it received from the hand of Raphael. To the north of the Tiber, Julius also displayed his munificence by completing the Cancellaria with its fine court (cortile), which from the purity and harmony of its proportions is considered the most beautiful in the world. The example he gave was eagerly followed by his cardinals and nobles; among them Farnese, the magnificent entrance of whose palace has gained it the reputation of being the finest in Rome; and Francesco del Rio, who boasted of his house that "it should last till a tortoise had completed the tour of the globe." The Medici meanwhile filled their dwellings with the

most varied treasures of art and literature; while the Orsinia adorned their palace on the Campofiore with painting and sculpture both within and without. The remains of that magnificent period, when the noble works of antiquity were so boldly rivalled, do not receive all the attention they merit, from the stranger who passes them in his walks around the Campofiore and across the piazza Farnese. The genius, emulation, and fertility of spirit characterizing this bright epoch, produced a general prosperity in the city. In proportion with the increase of the people, buildings were erected on the Campo Marzo, and around the mausoleum of Augustus. These were further extended under Leo X. Julius had previously constructed the Lungara on the southern shore, and opposite to the Strada Giulia on the northern bank. The inscription still remains wherein the conservators boast that Julius had traced out and given to the public these new streets, " in proportion with the majesty of his newly-acquired dominions."

The plague and the sack of the city occasioned a large decrease of the population, which again suffered during the troubles under Paul IV. It did not recover from these injuries until some time after, when an increase of the inhabitants was seen to accompany the return of the Catholic world to its allegiance.

The reoccupation of the deserted hills had been contemplated by Pius IV. The palace of the conservators on the Monte Capitolino was founded by him, and it was for the same pontiff that Michael Angelo erected the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, on the Viminal, with a portion from the ruins of the baths of Dioclesian, and on a small part of their site. The Porta Pia, on the Quirinal, still bears his name and inscription: additions were made to the same quarter by Gregory XIII.

But these were all vain labours only, so long as the hills remained destitute of water.

And here it was that Sixtus V achieved a well-merited glory. He has distinguished himself from all other pontiffs, and rivalled the ancient Cæsars, by supplying the city with pure streams of water, brought into it by means of colossal aqueducts. This he did, as he tells us himself, " that these hills, adorned in early Christian times with basilicas, renowned for the salubrity of their air, the pleasantness of their situation, and the beauty of their prospects, might again become inhabited by man." " Therefore," he adds, " we have suffered ourselves to be alarmed by no difficulty, and deterred by no cost." He did in fact declare to the architects from the first commencement, that he desired to produce a work whose magnificence might compete with the glories of imperial Rome. He brought the Aqua Martia from the Agro Colonna, a distance of two and twenty miles, to Rome; and this in defiance of all obstacles, carrying it partly underground and partly on lofty arches. How great was the satisfaction with which Sixtus beheld the first stream of this water pouring its bright wealth into his

own vine-garden (vigna); still further did he then bear it onward to Santa Susanna, on the Quirinal. From his own name he called it the "Acqua Felice," and it was with no little self-complacency that he placed a statue by the fountain, representing Moses, who brings water, streaming from the rock, at the touch of his staff.

Not only the immediate neighbourhood, but the whole city, drew at once great advantage from that aqueduct. Twenty-seven fountains were supplied by the Acqua Felice, which gives 20,537 cubic meters of water every twenty-four hours.

From this time building on the hills was resumed with great activity, which Sixtus further stimulated by the grant of special privileges. He levelled the ground about the Trinità de' Monti, and laid the foundation of the steps descending to the Piazza di Spagna, which offer the most direct line of communication between that height and the lower city. Along the summit he laid out the Via Felice and the Borgo Felice, opening streets that even to our day continue to be the great thoroughfares from all directions to Santa Maria Maggiore. It was his purpose to connect all the other basilicas by spacious avenues with this church. The poets boast that Rome had nearly doubled her extent, and was again resuming her old abodes.

These fine constructions on the heights were not the only works by which Sixtus distinguished himself from earlier popes. His designs were, in some respects, directly opposed to the purposes and ideas of his predecessors.

Under Leo X, the ruins of ancient Rome were regarded with a species of religious veneration. The presence of a divine genius was hailed in these relics with rapturous delight; with a ready ear did that sovereign listen to him who exhorted to the preservation of "the all that yet remains to us of our city; that ancient mother of the greatness and renown of Italy."

Distant as earth from heaven were all the ideas of Sixtus from these modes of view and feeling; for the beauties of antiquity, this Franciscan had neither comprehension nor sympathy. The Septizonium of Severus, a most extraordinary work, could find no favour in his eyes, though surviving the storms of so many centuries. He demolished it entirely, and carried off a part of its columns for the church of St. Peter. His rage for destruction seemed equal to his zeal in building, and great fears were entertained that he would go beyond all bounds of moderation in both. Let us hear what Cardinal Santa Severina relates as to this matter — were it not the testimony of an eye-witness, we should find it incredible: "When it was perceived," he tells us, "that the pope seemed resolving on the utter destruction of the Roman antiquities, there came to me one day a number of the Roman nobles, who entreated me to dissuade his holiness with all my power from so extravagant a design." They addressed their petition to that cardinal, who was then, without doubt, himself considered as a confirmed zealot. Cardinal Colonna united his prayers to theirs. The pope

replied, that he would "clear away the ugly antiquities," but would restore all others that required restoration. And now for an instance of those he found "ugly." That tomb of Cecilia Metella, which was even then one of the most valuable relics of the republican times, and a monument of admirable sublimity — this it was among his purposes to destroy! How much may not have perished beneath his hand!

He could not persuade himself to endure the Laocoön and the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican without great difficulty, and would not suffer those ancient statues with which the Roman citizens had enriched the Capitol to retain their places. He threatened to destroy the Capitol itself if they were not removed. These were a Jupiter Tonans between Apollo and Minerva; the two first-named were in fact removed, and the Minerva was permitted to remain only because Sixtus had contrived to invest her with the character of Rome, and Rome Christianized, by taking the spear of the goddess from her hand and replacing it with a gigantic cross.

The columns of Trajan and of Antonine he restored in the same spirit, removing the urn which was believed to contain the ashes of the emperor from the former, which he dedicated to St. Paul. The column of Antonine was in like manner assigned to St. Peter, and from that time the statues of the two apostles have stood confronting each other on that airy elevation, overlooking the dwellings of men. The pontiff thought that he had thus secured a triumph for Christianity over paganism.

He had set his heart on erecting the obelisk before the church of St. Peter, principally because "he desired to see the monuments of unbelief subjected to the cross on the very spot where the Christians had formerly suffered the bitter death of crucifixion."

This was indeed a magnificent design, but his mode of conducting it was highly characteristic, evincing a singular mixture of despotism, grandeur, pomp, and bigotry.

He threatened to punish the architect, Domenico Fontana, who had worked his way up under his own eyes from the condition of a mason's apprentice — should the enterprise fail, or the obelisk sustain injury.

The task was one of exceeding difficulty; to lift this monument from its base near the sacristy of the old church of St. Peter, lower it to a horizontal position, remove it to the place assigned, and fix it on a new basis.

The work was undertaken with a consciousness in those concerned, that their enterprise was one which would be famed throughout all ages. The men employed, nine hundred in number, began by hearing mass, confessing and receiving the sacrament. They then entered the enclosure set apart for their labours, the master placing himself on a raised platform. The obelisk was defended by straw mats and a casing of planks firmly secured by strong iron bands. The monstrous machine which was to upheave it with thick ropes, received motions from thirty-five windlasses, each worked by two horses and ten men. When all was ready, the signal was

given by sound of trumpet. The first turn proves the efficacy of the means employed. The obelisk was lifted from the base on which it had rested during fifteen hundred years. At the twelfth turn it had risen two palms and three quarters, where it was held fast. The architect saw the ponderous mass (weighing, with its defences, more than a million Roman pounds) in his power. This took place, as was carefully recorded, on the 30th of April, 1586, at the twentieth hour (about three in the afternoon). A salute was fired from the castle St. Angelo. All the bells of the city pealed forth, and the workmen carried their master round the enclosure in triumph, uttering joyous and reiterated acclamations.

Seven days were suffered to elapse, when the obelisk was lowered to the desired level with similar skill. It was then conveyed on rollers to its new destination; but it was not till the hot months had passed that they ventured to attempt the re-erection.

The day chosen by Sixtus for this undertaking was the 10th of September, a Wednesday (which he had always found to be a fortunate day), and that immediately preceding the festival of the Elevation of the Cross, to which the obelisk was to be dedicated. The workmen again commenced their labours by commending themselves to God, all falling on their knees as they entered the enclosure. Fontana had profited by the description given in Ammianus Marcellinus of the last raising of an obelisk for making his arrangements, and was, besides, provided with a force of a hundred and forty horses. It was considered peculiarly fortunate that the sky chanced to be clouded that day: all succeeded perfectly. The obelisk was moved by three great efforts, and an hour before sunset it was seen to sink upon its pedestal, formed by the backs of four bronze lions that seem to support it. The exulting cries of the people filled the air, and the satisfaction of the pontiff was complete. This work, which so many of his predecessors had desired to perform, and which so many writers had recommended, he had now accomplished. He notes in his diary that he has achieved the most difficult enterprise conceivable by the mind of man. He struck medals in commemoration of this event, received poems of congratulation in every language, and sent official announcements of his success to foreign powers.

The inscription he affixed has a strange effect; he boasts of having wrested the monument from the emperors Augustus and Tiberius, to consecrate it to the holy cross; and a cross was erected on the obelisk, enclosing within it a piece of the supposed true cross. This proceeding is an eloquent expression of his whole mode of thought. The very monuments of paganism were to be made ministers to the glory of the cross.

Sixtus devoted himself with his whole spirit to his architectural undertakings. A herd-boy, brought up among fields and gardens, for him the city had peculiar attractions. He would not hear mention of a villa residence; his best pleasure, as he declares himself, was " to see many roofs."

He doubtless meant that his highest satisfaction was derived from the progress of his buildings.

Many thousand hands were kept constantly employed, nor did any difficulty deter him from his purpose.

The cupola of St. Peter's was still wanting, and the architects required ten years for its completion. Sixtus was willing to give the money, but he also desired to gratify his eyes by the completed building. He set six hundred men to work, allowing no intermission even at night. In twenty-two months the whole was finished, the leaden covering to the roof alone excepted; this he did not live to see.

The arbitrary and impetuous character of the pontiff was manifest even in labours of this kind. He demolished without remorse the remains of the papal patriarchium, which were by no means inconsiderable, and were singularly interesting. These antiquities were connected with the dignity of his own office, but he destroyed them nevertheless to erect his palace of the Lateran on their site; a building not at all wanted, and which excites a very equivocal interest, solely as one of the earliest examples of the uniform regularity of modern architecture.

How complete was the revolution which then took place in the relations of the age to antiquity! As in former times men emulated the ancients, so did they now; but their earlier efforts were directed towards an approach to their beauty and grace of form; now they sought only to vie with, or exceed them, in extent and magnitude. Formerly the slightest trace of the antique spirit was reverenced in however trifling a monument; now the disposition seemed rather to destroy these traces. One sole idea held predominance among the men of this day; they would acknowledge no other. It was the same that had gained ascendancy in the church, — the same that had succeeded in making the state a mere instrument of the church. This ruling idea of modern Catholicism had penetrated throughout the being of society, and pervaded its most diversified institutions.

The pope's internal administration, with the part he took in the restoration of the church, have already been considered: we will now give some few words to the description of his policy in general.

In doing this, we cannot fail to remark the extraordinary fact, that the inexorable justice exercised by this pontiff, the rigid system of finance that he established, and the close exactitude of his domestic economy, were accompanied by the most inexplicable disposition to political plans of fantastic extravagance.

What strange ideas were permitted to enter his head!

He flattered himself for a long time that his power would suffice to put an end to the Turkish empire. He formed relations in the East — with the Persians, with certain Arab chiefs, and with the Druses. He fitted out galleys and hoped to obtain others from Spain and Tuscany. He fancied he should thus be enabled to co-operate by sea with Stephen Bathory, king

of Poland, who was appointed to make the principal attack by land. For this undertaking, Sixtus hoped to combine all the forces of the north-east and south-west. He even persuaded himself that Russia would not only enter into alliance with the king of Poland, but would consent to subject herself to his command.

Another time he amused himself with the notion that he could make the conquest of Egypt, either by his own resources, or with the aid of Tuscany alone. On this hope he founded the most extentive designs: the formation of a passage to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean; the restoration of commerce as pursued by the ancients, and the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre. But supposing these plans should be found not immediately practicable, might not an incursion at least be made into Syria, in order to have the tomb of the Saviour hewn out of the rock by skilful masters in their craft, and brought, carefully wrapt and protected, to Italy? He already entertained the hope of seeing this sanctuary, the most sacred in the world, erected in Montalto. Then would his native province, the March of Ancona, where the Holy House of Loretto was already placed, comprise within its limits both the birth-place and tomb of the Redeemer.

There is yet another idea which I find attributed to Sixtus V, and which exceeds in eccentricity all those we have enumerated. A proposal is declared to have been forwarded to Henry III, after the assassination of the Guises, to the effect that he should acknowledge a nephew of the pope as his successor to the crown of France. This suggestion is said to have been made by the legate, with the knowledge of the pontiff. His holiness had persuaded himself that if this nomination were made with all due solemnity, the king of Spain would bestow the infanta in marriage on the successor so declared; all would be ready to acknowledge a succession thus constituted, and the disturbances would be brought to an end. It has been affirmed that Henry was attracted for a moment by these propositions, and might have yielded his assent, had it not been represented to him how deplorable a reputation for cowardice and want of forethought he would leave behind him by doing so.

These were plans, or rather — for that word has too definite a meaning — these were fantasies, castles in the air, of the most extraordinary character. How flagrantly are these visions in disaccord with the stern reality, the rigid practical activity, earnestly pressing forward to its end, by which this pontiff was usually distinguished!

We may nevertheless be permitted to declare, that even these had their origin in the exuberance of thoughts too mighty for accomplishment.

The elevation of Rome into the acknowledged metropolis of Christendom, to which, after a certain lapse of years, all nations, even those of America, were to resort — the conversion of ancient monuments into memorials of the subjugation of heathenism by the Christian faith — the

accumulation of a treasure, formed of money borrowed and paying interest, as a basis for the secular power of the papal states — all these are purposes surpassing the limits of the practicable, which found their origin in the ardour of religious enthusiasm, but which were yet highly influential in determining the restless activity of this pontiff's character.

From youth upward, the life of man, active or passive, is but the reflection of his hopes and wishes. The present, if we may so speak, is compassed round by the future, and the soul resigns itself with unwearied constancy to anticipations of personal happiness. But as life advances, these desires and expectations become attached to more extensive interests; they aspire to the completion of some great object in science, in politics, in the more important general concerns of life; they expand, in a word, into cares for the universal interest. In the case of our Franciscan, the fascination and stimulus of personal hopes had been ever all the more powerful, because he had found himself engaged in a career which opened to him the most exalted prospects: they had accompanied him from step to step, and had sustained his spirit in the extremity of his obscure penury. He had eagerly seized on every word foreboding prosperity, had treasured it in the depths of his heart, and, in the anticipation of success, had connected with each some magnificent design suggested by monkish enthusiasm. At length his utmost hopes were realized; from a beginning the least auspicious, the most hopeless, he had risen to the highest dignity in Christendom, — a dignity of which, eminent as it was, he yet entertained a conception exaggerated beyond the reality. He believed himself immediately selected by a special providence for the realization of those ideas that floated before his imagination.

Even when arrived at the possession of supreme power, he retained the habit and faculty of discerning, amidst all the complexities of general politics, whatever opportunity might present itself for magnificent enterprises, and employed himself in projects for their execution. But to the charms of power and lasting renown he was profoundly sensible; hence in all his acts we descry an element of a strictly personal character predominant. The lustre surrounding himself he desired to see diffused over all immediately belonging to or connected with him, his family, his birthplace, his native province. This wish was nevertheless invariably subordinate to his interest in the general welfare of Catholic Christendom: his mind was ever accessible to the influence of grand and elevated ideas. A certain difference is, however, to be remarked. To one portion of his plans he could himself give effectual accomplishment; for the execution of the other, he was compelled to depend on external aid. As a consequence, we perceive that he applied himself to the first with that inexhaustible activity which results from conviction, enthusiasm, and ambition. With regard to the last, on the contrary, he was by no means so earnest, whether because he was by nature distrustful, or because the chief part in the execu-

tion, and consequently in the gain and glory, had to be resigned to others. If we inquire what he really accomplished, towards the completion of his oriental projects, for example, we perceive that he did no more than form alliances, make exchange of letters, issue admonitions, and take similar steps — all preliminary only. That any measures, effectively adapted to the end he proposed, were ever taken, we cannot perceive. He would form the plan with all the eagerness of an excitable imagination, but since he could not immediately proceed to action, and the accomplishment of the work lay in remote distance, his will was not efficiently exerted, the project by which he had perhaps been considerably occupied was suffered to fall into oblivion, while some other succeeded to its place.

At the moment now in question, the pope was absorbed by the grandest views connected with the undertaking against Henry IV. He anticipated a decisive victory for strict Catholicism, and hoped to see the universal supremacy of the pontificate fully restored — his whole life for the moment was engrossed by these prospects. He was persuaded that all the Catholic states were entirely agreed on this point, and would turn the whole force of their united powers against the Protestant who laid claim to become king of France.

In this direction of his thoughts, and while thus ardently zealous, he was made acquainted with the fact that a Catholic power — one too with which he had believed himself in particularly good intelligence — Venice, namely, — had offered congratulations to that very Protestant. He was profoundly afflicted by this proceeding. For a moment he attempted to restrain the republic from taking further steps; he entreated the Venetians to wait. Time, he assured them, brought forth marvellous fruits; he had himself learned from the good and venerable senators to permit their arrival at maturity.

Notwithstanding this request, the republic persisted, and acknowledged De Maisse, the former ambassador of France, after he had received his new credentials as plenipotentiary of Henry IV. Hereupon the pope proceeded from exhortations to menaces. He declared that he should well know what it behoved him to do, and commanded that the old "monitoria" proclaimed against the Venetians in the time of Julius II should be sought out, and the formula of a new one prepared.

It was yet not without pain and deep regret that he did this; let us listen for a moment to the words of the pontiff, as uttered in conference with the ambassador, whom the Venetians sent to him on this occasion.

"To fall at variance with those whom we do not love," said the pope, "that is no such great misfortune; but with those whom one loves, that is indeed a sorrow. Yes! it will cause us much grief" — he laid his hand on his breast — "to break with Venice.

"But Venice has offended us. Navarre! (it was thus he called Henry IV) Navarre is a heretic, excommunicated by the Holy See: and yet Venice, in defiance of all our remonstrances, has acknowledged him.

"Does the Signory make pretension to be the most sovereign power of the earth? Does it belong to Venice to give example to all the rest of the world? There is still a king of Spain — there is still an Emperor.

"Has the republic any fear of Navarre? We will defend her, if it be necessary, with all our force — we have nerve enough.

"Or does the republic propose to inflict some injury on us? God himself would be our defender.

"The republic should prize our friendship beyond that of Navarre; we can do more for her welfare.

"I beseech you to recall at least one step. The Catholic king has recalled many because we desired it, not from fear of us, for our strength, as compared with his, is but as a fly compared with an elephant; but he has done it from love, and because it was the pope who had spoken, the vicegerent of Christ, who prescribes the rule of faith to him, and to all others. Let the Signory do as much: they can easily find some expedient that shall serve as the pretext; that cannot be difficult for them, they have wise and aged men enough, every one of whom would be capable of governing a world."

But so much was not said without eliciting a reply. The envoy extraordinary of the Venetians was Leonardo Donato, a member of the society we have described as assembled by Andrea Morosini. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of the ecclesiastical and political opposition, was a man of what would now be called the most consummate skill in diplomacy, and had already successfully conducted many difficult and delicate negotiations.

The various motives by which the Venetians were influenced could not well be set forth in Rome; Donato, therefore, gave prominence to those which the pope had in common with the republic, and which were consequently assured of finding acceptance with his holiness.

Was it not manifest, for example, that the Spanish predominance in the south of Europe became more decided, and more perilous from year to year? The pope felt this as deeply as any other Italian prince. He could take no step in Italy even at this time, without first obtaining the consent of Spain; what then would be the state of things when the Spaniards should have gained the mastery in France? On this consideration, then, on the necessity for maintaining the balance of power in Europe, and on the means by which it might be restored, Donato principally insisted. He laboured to prove that the republic, far from seeking to offend the pope, had rather arranged her policy with a view to defending and promoting the most important interests of the papal see.

The pope listened to his words, but appeared to be utterly immovable — by no means to be convinced. Donato resigned all hope of accomplishing anything, and requested an audience of leave. This he obtained on the 16th of December, 1689, when the pontiff assumed an appearance of in-

tending to refuse him his blessing. Yet Sixtus was not so perfectly enslaved but that arguments of sound reason produced their effect. He was self-willed, imperious, and obstinate; yet his convictions were not altogether incapable of change: it was not impossible to lead him into new views of things, and he was in the main good-natured — even while continuing the dispute, and stubbornly defending his position, he felt himself moved in his heart, and even convinced. In the midst of that audience he became suddenly mild and compliant. "He who has a colleague," he exclaimed, "has a master. I will speak to the congregation; I will tell them that I have been angry with you, but that you have overcome my resentment." They waited some days longer, when the pope declared that he could not approve what the republic had done, but he would refrain from adopting the measures he had contemplated against her. He gave Donato his blessing and embraced him.

This may be called an almost insensible change of mere personal feeling. The most important results were, nevertheless, involved in it. The pope himself permitted the rigour with which he had persecuted the Protestant king to relax. Neither would he absolutely condemn the Catholic party attached to Henry, and by which his former policy had been opposed. A first step is always important; because the whole tendency of the course pursued is involved in and determined by it. This was instantly perceived on the part of the opposition: it had originally sought only to exculpate itself; it now proceeded to attempt convincing and gaining over the pope himself.

Monseigneur de Luxembourg soon after appeared in Italy, bearing a charge from the princes of the blood and Catholic peers attached to Henry IV. He was permitted to enter Rome, in January, 1590; and, in spite of the warning representations of the Spaniards, Sixtus granted him an audience. The envoy expatiated particularly on the personal qualities of Henry, placing his courage, magnanimity, and kindness of heart in the most brilliant light. The pope was quite enchanted with this description. "In good truth," he exclaimed, "it repents me that I have excommunicated him." Luxembourg declared that his lord and king would now render himself worthy of absolution; and, at the feet of his holiness, would return into the bosom of the Catholic church. "In that case," replied the pope, "I will embrace and console him."

For already his imagination was powerfully excited, and he at once conceived the boldest hopes from these advances. He suffered himself to believe that the Protestants were prevented from returning to the Catholic church by political aversion to Spain, rather than by religious convictions in hostility with those of the Roman see; and thought he ought not to repel them. There was already an English ambassador in Rome — one from Saxony was announced. The pontiff was perfectly ready to hear them. "Would to God," he exclaimed, "they would all come to our feet!"

The extent of the change that had taken place in the convictions of Sixtus V was made manifest by the mode of his proceeding towards Cardinal Morosini, his legate in France. The forbearance of this minister towards Henry III had, in earlier days, been reproved as a crime; and he had returned to Italy, labouring under his sovereign's displeasure. He was now brought into the Consistory by Cardinal Montalto, and Sixtus received him with the declaration that he rejoiced to see a cardinal of his own creation, as was Morosini, obtaining universal approbation. He was invited to the table of Donna Camilla.

How greatly must this total change have astonished the strict Catholic world! The pope evinced a favourable disposition towards a Protestant whom he had himself excommunicated; and who, according to the ancient ordinances of the church, had rendered himself incapable even of receiving absolution, by the commission of a double apostasy.

That from all this there should result a reaction, was in the nature of things. The party holding rigid Catholic opinions was not so entirely dependent on the pope as to make their opposing him out of the question; and the Spanish power supplied them with a support of which they eagerly availed themselves.

The adherents of the League in France accused the pope of avarice. They asserted that he would not open his purse; but desired to retain all the money he had heaped up in the Castle of St. Angelo for his nephews and other connections. A Jesuit in Spain preached publicly on the deplorable condition of the church. "It was not the republic of Venice only that favoured the heretics; but — hush, hush," he said, placing his finger on his lips, "but even the pope himself." These words resounded through Italy. Sixtus V had become so sensitive on these subjects, that when the General of the Capuchins proclaimed an exhortation to general prayers, "to invoke the favour of God for the affairs of the church," he considered this as a personal affront, and suspended the Capuchin.

Nor was the effect confined to mere hints and private complaints. On the 22nd of March, 1590, the Spanish ambassador appeared in the papal apartments to make a formal protest in the name of his sovereign against the proceedings of the pope. There was an opinion, as these things show us, more orthodox, more Catholic, than that of the pope himself. The Spanish ambassador now appeared in the palace to give this opinion effect and expression before the very face of the pontiff. It was an extraordinary incident: the ambassador knelt on one knee and entreated his holiness for permission to execute the commands of his lord. The pope requested him to rise, saying it would be heresy to pursue the course he was contemplating against the vicar of Christ. The ambassador would not suffer himself to be disconcerted. "His holiness," he began, "ought to proclaim the excommunication of all adherents to the king of Navarre without distinction. His holiness should declare that Navarre was incapable of ascending

the French throne under every circumstance and for all time. If this were not done, the Catholic king would abandon his allegiance to his holiness, for the majesty of Spain could not permit the cause of Christ to be brought to ruin." Scarcely would the pope allow him to utter his protest to this extent; he exclaimed that this was not the business of the king. The ambassador rose, then knelt down again, resolved to continue. The pope called him a stone of offence and went away. But Olivarez was not yet content and would not permit himself to be baffled; he declared that he would and must complete his protest, should the pope condemn him to the loss of his head; he knew well that the king would avenge him and bestow the recompense of his fidelity on his children. Sixtus V, on the other hand, was violently enraged. He maintained that no prince on earth was empowered to dictate to the pope, who is appointed by God as the superior of every other sovereign; that the proceedings of the ambassador were positively sacrilegious; his instructions authorized him to make protestation only in the event of the pontiff's evincing indifference towards the cause of the League. How did he know that this was the case? Did the ambassador pretend to direct the steps of his holiness?

Catholicism in its genuine forms appeared now to have but one aim — one undivided opinion. It seemed in the road to victory, and on the very point of success; but there were formed unexpectedly within itself two parties — two systems of opinion opposing each other politically and ecclesiastically; the one disposed to make aggressions, the other prepared for resistance. The struggle was commenced by each party exerting its utmost power in the effort to win over the head of the church to its own side. The one already held possession of the pope, and now laboured to retain him by menaces, bitterness, and almost by force. Towards the other a secret feeling had disposed him at a very critical moment, and this now sought to secure him entirely for itself: attempts were made to allure him by promises; the most attractive prospects were displayed before him. For the decision of the contest, the question to which party the pontiff should attach himself, was one of the utmost importance.

The demeanour of this pope, so renowned for active energy and decision of character, was at that moment such as to fill us with amazement.

When letters arrived from Philip II, expressing the determination of that sovereign to uphold the rightful cause and support the League with all the force of his kingdom — nay, with his own blood — the pope was instantly full of zeal. Never would he expose himself, as he then declared, to the disgrace of not having opposed a heretic like Navarre.

He was none the less soon afterwards perceived to incline towards the opposite side. When the difficulties in which the affairs of France involved him were represented to the pontiff, he exlaimed, that if Navarre were present, he would entreat him on his knees to become Catholic.

No prince was ever placed in a more extraordinary position with regard

to his plenipotentiary than that occupied by Sixtus V in relation to his legate Gaetano, whom he had sent to France during the time of his most intimate alliance with the Spaniards. The pontiff had certainly not yet gone over to the side of the French, but his mind had been rendered irresolute, and he had been brought into a state of neutrality. Without the slightest regard to this change, the legate pursued his original instructions. When Henry IV besieged Paris after the victory of Ivry, it was from the papal legate that he experienced the most effectual resistance. In his presence it was that the magistrates and leaders of the people took an oath never to capitulate or make terms with Navarre. By the dignity attached to his spiritual office, and by a deportment remarkable for address and firmness, Gaetano succeeded in holding them to their engagements.

It was, in fact, by the party attached to rigidly orthodox Catholicism that the superiority in strength was finally manifested.

Olivarez compelled the pope to dismiss Luxembourg, although under the pretext of a pilgrimage to Loretto. Sixtus had intended to select Monsignore Serafino, who was believed to hold French opinions, for a mission to France. Olivarez uttered loud complaints and threatened to appear no more at the audience; the pope replied that he might depart in God's name. Olivarez, nevertheless, eventually prevailed, and the mission of Serafino was laid aside. There is an invincible force in an orthodox opinion, adhered to with unflinching steadfastness, and more especially when it is advocated by a man of vigorous mind. Olivarez had the congregation which managed affairs connected with France, and which had been constituted in earlier times, in his favour. In July, 1590, negotiations were entered into for a new alliance between Spain and the pope, and his holiness declared that he must do something in favour of the Spaniards.

But it must not be supposed that he had meanwhile abandoned the other party. There was at the papal court, at this very moment, an agent from Lesdiguieres, one of the leaders of the Huguenots, an envoy from the Landgrave, and an emissary from England. The imperial ambassador was further alarmed by the approach of the Saxon envoy, whose arrival was expected, and against whose suggestions, which he greatly dreaded, he was already seeking means of defence. The intrigues of Chancellor Crell extended their effect even to Rome.

Thus did the powerful prince of the church, the sovereign who lived in the persuasion that he was invested with a direct authority over the whole earth, and who had amassed a treasure that might well have enabled him to perform some mighty deed, remain undecided and incapable of action when the moment for decision had arrived.

Are we permitted to reproach him with this as a fault? I fear that we should do him injustice. He had seen through the condition of things, he perceived the dangers on both sides, he suffered himself to be subjected to the influence of conflicting opinions. No crisis presented itself by which he

might have been compelled to a final decision. The elements that were dividing the world had filled his very soul with the confusion of their conflict, and neither could there obtain the decisive mastery.

It is certain that by this irresolute state of his own spirit, he placed himself in a position wherein it was impossible that he should effectually influence the world. On the contrary; he was himself reacted on by the forces then agitating society, and this effect was produced in a manner highly peculiar.

Sixtus had succeeded in suppressing the banditti, principally by establishing friendly relations with his neighbours. But since these were now interrupted — since opinions prevailed in Tuscany and Venice, which were altogether different from those held in Naples and Milan, and the pope would declare himself decidedly for neither, he became the object of suspicion, first to one and then to the other of these neighbours, and under favour of this state of things, the banditti once more aroused themselves to activity.

It was in April, 1590, that they appeared again — in the Maremma under Sacripanti; in Romagna they were led by Piccolomini, and Battistella was their chief in the Campagna of Rome. They were amply provided with money, and it is said that they were observed to disburse large numbers of Spanish doubloons. They found adherents principally among the Guelfs, and were already once more traversing the country in regularly organized bands, with banners flying and military music. Nor were the papal troops by any means disposed to offer them battle. This state of things produced an immediate effect on all the relations of the country. The people of Bologna opposed themselves to the pope's intention of adding to the senators of their city with a boldness and independence of action long unthought of.

In this condition, surrounded by so many pressing disquietudes, and without having even attempted to announce a decision, or to adopt a resolution concerning the most important affairs, Pope Sixtus V died, on the 27th of August, 1590.

A storm burst over the Quirinal at the moment when he breathed his last. The ill-taught multitude persuaded themselves that Fra Felice had made a compact with the evil spirit, by whose aid he had risen from step to step, and that the stipulated period having now expired, his soul had been carried away in the tempest. It was in this manner that they signified their discontent at the number of new taxes he had imposed, and expressed those doubts of his perfect orthodoxy which had for some years been frequently agitated. With impetuous fury they tore down the statues that had been erected in his earlier days, and even came to a resolution in the Capitol, that no statue should ever again be erected to a pontiff during his lifetime.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

1542–1587

By Pierre de Bourdeille Sieur de Brantôme[1] (1540–1614)

Those who may wish to write of this illustrious Queen of Scotland have two fruitful subjects, her life on the one hand, and on the other her death; neither the one nor the other was favoured by good fortune, as I shall show in touching upon certain aspects of the matter in this little discourse, which is to be in the form of a brief essay rather than a long detailed history. This latter I leave to those who have more knowledge and wit than I.

The father of this Queen was King James, a man of worth and reputation, and a good Frenchman to boot. On the death of his wife Madame Magdaleine, a daughter of France, he requested of King François the hand of some virtuous and upright princess of his realm in marriage, being most desirous of continuing his alliance with France.

King François, knowing no one better suited to fulfil the desires of this good Prince, gave him the daughter of Monsieur de Guise, Claude de Lorraine, at that time widow of Monsieur de Longueville. She appeared so fair, honest, and virtuous in the eyes of King James that he was right well satisfied, and deemed himself most happy in having her to wife. She proved herself to be all that she had seemed. After the death of her husband she governed most wisely the whole Kingdom of Scotland. Though the King died only a few years after his marriage, and was very little with her, he gave her a lovely child, a Princess fairer than all the other princesses of that time, our Queen, of whom I am now writing. Not long after her birth, while she was still an infant at the breast, the English came and made war upon Scotland, and her mother, fearful of the fury of the enemy, took the child and sought a hiding-place in various parts of the land. Without the good help sent her by our good King Henri, she would scarce have found safety, yet was she forced to commit her child to ships, exposing her to the waves of the sea, to tempests and winds; and sent her at last to France for greater safety, where surely her evil fortune could not pursue her over the sea, nor dare touch her.

[1] *The Third Discourse: On the Queen of Scotland, Formerly Queen of Our France,* based on the latest discovered MSS. is here translated for the first time into English by Barrett H. Clark.

The *Recueil des Dames* — part of a large collection left in MS. at Brantôme's death — was not published until 1665.

Thus, as time went on and the child grew older, her great beauty began to be manifest and her virtues increase, to such an extent that when she was fifteen her fairness shone bright as the sun at high noon; nay, so bright as to eclipse the sun at his brightest, so radiant was the beauty of her person.

Yet the beauty of her mind was equally bright. She had made herself most learned in the Latin tongue. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, she recited publicly, in the presence of King Henri, the Queen, and the entire court, in a room of the Louvre, a speech in Latin composed by herself, sustaining against the common belief the thesis that it is becoming in women to be acquainted with literature and the liberal arts. What a rare and admirable thing it was to see this beauteous and learned Queen speak thus in Latin, which she understood and spoke exceeding well! For this I can vouch, for I heard her on that occasion myself.

She was likewise so deeply interested in suchlike matters that she had Antoine Fouquelin, of Chauny in the Vermandois, write a French Rhetoric, which still exists, in order that she might understand the language still more perfectly, and prove more eloquent than if she had been born in France. He forced her to speak on all occasions, with great and small alike. So long as she remained in France she reserved for practice and reading two hours out of every day. There was no field of human knowledge in which she could not intelligently discourse, but she loved poets and poetry before all else, and her favourite poets were M. de Ronsard, M. du Bellay and M. de Maisonfleur, who all wrote beautiful verses and elegies for her. When she departed from France, I was present (both in France and later in Scotland) when such poems, being read to her, drew tears from her eyes and sighs from her heart.

She even wrote verses herself, some of which I have seen. They were very beautiful and well-written, in no wise resembling those attributed to her on the love-affair of the Comte de Baudouet. These latter are too gross and unpolished to have come from her lovely shop. M. de Ronsard was of the same opinion, when we were speaking of the matter one day and reading over the verses. The poems she wrote were lovelier and more gracious, and far more spontaneous. I have often seen her retire to her private room and come back a short time after, to show a few of us, her sympathetic friends, what she had just written. She wrote remarkably well in prose, too, above all, in her letters, of which I have seen several that were fair, and eloquent, and noble.

In conversation, she spoke quietly, with a charm of manner exceeding agreeable, yet majestic — a mixture of discretion and modesty, with a notable grace. She spoke her own language — naturally barbarous-sounding, crude and harsh to the ear — so gracefully that hearing it spoken by her one might imagine it a beautiful tongue. Had any one else spoken it, it would have sounded far otherwise. Behold how the virtue, beauty and

grace of this woman were able to transform so much crude barbarism into what was delicate, courtly, and civilized! Yet this is not so marvellous as that when she was dressed like a savage (as I have seen her), in the barbaric fashion of her country, she still shone forth like a goddess. Those others who had seen her thus apparelled can also bear witness to the truth of what I say, while they who have not will have seen her portrait where she is dressed as I describe her. So true is this that I have heard the Queen-Mother and the King assert she was fairest, most agreeable and most desirable in those habiliments. How were it possible to seem fairer than in her richly ornamented clothes, dressed in the French style or the Spanish, or wearing an Italian bonnet; or in her other clothes — her mourning robes of white, which set off so marvellously her shining beauty? For the whiteness of her face rivalled the whiteness of the stuff of her robe: but because her robe was the work of artifice, the snowy whiteness of her face eclipsed even that.

Because of this a song was written about her in her white robe of mourning, which runs thus:

L'on voit sous blanc atour,
En grand deuil et tristesse,
Se pourmener maint tour
De beauté la déesse,
Tenant le trait en main
De son filz inhumain

Et amour sans fronteau,
Voleter autour d'elle,
Desguisant son bandeau
En un funebre voyle
Où sont cez motz escritz
Mourir ou estre pris.

So did the Princess appear in various dresses, barbaric, worthy, austere.

In addition to such graces as I have already described, whereby she attracted all those who saw her, she had a sweet voice, and sang very prettily to the accompaniment of the lute, which she played skilfully with that white hand of hers, and those lovely fingers so daintily shaped, rivalling in hue indeed the rosy-fingers of the dawn.

What more can I say of her many beauties? Unless, what has been already said of her, that she was as different as might be from the sun of her native Scotland, where at certain seasons of the year, it shines no more than five hours in the day, while she shone always, and so brightly that she could spare some of her shining rays to her country and her subjects, which had greater need of them than any other, since because of the position of the land, it lay farthest from the sun.

Oh, Scottish Kingdom, I verily think that now thy days are yet shorter than before, and thy nights longer, since thou hast lost this Princess who brought light to thee! Thou hast proved thyself ungrateful, having failed in thy duty and fidelity toward her!

But of this we shall speak hereafter.

The lovely Princess was so dear to us in France that she asked King Henri to form an alliance with her and give her in marriage to the Dauphin, his well-beloved son, who on his own behalf, was already deeply enamoured of her. The wedding was therefore solemnized in the great church and the palace of Paris. On this occasion she appeared a hundredfold more dazzling than a goddess of heaven, in the morning, bravely arrayed, on her way to the wedding; after the feast at the ball; and finally in the late evening when with becoming modesty and dignity she went to offer upon the altar of Hymen what she had promised and vowed. It was spoken and spoken again, and agreed throughout the court and the entire city that the Prince was blest indeed a hundredfold in his alliance with this Princess, and that if her kingdom were of some worth, she was of yet greater worth. Though she yet possessed neither sceptre nor crown, her person and beauty alone were the equal in value of a whole realm. Yet since she was a Queen, she was thus bringing to France a double fortune.

Thus was it spoken, and she was called the Queen-Dauphine, and her husband the King-Dauphin, and they both lived in pleasing concord, with much love between them.

Upon the death of the great King Henri, these two became King and Queen of France — indeed of two great realms — and both were exceeding happy, and would so have continued but for the death of the young King. By this was she left a widow in the springtime of her life, having enjoyed the pleasures and benefits of her love with the King for only four years.

Alas, this happiness lasted but for a short while, and methinks ill-fortune ought to have postponed the blow; yet the maleficene power willed that the young Princess should be thus ignobly treated. Out of her great loss she wrote this song:

En mon triste et doux chant,
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un deuil tranchant
De perte incomparable,
Et en souspirs cuysans
Passe mes meilleurs ans.

Fust-il un tel malheur
De oure destinée,
Ni si triste douleur
De Dame fortunée

Qui mon cœur et mon œil
Voy en biere et cercueil?

Qui en mon doux printemps
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extresme tristesse,
Et en rien n'ay plaisir,
Qu'en regret et desir?

Ce qui m'estoit plaisant
Ores m'est peine dure.
Le jour le plus luysant
M'est nuict noire et obscure
Et n'est rien si exquis,
Oui de moy soit requis.

J'ay au cœur et à l'œil
Un pourtrait et image
Qui figure mon deuil
En mon pasle visage,
De violetes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux taint.

Pour mon mal estranger
Je ne m'arreste en place.
Mais j'ay heu beau changer,
Si ma douleur n'eface;
Car mon pis et mon mieux
Sont les plus deserts lieux.

Sy en quelque sejour,
Soit en bois on en prée
Soit sur l'aube du jour,
On soit sur la vesprée,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent
Le regret d'un absent.

Si parfois vers les cieux
Viens à dresser ma veue,
Le doux trait de ses yeux
Je voy en une nue;
Soudain je voy en l'eau,
Comme dans un tombeau.

Si je suis en repos
Someillant sur ma couche,
J'oy qu'il me tient propos,
Je le sens qui me touche.
En labeur, en recoy,
Tousjours est prez de moy.

Je ne vois autre objet,
Pour beau qui se presente,
A qui que soit subjet
Onques mon cœur consente,
Exempt de perfection
A ceste affection.

Metz chauson ici frain
A si triste complainte,
Dont sera le refrain:
Amour vraye et non fainte
Pour la separation
N'aura diminution.

Such were the regrets and sorrows that she so piteously bewailed in song, though the whiteness of her face proclaimed her sorrow yet more eloquently. Indeed I never once saw any colour in her face during the whole of the time I had the honour to be with her both in France and Scotland, whither, to her great regret, she was forced to go after eighteen months of widowhood, in order to pacify her kingdom, then in the throes of religious dissension. Alas, she had no inclination or desire to return to her country. I often heard her speak apprehensively, and dread the voyage as she would the approach of death. She had preferred an hundred times over to remain in France as a simple Dowager, happy to retain Touraine and Poitou as the dowry that was given her, rather than to rule over her barbarous Scotland. But certain of her uncles advised, nay, forced her to it. But they regretted this not long after.

There is no room for doubt that had not the young Queen taken her leave when she did, her brother-in-law Charles (the late king), had he been of age (he was then both young and small), and as much in love with her as I have seen him at a later time, would never have permitted her to leave the country, and would most certainly have married her.

Subsequently he was so enamoured of her that when he looked upon her portrait he could not take his eyes from it, nor was ever satisfied with gazing at it. In my presence he would oft-times say she was the fairest princess ever born on earth, and that his late brother was too supremely happy in having possessed so fair a woman, adding that he ought

never to regret lying dead now in the tomb, after the great privilege of calling his own such beauty and such pleasure, even though it had been for so short a time. Such happiness was more to be cherished than his whole kingdom. And he would indeed have married her had she remained in France: upon this he was determined, even though she were his sister-in-law, for the Pope at that time would not have refused a dispensation, seeing he had already given permission for a like marriage, that of the late M. de Loué with his sister-in-law. There was, besides, another like marriage that took place in Spain, of the Marquis d'Aguilar. There are other instances, besides, in the same country, where no difficulty is too great an obstacle to preserve name and family, while we in France are prone to waste and dissipate in such matters.

I have thus digressed because the subject was worth discussing, but from this point onward I shall omit speaking on other things that might divert me from my purpose of writing about our Queen, who was as I say persuaded to set sail for Scotland. The time set was the spring, yet she was able to delay it from month to month, not setting forth until the end of August.

It is worthy of note that the spring that year was so late in coming, and the weather so cold and unpleasant, that even so late as April there was no sign of the green robe that Nature was so soon to don, nor any flowers. So the gallants at Court forthwith declared that this year spring had changed her pleasant weather into a season of winter, being unwilling to deck herself in bright colours, preferring rather to preserve a sort of winter mourning over the impending departure of the Queen, who was her sole source of light. M. de Maisonfleur, a gentle knight in letters as in arms, composed a very beautiful elegy on this subject.

The beginning of autumn being now at hand, and the Queen having delayed long enough, she was at length forced to leave France. She therefore proceeded to Calais, accompanied by all her uncles, M. de Nemours and a majority of the great folk of the Court, together with many ladies, including Mme. de Guise, who all sorrowed in their hearts and shed burning tears over the going of such a Queen.

There were at the harbour two ships waiting for her, one under command of M. de Meuillon and the other under Captain Albizze, and only two auxiliary ships. After abiding six days in Calais, she made her piteous farewells, mingled with much sighing, to the whole assemblage gathered there, from the greatest to the smallest, and went aboard, accompanied by her uncles M. d'Aumale, the Grand Prior, M. d'Elbeuf, and M. Damville (today the Grand Constable), and many others of the nobility. These, including myself, were in M. de Meuillon's ship, which was the finest and safest of the fleet.

Just as we were about to leave the harbour, the Queen saw a ship which, being unable to take the current properly, foundered and suddenly

sank not far away. Most of the sailors were drowned, whereupon she cried aloud in terror: " Good God, what an evil omen is this for my voyage! "

Our ship soon cleared the harbour, the sails filled with a fresh wind, and the crew sat down to rest. The Queen listlessly leaned with her hands against the poop of the ship near the helm, and fell to weeping, casting her eyes always toward the harbour she had left, repeating over and over again the sad words, " Farewell, France! Farewell, France! " This lamentable exercise lasted nearly five hours, until night began to fall, and she was asked if she would not leave the place and eat a little supper. Then, bursting anew into a flood of tears, she spoke these words: " It is bitter, my beloved France, to lose thee from sight, to have thee veiled from view by the dark night, so jealous of my gazing at thee. This mantle is drawn before me, to deprive me of the view. Farewell, then, my beloved France. I will never see thee more! "

So saying, she left the deck, saying that she was doing the very opposite of Dido, who continued gazing at the sea after Æneas had left her, while *she* had kept her eyes on the land. After partaking only of a light salad, she wished to go down to sleep in a small cabin under the poop, but instead, her bed was brought up on deck and fitted out on the highest point of the poop, and there she lay down and rested a little, never ceasing to sigh and weep. She commanded the helmsman, as soon as day should come, that should he again catch sight of the coast of France, he should wake her, without fear or hesitation. Fortune favoured her, for the wind having died down and the oarsmen being called into service, no progress was made that night, and when day broke the coast of France was still visible. The helmsman doing as he was commanded, the Queen arose and gazed once more at her beloved France, continuing to do so as long as it was possible. At length the ship sailed on, depriving the Queen of her last happiness, and she saw the land no more. Then again she set to repeating these words: " Farewell, France, I feel I shall never see thee again! "

At that moment she ardently wished the English to appear (they were indeed threatening us), in order that she might be forced to turn about and make for the harbour she had left the day before, but in this God did not favour her, for without delay or mishap we at last cast anchor at Leith.

Of our voyage I shall relate just one small incident. The night we embarked, when Lord Chastelard (who was later executed in Scotland for his presumption, and for no crime, as I shall tell), a well-mannered knight, skilful with the sword as with the pen, saw the ship's lantern about to be lighted, he spoke these charming words: " There is in faith no need to light this lantern, or any torch to light us on our way over the sea, since the eyes of this Queen of ours are bright enough with their own lovely fire to illumine the whole sea, yea, even to set it afire."

It is also to be remarked that on Sunday morning, the day before we

reached port, there came a great fog, so thick one could not see the poop from the bow, and the pilot and crew were so confused that the anchor was lowered, and a sounding-line let down to determine where we were. The fog lasted the whole day long, and all through the night, until eight o'clock the next morning, when it was seen that we were among perilous reefs. Had we gone by ever so little to one side or the other, our ship had been wrecked and all of us have perished. On learning this, the Queen said that for her part she would have cared little, since she desired naught so much as death; yet for the general good and the sake of Scotland, she would not desire it.

The same morning when the fog lifted we perceived the Scottish coast, and there were some that saw an omen in the fog, which presaged a troublesome [2] state of affairs far from pleasant.

As we were about to disembark at Leith, there suddenly appeared the notables of that place and of Edinburgh to welcome their Queen. Therefore, after sojourning at Leith for scarce two hours, it was necessary to proceed to Edinburgh, which lies distant only one short league. The Queen rode on horseback, and the lords and ladies of her suite on native Scottish geldings, with such harness as came with them. Upon seeing such poor trappings, the Queen fell to weeping, and declared that this was no pomp, nor nothing like the magnificent mounts of France, which she had so long delighted in. Then she said that since it was meet she should change her heaven into a hell, she had best have patience.

Yet what was worse, when she was ready to retire that night in the lower part of Holyrood Abbey — a fair building, in no way resembling the country in which it lies — some five or six hundred rude fellows made their way through the doors to serenade her with villainous-sounding violins and rebecks, which are common in that country. Then they set to singing psalms, so badly and so ill-harmonized that nothing could have been worse. Ah, what music it was, and how little repose the Queen enjoyed that night!

The next morning her almoner barely escaped being murdered before her very door, and had he not quickly fled into her room, he would surely have met his death. They would have done to him what at a later time they did to her secretary David (Riccio) whom, because of his brilliant gifts, the Queen prized as secretary and manager of her affairs. Him they killed in her private room, and so close to her that his blood was spilt on her dress, and he fell dead at her feet.

A dreadful and outrageous deed!

Many other terrible things they did to her, so that one need not wonder at the ill that was spoken of her. She was so saddened and humiliated by that first attempt against her almoner that she said, "Here, forsooth, is a brave beginning in the ways of obedience among my subjects, and a fine

[2] A pun in the original on the word *Brouillard*. — Trans. note.

sort of welcome! I cannot foresee the end of it all, but I fear it will be evil."

Thus did this unfortunate Princess prove herself a second Cassandra in prophecy, as she already was in beauty.

She dwelt in Scotland for three years, observing strictly the dignity of widowhood, and would have so continued, not desiring to violate the memory of her late husband, but the men of her kingdom begged and pleaded with her to marry again, that they might have a fine king of her — such as we have today.

There are those who say that during the early wars the King of Navarre desired to marry her. He wished to divorce his wife on religious grounds, but Queen Mary was unwilling to allow this, averring that she had a soul which she refused to lose for all earthly greatness, and that her conscience would not permit her to marry a man who had divorced his wife.

In the end she married a young English Lord [Darnley] of one of the great families, though not of equal rank to her own. The marriage was not a happy one for either. I have no wish here to recount how the King her husband, after having given her a fine son (who now reigns), was killed by a mine placed in his abode. That story has already been written and published, but it is not true that the deed was done with the Queen's knowledge and consent. Such tales are lies and malicious libels, for the Queen was in no wise cruel. She was all goodness and sweetness. In France she never committed a cruel act; nor did she ever take pleasure in seeing poor criminals executed at the hands of justice, as many great ones I have known, did. While she was aboard her ship she would not allow any galley-slave to be struck; she requested this of her uncle, the Grand Prior, and gave express orders to the council, being compassionate for the misery of the poor slaves. And finally, was it possible that cruelty could find a place in the breast of a woman of such great and gentle beauty?

It is only the impostors who have spoken and written lies about her; among these is M. Buchanan, who thus so badly requited the favours done him by his Queen both in France and Scotland, in securing his recall from banishment, and saving his very life. He had far better have put his great knowledge to nobler use, and have written better things of her than to recount her love for Bothwell. In his recital of that, he even introduced certain sonnets into his account which those who were familiar with her poetry will always deny to have been hers. Nor will greater credence be given as to her love for Bothwell, who was the worst-favoured and most graceless man it is possible to imagine.

If, however, M. Buchanan spoke little good of the Queen, there were others who wrote a fine book setting forth her innocence. This I have seen, and it has so ably stated and proved the point that even the meanest persons are convinced by it, no matter how carefully her enemies seek to prevent it. So earnestly did these enemies strive to bring about her destruction

that they never rested until they had finally imprisoned her in a strong castle. This was said to be St. Andrew's, in Scotland. Having languished there a prisoner for nearly a year, she was thence delivered by the help of a brave and upright Scottish gentleman of good family, M. Beaton. I myself knew M. Beaton, who told me this story at the time when he carried the news to the King, as we were sailing past the Louvre in a boat. He was a nephew of the Bishop of Glasgow, Ambassador to France, a virtuous man and a worthy prelate of a kind we no longer have in these times. He was in faith a worthy servant of his mistress, and so remained to the day of her death — in truth, he is even more loyal to her now that she is gone.

Once set free again, the Queen gathered about her in a very short while an army composed of those that were deemed most faithful to her cause, and rode at the head of it, mounted on a good horse, and wearing a simple skirt of white taffeta, with a *crêpe* coif over it. I have known many persons to wonder at this, including the Queen-Mother herself, that a Princess so tender and delicate, as she had always been, should thus subject herself to the hardships of war. But what will one not do or endure to establish one's absolute rights as a sovereign, punishing rebellious subjects and forcing them to obedience?

Behold this Queen, so fair and generous, like a second Zenobia, leading her army toward the enemy to do battle with them. But, Oh, dire misfortune! Just when she believed that all the soldiers in her army were faithful to her, and after she had exhorted and inspired them with brave and beautiful words that would have moved the very rocks and stones, they cast down their weapons, refused to do battle, went over to the enemy and made friends with them. Then all together, confederates and fellow-conspirators as they were, formed a plot to possess themselves of the kingdom, and take the Queen a prisoner to England. M. du Croc, a gentleman of Auvergne and her major-domo, related this incident to the Queen-Mother after he had left Scotland, and when I saw him at Saint-Mor, he told it to several of us who were there present.

Then she was taken to England, and confined in a castle, where she remained closely guarded for from eighteen to twenty years, until her death, which was imposed upon her by a sentence far too cruel, based upon various reasons which are set forth in the accusations made against her. One of the chief reasons — in my opinion, well-founded — was that the Queen of England never had any love for her, and was long jealous of her beauty, which far surpassed her own. There were, besides, religious reasons. At all events, this Princess was, after her long sojourn in prison, condemned to have her head cut off. She was sentenced two months before her execution. Some declare that she knew nothing of this until she was led to the block, while others state that she was informed at once, as the Queen-Mother was at Cognac. The latter was desolated by the news. She

was even told that on the day sentence was passed the Queen's prison chamber and bed were covered with black cloth.

The Queen-Mother highly praised the fortitude of the Queen of Scotland, saying in my presence that she had never seen or heard tell of anyone so brave in adversity. She added, however, that she thought the Queen of England would not cause her to be killed, not believing her so cruel and unnatural, though in this she was mistaken. She also hoped that M. de Bellièvre, whom the King had sent with a view to saving her life, would be able to do something. But he was able to do nothing.

But to come now to that piteous death, which cannot be described save with the utmost compassion. On the 17th of February, 1587, the English Queen's representatives reached the Castle of Fotheringay, where the Queen of Scotland was then confined, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. In the presence of Paulet, her gaoler, they read their commission touching on the execution of the prisoner, and declared that the following morning between seven and eight o'clock they would proceed about their duties. The gaoler was commanded to have everything in readiness.

The Queen, without any show of astonishment, thanked them for their good news, saying that nothing could be more welcome to her, since she longed for an end to her miseries, having prepared herself for death ever since she had been sent a prisoner to England. Yet she begged the envoys to give her a little time in which to prepare herself, make her will, and set her affairs in order; this was within their power and discretion. To this the Count of Shrewsbury answered with some rudeness, "No, no, Madam, you must die, you must die. Have yourself ready between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. It cannot be delayed for a moment beyond that."

There was another of these envoys who seemed to her somewhat more courteous, and he remonstrated with her to accept some sort of consolation in order to bear up under her impending death. To him she replied that she had no need of consolation — at least from him — but that if he cared to minister to his own conscience he might send her almoner to hear her confession; for this favour she would be exceedingly grateful. As for her body, she did not believe them to be so inhuman as to refuse it the right of burial. To this he replied that she might not have a confessor, so that she was forced to write her own confession, which is as follows:

"I have today been deprived of my religion and forced to receive consolation from heretics. You will learn from Bourgoing and the others that I have truthfully made profession of my faith, in which I wish to die. I therefore demand of you to receive my confession and sacrament, which things have been refused me, together with the burial of my body and the right of making a will, or of sending any written paper save by their hands. Lacking these means, I now confess the blackness of my sins in

general, as I had intended to do to you in particular, imploring you in the name of God, to pray and keep vigil this night with me for the remission of my sins, and send me your absolution and pardon for all my transgressions against you. I shall try to see you in their presence, since they have allowed me this, and if it be further permitted, I will ask your forgiveness in the presence of all. Advise me as to the proper prayers for this night and tomorrow morning, since the time is short and I have no leisure for more writing. At all events, I will speak well of you, especially of your favours to me, and recommend you to the King. I have no more time now. Inform me by letter of all you think I should do for salvation of my soul."

After writing this and providing for the needs of her soul before all else, she lost no time of the little that remained — but long enough, and too long, indeed, for one whose constancy was weaker (but with her there was no fear of death, rather a satisfaction that she was about to leave all earthly cares) — in writing to our King; to the Queen-Mother she so honoured; to M. and Mme. de Guise, and certain others. They were piteous letters, all of them showing that even up to the very last, she had never forgotten them, and that she was eager to be delivered from her many ills, which had been upon her the last twenty years. She sent to them all gifts of such value as had been allowed in the possession of an unfortunate captive Queen.

She summoned her household, from the highest to the lowest, and had her chests opened, and saw what money she had, and distributed to each according to her ability and the services that had been rendered her. To her women she gave what rings were left her, and necklaces and headdresses and other such things, and told them of her regret at having so little else to give them in recompense of their services, adding that her son would see to their needs. She then told her major-domo to tell her son that she sent him her blessing, and conjured him not to seek vengeance for her death, but rather leave all in the hands of God, who would carry out His own designs. Then, without tears, she bade them all farewell. She even consoled them, saying they should not weep, since she was now happy, after so much suffering. Thereon she dismissed all from her presence, save her women.

Night having fallen, she retired to her chapel, where she prayed to God two full hours, kneeling on her bare knees on the floor, as the women who saw her attest. Returning to her chamber she said to them, "I think it were well, my dears, that I should eat something and then retire, that on the morrow I may do nothing undignified, or lack courage."

What generosity! What fortitude!

She then ate food and retired to bed, but slept very little, spending the greater part of the night saying prayers.

She rose two hours before dawn, and dressed herself as neatly as possible, more so than usual, in a dress of black velvet, a jacket of crimson satin,

and a black veil. These were all her clothes she had kept for herself; so she said to her women, " I would have given you this costume yesterday, my dears, but that I must go to my death with a certain dignity, since I owe this to my exalted position. Here is a handkerchief I have also kept. With this my eyes will be covered as I approach the place. I give this to you (indicating one of the women), since I shall request of you this last favour of blindfolding my eyes.

She then retired once more to her chapel, and after bidding farewell to her women and kissing them all, she gave them detailed messages that she wished them to take to the King, the Queen and her relatives, uttering no word of vengeance, but much against it. She then performed the ceremony of the Sacrament by means of a wafer consecrated by the good Pope Pius V, which he had sent to her for such use. This she had always kept as an object of great sanctity.

Her prayers were long, for she said them all, and the sun was already risen when she had ended, and gone into her chamber. There she sat herself before the fire, conversing with her women and consoling them — instead of their consoling her — as before — telling them that the joys of this world were as naught, and that she should serve as an example to all the great ones of the earth and all the small; that she, who had once been Queen over the kingdoms of France and Scotland — over the one by right of birth and over the other by the changes of fortune — after enjoying triumphs and honours, thus found herself at last in the hands of the hangman, though wholly innocent. This was at least some consolation. The best pretext used by her enemies was that she was being killed because of her adherence to the Catholic religion, so good and so holy, which she would not abandon so long as she breathed, since she had been baptized in it. She desired in dying no other glory save that her determination should be known far and wide in France, and that her women should tell this when they returned thither. Though she knew it would grieve them to see her on the scaffold and be witnesses of so dark a tragedy, yet she wished them to be present at her death, knowing well she could have no more faithful friends with her to report afterward what had occurred.

Just as she was finished speaking there came a loud knocking at the door. The women, fearing that the time had come to fetch the Queen, wished to prevent the gaolers from entering, but the Queen said to them, " That would be useless, my dears. Open the door."

The first to enter was a man carrying a white stick, who, without addressing himself to anyone, paraded about the room, saying twice over, " Here I am. Here I am." The Queen, not doubting that he came to inform her that the hour of execution was at hand, took and held in her hand a small ivory crucifix.

After the other envoys had come into the room, the Queen spoke to them, saying, " You have come for me, gentlemen. I am ready, and resolved to

meet my death. I feel that the Queen my sister is doing me a great favour, as likewise you yourselves, in thus coming to me. Let us go."

Seeing her thus steadfast, and withal so fair and gentle, the men were greatly astonished. Never had she seemed so beautiful, and there was a colour in her cheeks that rendered her doubly fair.

Sophonisba, as described by Boccaccio, must have looked thus when she addressed Massinissa, after her husband and her city had been captured. "You would have said," he writes, "that her misfortune rendered her more beautiful, adding to the gentleness of her features, and making her yet more attractive and desirable."

The envoys, as I say, were deeply moved, and pitied her. Yet, when she had left the chamber, they would not allow her women to follow, fearing that their cries and lamentations might interfere with the execution. Whereon she spoke to them: "What, good sirs!", she asked, "would you be so strict as to refuse to allow my women to be present at my last moments? Grant me at least this favour." This was accordingly done after the Queen had promised that she would impose silence were that to become necessary.

The scaffold was erected in the middle of the large room. It measured twelve feet along each side and two feet in height, and was covered by a coarse linen cloth.

She entered the room full of grace and majesty, looking as she used to look when she came to a ball. Her features showed no sign of change as she entered.

As she came to the scaffold she summoned her major-domo and said to him: "Please help me to mount this; it is the last request I shall make of you." Then she repeated to him everything she had told him in her room, respecting what he should tell to her son. As she stood on the scaffold, she asked for her almoner, begging the officers there present to allow him to come, but this was refused point-blank, and the Count of Kent told her that he pitied her greatly to see her thus the victim of a superstition of past ages, and advised her to carry the cross of Christ rather in her heart than in her hand. To this she made answer that it would be difficult to hold a thing so lovely in the hand and not feel it thrill in the heart, and that what became every Christian in the hour of death was to carry with him the true Symbol of Redemption. But seeing that she was deprived of her almoner, she begged to have her women present, since she had been promised this, and they were brought. One of them, on entering and seeing her mistress on the scaffold, standing in the midst of her executioners, could not restrain herself from crying aloud and moaning, and changing countenance. But the Queen immediately signalled to her by putting a finger over her mouth, and the young woman was silent.

Her Majesty protested that she had never made any attempt against the life or position of the Queen, her good sister; that she had desired only

her liberty, as did all prisoners. She clearly saw, however, that the real reason for putting her to death was her religion, in which she esteemed herself most happy to die. She begged the Queen, her good sister, to have compassion on her poor servants, also held captive, out of consideration for the affection they had shown her and their desire to free her. For her sake alone these women had suffered.

A Protestant minister was brought to exhort her, but she said to him in English, " Oh, give me patience, good man! ", telling him that she would not take communion of him or have any traffic with one of his sect. She was prepared to die without his help, since men of his persuasion could bring her no consolation or peace of soul.

Then, seeing that he went on repeating prayers in his jargon, she spoke her prayers in Latin, raising her voice above his. After she had done, she said that she considered herself happy to shed the last drop of her blood for the sake of her religion, preferring that to living on and allowing nature to put an end to her; that she believed so firmly in Him who was symbolized by the Crucifix she held in her hand, before whose feet she was kneeling, that her merely physical death was for the means of entering a life everlasting among the angels and the souls of the blest, who would receive her blood and offer it to God in expiation of all the sins she had committed, and intercede on her behalf for grace and forgiveness.

So she spoke, as she knelt on the scaffold, in words that revealed her ardent spirit. She said still more, adding messages to the Pope, the Kings of France and Spain, and even the Queen of England, beseeching God to enlighten her with the Holy Spirit; to her son, as well; and finally, another prayer that the Isle of Britain and Scotland might be converted.

When this was over, she summoned her women to help her remove her black veil, her headdress and other ornaments. When the executioner attempted to do this, " Nay, my good man, touch me not! ", she said, yet she could not prevent his touching her, for when her dress had been lowered as far as her waist, the scoundrel caught her rudely by the arm and pulled off her doublet. Her skirt was cut so low that her neck and throat, whiter than alabaster, were revealed without covering of any sort. But she concealed these as well as she could, saying she was not used to disrobing in public, especially before so large an assemblage (it is said that there were perhaps four or five hundred present), nor to require the services of such valets as offered to assist her.

The executioner fell to his knees before her and implored her forgiveness, whereon the Queen told him she willingly forgave him and all who were responsible for her death, as freely as she hoped her sins would be forgiven by God. Turning to the maid to whom she had already given her handkerchief, she asked for it.

She wore a golden crucifix, made out of the wood of the true cross, with a picture of Our Lord. She was about to give this to one of her

women, but the executioner forbade it, even though Her Majesty had promised that the woman would give him thrice its value in money.

Being thus prepared, and after kissing her women once more, she bade them go, with her blessing, and made the sign of the cross over them. One of them was unable to keep from crying, so that the Queen had to impose silence upon her by saying she had promised that nothing of the kind would interfere with the business in hand. They were to stand back quietly, pray God for her soul, and bear truthful testimony of her having died in the bosom of her Holy Catholic religion.

One of her women having tied the handkerchief over her eyes, the Queen quickly, and with extreme courage, knelt down, showing no sign or indication of any faltering. So great was her bravery that all present were moved, and there were not four among them who could restrain the tears. Within their hearts they condemned themselves for the injustice that was being done.

The executioner — or rather the minister of Satan — strove to kill not only her body but her soul, and kept interrupting her prayers, but the Queen repeated in Latin the Psalm beginning *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum,* which she repeated from beginning to end. When she was through she laid her head on the block, and as she was saying *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,* the executioner struck her a great blow upon the neck, which was not, however, entirely severed until he had struck twice more, since he wished to make the victim's martyrdom the more severe. It was not so much the suffering, but the cause, that made the martyr.

Then, picking up the severed head and showing it to those present, he said, "God save Queen Elizabeth! May all enemies of the true Evangel perish thus!" So saying, he stripped off the dead Queen's headdress, in order to show the hair, which was now white, and which she had been afraid to show to everyone when she was still alive, or to have properly dressed, as she used to do when her hair was so fair and light. It was not old age that had turned it white, for she was only thirty-five when this happened, and scarcely forty when she met her death, but the troubles, misfortunes and sorrow which she suffered in her kingdom, and especially in her prison.

After the terrible tragedy had thus ended, her poor women, solicitous for the honour of their late mistress, went to Paulet, her gaoler, and begged that the executioner should not lay hands on the body, and they themselves be permitted to undress it after the public had gone. They said they were fearful lest it might suffer some indignity. They promised to give him, afterward, whatever spoils — and anything else besides — he might demand. But the wretched gaoler sent them away unceremoniously, ordering them out of the room, and the executioner despoiled the body as he wished, and after he was through, had it carried into the room adjoining

that of his servants, and locked the door, for fear the Queen's women might come to perform some pious ceremony; which was doubly hard upon the poor women, who could through the keyhole see the body only half covered with a coarse cloth that had been snatched from a billiard table. What diabolical meanness — nay, animosity and hatred — not to have given her a decent black mantle!

The poor body lay thus for a long while, until it began to show signs of corruption, and they were forced to prepare and embalm it for burial — but doing it very hastily in order to spare the expense. It was put into a leaden coffin, kept seven months, and then buried in the profane ground of Peterborough Cathedral. True, the church is dedicated to St. Peter, and Queen Catherine was buried there as a Catholic, but today the church is Protestant, like all the churches of England.

There are those who have said and written — even among the English, who wrote a book on the Queen's death and the causes leading up to it — that the clothing and valuables found on her body were given up by the executioner upon payment to him of thrice their value in silver. The same arrangement was made by the Spaniards, as I have elsewhere remarked, when they caused Francesco Pizzaro to be killed.

The cloth covering the scaffold, the boards of the floor and whatsoever else was touched by blood, were forthwith either burned or washed, for fear that at some future time they might become objects of superstition, that reverent Catholics might seek to purchase them, and treat them with respect, honour, and reverence, even as a means of augury and prophecy, as in ancient times the good fathers kept relics of the saints and made their devotions before the monuments of the martyrs. It is not in these days that the heretics have so behaved: *Quia omnia quae martyrum erant, cremabant,* as Eusebius says, *et cineres in Rhodanum spargebant, ut cum corporibus interiret corum quoque memoria.* Yet the memory of this Queen, in despite of all, will live for ever, in triumph and in glory.

Here then is the story of her death, which I have drawn from the written accounts, and personally from her two serving-women, honest, trustworthy, and faithful to the promise made to their mistress to bear witness of her constancy to her religion. Being French, they returned to their country. One of them was the daughter of Mlle. de Rare, whom I knew in France. These two women would have drawn tears from the most barbarous by the recital of their piteous story, which they rendered doubly lamentable by the tears they shed, and their soft, sad, beautiful words.

RICHARD HOOKER

1554–1600

By Isaak Walton [1] (1593–1683)

It is not to be doubted, but that Richard Hooker was born at Heavy-tree, near, or within the precincts, or in the city of Exeter; a city which may justly boast, that it was the birthplace of him and Sir Thomas Bodley; as indeed the county may, in which it stands, that it hath furnished this nation with Bishop Jewel, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, memorable for their valour and learning. He was born about the year of our redemption 1553, and of parents that were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both; by which they were enabled to educate their children in some degree of learning, of which our Richard Hooker may appear to be one fair testimony, and that nature is not so partial as always to give the great blessings of wisdom and learning, and with them the greater blessings of virtue and government, to those only that are of a more high and honourable birth.

His complexion — if we may guess by him at the age of forty — was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but an humble gravity suitable to the aged. And it is observed, — so far as inquiry is able to look back at this distance of time, — that at his being a schoolboy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive, " why this was, and that was not, to be remembered? why this was granted, and that denied? " This being mixed with a remarkable modesty, and a sweet, serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning, imposed then upon him as a scholar, made his master and others to believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him to be a little wonder. For in that, children were less pregnant, less confident and more malleable, than in this wiser, but no better, age.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge, with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents — who intended him for an apprentice — to continue him at school

[1] *The Life of Mr. Richard Hooker* was first published at London in 1662. It was later included in the volume known as *Walton's Lives*.

The spelling has been modernised.

till he could find out some means, by persuading his rich uncle, or some other charitable person, to ease them of a part of their care and charge; assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of his glory. And the good man told them also, that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward, than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child, and all parties were so pleased with this proposal, that it was resolved so it should be. And in the meantime his parents and master laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God, of an early belief, that He knows the very secrets of our souls; that He punisheth our vices, and rewards our innocence; that we should be free from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God, because first or last the crafty man is catched in his own snare. These seeds of piety were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dew of God's blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits, as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man; which, with the great learning that he did after attain to, hath made Richard Hooker honoured in this, and will continue him to be so to succeeding generations.

This good schoolmaster, whose name I am not able to recover, — and am sorry, for that I would have given him a better memorial in this humble monument, dedicated to the memory of his scholar, — was very solicitous with John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, and uncle to our Richard, to take his nephew into his care, and to maintain him for one year in the university, and in the meantime to use his endeavours to procure an admission for him into some college, though it were but in a mean degree; still urging and assuring him, that his charge would not continue long; for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable, that they must of necessity be taken notice of; and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron, that would free him and his parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good master, and God's blessing upon both, procured from his uncle a faithful promise, that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following, which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewel; of whom this may be noted, that he left, or was about the first of Queen Mary's reign expelled out of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, — of which he was a fellow, — for adhering to the truth of those principles of religion, to which he had assented and given testimony in the days of her brother and predecessor, Edward the Sixth; and this John Jewel, having within a short time after, a just cause to fear a more heavy

punishment than expulsion, was forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; and, with that safety, the enjoyment of that doctrine and worship for which he suffered.

But the cloud of that persecution and fear ending with the life of Queen Mary, the affairs of the Church and State did then look more clear and comfortable; so that he, and with him many others of the same judgment, made a happy return into England about the first of Queen Elizabeth; in which year this John Jewel was sent a commissioner or visitor, of the churches of the western parts of this kingdom, and especially of those in Devonshire, in which county he was born; and then and there he contracted a friendship with John Hooker, the uncle of our Richard.

About the second or third year of her reign, this John Jewel was made Bishop of Salisbury; and there being always observed in him a willingness to do good, and to oblige his friends, and now a power added to his willingness; this John Hooker gave him a visit in Salisbury, and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably upon a poor nephew of his, whom nature had fitted for a scholar; but the estate of his parents was so narrow, that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning; and that the Bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman, for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. And though the Bishop knew men do not usually look with an indifferent eye upon their own children and relations, yet he assented so far to John Hooker, that he appointed the boy and his schoolmaster should attend him, about Easter next following, at that place: which was done accordingly; and then, after some questions and observations of the boy's learning, and gravity, and behaviour, the Bishop gave his schoolmaster a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents; promising also to take him into his care for a future preferment, which he performed: for about the fifteenth year of his age, which was anno 1567, he was by the Bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then president of Corpus Christi College. Which he did; and Dr. Cole had — according to a promise made to the Bishop — provided for him both a tutor — which was said to be the learned Dr. John Reynolds, — and a clerk's place in that college: which place, though it were not a full maintenance, yet, with the contribution of his uncle, and the continued pension of his patron, the good Bishop, gave him a comfortable subsistence. And in this condition he continued until the eighteenth year of his age, still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and even like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his mother's womb, who did often bless the day in which she bare him.

About this time of his age, he fell into a dangerous sickness, which lasted two months; all which time his mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica the mother of St. Augustine did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers

were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that " he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for her as for his own sake."

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from his sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends: and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, " Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease "; and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, " Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college: and so God bless you, good Richard."

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer: and in both so zealously, that it became a religious question, " Whether his last ejaculations or his soul did first enter into heaven? "

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear for his future subsistence. But Dr. Cole raised his spirits from this dejection, by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him he should neither want food nor raiment, — which was the utmost of his hopes, — for he would become his patron.

And so he was for about nine months, and not longer; for about that time this following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys — sometime Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of York — had also been in the days of Queen Mary, forced, by forsaking

this, to seek safety in another nation; where, for some years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany; and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship, as lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in September, 1571. A little before which time the two bishops meeting, Jewel had an occasion to begin a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged, and had many friends; yet his resolution was, that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was not much younger than Mr. Hooker then was: for the Bishop said, "I will have a tutor for my son that shall teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last; and, God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin." And the Bishop did so about twelve months, or not much longer, after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the university; and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects; but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils, — which in time were many, — but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Cranmer; of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behaviour, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years, he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers; and that his behaviour there was such, as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God; and for that to man, it is observable that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet, gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate

life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behaviour in his college; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

In this nineteenth year of his age, he was, December 24, 1573, admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation; being elected and so admitted as born in Devon or Hantshire; out of which counties a certain number are to be elected in vacancies by the founder's statutes. And now as he was much encouraged, so now he was perfectly incorporated into this beloved college, which was then noted for an eminent library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. And indeed it may glory, that it had Cardinal Poole, but more that it had Bishop Jewel, Dr. John Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Jackson, of that foundation. The first famous for his learned apology for the Church of England, and his defence of it against Harding. The second, for the learned and wise manage of a public dispute with John Hart, of the Romish persuasion, about the Head and Faith of the Church, and after printed by consent of both parties. And the third, for his most excellent *Exposition of the Creed*, and other treatises; all such as have given greatest satisfaction to men of the greatest learning. Nor was Dr. Jackson more noteworthy for his learning than for his strict and pious life, testified by his abundant love, and meekness, and charity to all men.

And in the year 1576, February 23, Mr. Hooker's grace was given him for Inceptor of Arts; Dr. Herbert Westphaling, a man of note for learning, being then Vice-Chancellor: and the Act following he was completed Master, which was anno 1577, his patron, Dr. Cole, being Vice-Chancellor that year, and his dear friend, Henry Savile of Merton College, being then one of the proctors. 'Twas that Henry Savile that was after Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton College, and Provost of Eton; he which founded in Oxford two famous lectures; and endowed them with liberal maintenance.

It was that Sir Henry Savile that translated and enlightened the History of Cornelius Tacitus, with a most excellent comment; and enriched the world by his laborious and chargeable collecting the scattered pieces of St. Chrysostom, and the publication of them in one entire body in Greek; in which language he was a most judicious critic. It was this Sir Henry Savile that had the happiness to be a contemporary and familiar friend to Mr. Hooker; and let posterity know it.

And in this year of 1577, he was so happy as to be admitted fellow of the college; happy also in being the contemporary and friend of that Dr. John Reynolds, of whom I have lately spoken, and of Dr. Spencer; both which were after, and successively made presidents of Corpus Christi College: men of great learning and merit, and famous in their generations.

Nor was Mr. Hooker more happy in his contemporaries of his time and

college, than in the pupilage and friendship of his Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer; of whom my reader may note, that this Edwin Sandys was after Sir Edwin Sandys, and as famous for his *Speculum Europæ*, as his brother George for making posterity beholden to his pen by a learned relation and comment on his dangerous and remarkable travels; and for his harmonious translation of the Psalms of David, the Book of Job, and other poetical part of Holy Writ, into most high and elegant verse. And for Cranmer, his other pupil, I shall refer my reader to the printed testimonies of our learned Mr. Camden, of Fynes Moryson, and others.

"This Cranmer," says Mr. Camden in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, — "whose Christian name was George, was a gentleman of singular hopes, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, son of Edmund Cranmer, the Archbishop's brother: he spent much of his youth in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, where he continued Master of Arts for some time before he removed, and then betook himself to travel, accompanying that worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys into France, Germany, and Italy, for the space of three years; and after their happy return, he betook himself to an employment under Secretary Davison, a Privy Councillor of note, who, for an unhappy undertaking, became clouded and pitied: after whose fall, he went in place of secretary with Sir Henry Killegrew in his embassage into France: and after his death he was sought after by the most noble Lord Mountjoy, with whom he went into Ireland, where he remained, until in a battle against the rebels near Carlingford, an unfortunate wound put an end both to his life and the great hopes that were conceived of him, he being then but in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils there was a sacred friendship; a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not. And in this sweet, this blessed, this spiritual amity, they went on for many years: and as the holy prophet saith, "so they took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends." By which means they improved this friendship to such a degree of holy amity, as bordered upon heaven: a friendship so sacred, that when it ended in this world, it began in that next, where it shall have no end.

And, though this world cannot give any degree of pleasure equal to such a friendship; yet obedience to parents, and a desire to know the affairs, manners, laws, and learning of other nations, that they might thereby become the more serviceable unto their own, made them put off their gowns, and leave the college and Mr. Hooker to his studies, in which he was daily more assiduous, still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and indeed with

such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies. And, as he was diligent in these, so he seemed restless in searching the scope and intention of God's Spirit revealed to mankind in the sacred scripture: for the understanding of which, he seemed to be assisted by the same Spirit with which they were written; He that regardeth truth in the inward parts, making him to understand wisdom secretly. And the good man would often say, that "God abhors confusion as contrary to his nature;" and as often say, "That the scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind;" of which virtues, he would as often say, 'no man did ever repent himself on his death-bed." And that this was really his judgment did appear in his future writings and in all the actions of his life. Nor was this excellent man a stranger to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry; all which he had digested and made useful; and of all which the reader will have a fair testimony in what will follow.

In the year 1579, the Chancellor of the University was given to understand, that the public Hebrew lecture was not read according to the statutes; nor could be, by reason of a distemper, that had then seized the brain of Mr. Kingsmill, who was to read it; so that it lay long unread, to the great detriment of those that were studious of that language. Therefore the Chancellor writ his Vice-Chancellor, and the university, that he had heard such commendations of the excellent knowledge of Mr. Richard Hooker in that tongue, that he desired he might be procured to read it: and he did, and continued to do so, till he left Oxford.

Within three months after his undertaking this lecture, — namely in October, 1579, — he was, with Dr. Reynolds and others expelled his college; and this letter, transcribed from Dr. Reynolds his own hand, may give some account of it.

"To Sir Francis Knolles

"I am sorry, Right Honourable, that I am enforced to make unto you such a suit, which I cannot move, but I must complain of the unrighteous dealing of one of our college; who hath taken upon him, against all law and reason, to expel out of our house both me and Mr. Hooker, and three other of our fellows, for doing that which by oath we were bound to do. Our matter must be heard before the Bishop of Winchester, with whom I do not doubt but we shall find equity. Howbeit, forasmuch as some of our adversaries have said that the Bishop is already forestalled, and will not give us such audience as we look for; therefore I am humbly to beseech your Honour, that you will desire the Bishop, by your letters, to let us have justice; thought it be with vigour, so it be justice: our cause is so good, that I am sure we shall prevail by it. Thus much I am bold to request of

your Honour for Corpus Christi College sake, or rather for Christ's sake; whom I beseech to bless you with daily increase of his manifold gifts, and the blessed graces of his Holy Spirit.

Your Honour's
in Christ to command
JOHN REYNOLDS"

LONDON, *October* 9, 1579

This expulsion was by Dr. John Barfoote, then Vice-president of the college, and chaplain to Ambrose Earl of Warwick. I cannot learn the pretended cause; but, that they were restored the same month is most certain.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred orders, being then made deacon and priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which Sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's house; which is a house so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse, — supposing the horse trotted when he did not; — and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon: but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in, or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon; which was, "That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, that those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others

of great learning, who believe that contrary opinion intrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against — as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers — by John Elmer, then Bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, " that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." And he, not considering that " the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light "; but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with, — you may read it in the book of Genesis, — when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion: and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to " rejoice in the wife of his youth "; but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, " Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar! "

This choice of Mr. Hooker's — if it were his choice — may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, " There is a wheel within a wheel "; a secret sacred wheel of Providence, — most visible in marriages, — guided by His hand that " allows not the race to the swift," nor " bread to the wise," nor good wives to good men: and he that can bring good out of evil — for mortals are blind to this reason — only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was; and let the reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage; which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney,

Esq. — then patron of it — the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God — " in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty and no doubt in long-suffering; " yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor; where they found him with a book in his hand, — it was the Odes of Horace, — he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, — for that his servant was gone home to dine, — and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, " Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, " My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me: but labour — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

At their return to London, Edward Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvey, — Master of the Temple, — died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour, as to gain so high a degree of love and reverence from all men, that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvey. And at the Temple reading, next after the death of this Father Alvey, he, the said Archbishop of York being then at dinner with the judges, the reader, and the benches of that Society, met with a general condolement for the death of Father Alvey, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man; and as they bewailed his death,

so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the Bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvey's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Drayton-Beauchamp to London, and there the mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the Bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantages of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it: his wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noise, — so he expressed the desire of his heart, — and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own, in privacy and quietness. But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the Bishop's proposal; and was, by patent for life, made Master of the Temple the 17th of March, 1585, he being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

And here I shall make a stop; and, that the reader may the better judge of what follows, give him a character of the times and temper of the people of this nation, when Mr. Hooker had his admission into this place; a place which he accepted, rather than desired: and yet here he promised himself a virtuous quietness, that blessed tranquillity which he always prayed and laboured for, that so he might in peace bring forth the fruits of peace, and glorify God by uninterrupted prayers and praises. For this he always thirsted and prayed: but Almighty God did not grant it; for his admission into this place was the very beginning of those oppositions and anxieties, which till then this good man was a stranger to; and of which the reader may guess by what follows.

In this character of the times, I shall by the reader's favour, and for his information, look so far back as to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a time, in which the many pretended titles to the crown, the frequent treasons, the doubts of her successor, the late civil war, and the sharp persecution for religion that raged to the effusion of so much blood in the reign of Queen Mary, were fresh in the memory of all men; and begot fears in the most pious and wisest of this nation, lest the like days should return again to them, or their present posterity. And the apprehension of these dangers begot a hearty desire of a settlement in the Church and State; believing there was no other probable way left to make them sit quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, and enjoy the desired fruit of their labours. But time, and peace, and plenty, begot self-ends: and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted, being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

This was the temper of the times in the beginning of her reign; and thus it continued too long; for those very people that had enjoyed the desires of

their hearts in a reformation from the Church of Rome, became at last so like the grave, as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more; neglecting to pay that obedience, and perform those vows, which they made in their days of adversities and fear: so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs: they may for distinction be called, the active Romanists, the restless Nonconformists, — of which there were many sorts, — and the passive peaceable Protestant. The counsels of the first considered and resolved on in Rome; the second both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous conventicles, both there, and within the bosom of our own nation: the third pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil: and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity.

I shall forbear to mention the very many and dangerous plots of the Romanists against the Church and State; because what is principally intended in this digression, is an account of the opinions and activity of the Nonconformists: against whose judgment and practice Mr. Hooker became at last, but most unwillingly, to be engaged in a book-war; a war which he maintained not as against an enemy, but with the spirit of meekness and reason.

In which number of Nonconformists, though some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity, as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors; yet of this party there were many that were possessed with a high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate restless pride and malice; I do not mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like, — from which, good Lord, deliver us! — but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love, and mercy, and order, and peace: and more like the devil, who is not a glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil: but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government: men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work that is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it. And of this party there were also many, whom prejudice and a furious zeal had so blinded, as to make them neither to hear reason, nor adhere to the ways of peace: men that were the very dregs and pest of mankind; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to over-value their own pitiful crooked wisdom so much as not to be ashamed to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men whom they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men that laboured and joyed first to find out the faults, and then speak evil of government, and to be the authors of confusion; men whom company, and conversation, and custom had at last so blinded, and made so insensible that these were sins, that like those that perished in the gainsaying of

Korah, so these died without repenting of these spiritual wickednesses; of which the practices of Coppinger and Hacket in their lives, and the death of them and their adherents, are, God knows, too sad examples, and ought to be cautions to those men that are inclined to the like spiritual wickednesses.

And in these times, which tended thus to confusion, there were also many of these scruple-mongers, that pretended a tenderness of conscience, refusing to take an oath before a lawful magistrate: and yet these very men in their secret conventicles did covenant and swear to each other, to be assiduous and faithful in using their best endeavours to set up the Presbyterian doctrine and discipline; and both in such a manner as they themselves had not yet agreed on; but up that government must. To which end there were many that wandered up and down and were active in sowing discontents and seditions, by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the Church and State; but especially against the bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic, as to believe the bishops to be Antichrist, and the only obstructers of God's discipline! and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out a text in the Revelation of St. John, that Antichrist was to be overcome by the sword. So that those very men, that began with tender and meek petitions, proceeded to admonitions: then to satirical remonstrances: and at last — having, like Absalom, numbered who was not, and who was, for their cause — they got a supposed certainty of so great a party, that they durst threaten first the bishops, and then the Queen and Parliament, to all which they were secretly encouraged by the Earl of Leicester, then in great favour with her Majesty, and the reputed cherisher and patron-general of these pretenders to tenderness of conscience; his design being, by their means, to bring such an odium upon the bishops, as to procure an alienation of their lands, and a large proportion of them for himself: which avaricious desire had at last so blinded his reason, that his ambitious and greedy hopes seemed to put him into a present possession of Lambeth House.

And to these undertakings the Nonconformists of this nation were much encouraged and heightened by a correspondence and confederacy with that brotherhood in Scotland; so that here they become so bold, that one told the Queen openly in a sermon, " She was like an untamed heifer, that would not be ruled by God's people, but obstructed his discipline." And in Scotland they were more confident; for there they declared her an atheist, and grew to such an height, as not to be accountable for anything spoken against her, nor for treason against their own King, if it were but spoken in the pulpit; showing at last such a disobedience to him, that his mother being in England, and then in distress, and in prison, and in danger of death, the Church denied the King their prayers for her; and at another time, when

he had appointed a day of feasting, the Church declared for a general fast, in opposition to his authority.

To this height they were grown in both nations, and by these means there was distilled into the minds of the common people such other venomous and turbulent principles, as were inconsistent with the safety of the Church and State: and these opinions vented so daringly, that, beside the loss of life and limbs, the governors of the Church and State were forced to use such other severities as will not admit of an excuse, if it had not been to prevent the gangrene of confusion, and the perilous consequences of it; which, without such prevention, would have been first confusion, and then ruin and misery, to this numerous nation.

These errors and animosities were so remarkable, that they begot wonder in an ingenious Italian, who being about this time come newly into this nation, and considering them, writ scoffingly to a friend in his own country, to this purpose: " That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning Church government; and then, what were fit to be obeyed or abolished. That they were more able — or at least thought so — to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience, than the wisest of the most learned colleges in Italy! That men of the slightest learning, and the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or super, or re-reformation of religion; and that in this they appeared like that man, who would never cease to whet and whet his knife, till there was no steel left to make it useful." And he concluded his letter with this observation, " That those very men that were most busy in oppositions, and disputations, and controversies, and finding out the faults of their governors, had usually the least of humility and mortification, or of the power of godliness."

And to heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions, and so highly opposed the blessed motions of his Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they became the very slaves of vice, and had thereby sinned themselves into a belief of that which they would, but could not believe, into a belief, which is repugnant even to human nature; — for the heathens believe that there are many gods; — but these had sinned themselves into a belief that there was no God! and so, finding nothing in themselves but what was worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, namely, " That they might be like the beasts that perish! " and in wicked company — which is the atheist's sanctuary — were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but is not then able to think it: even into a belief that there is no God. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves.

And now, when the Church was pestered with them, and with all those other forenamed irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn to pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin: — for heresies do usually outlive their first authors; — when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things that were forbidden and attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied: when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others: when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority: — in this extremity of fear, and danger of the Church and State, when, to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of an high and fearless fortitude, they were blest in all by John Whitgift, his being made Archbishop of Canterbury; of whom Sir Henry Wotton — that knew him well in his youth, and had studied him in his age, — gives this true character: " That he was a man of reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; such a temper as when the Church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue." And indeed this man proved so.

And though I dare not undertake to add to this excellent and true character of Sir Henry Wotton; yet I shall neither do right to this discourse, nor to my reader, if I forbear to give him a further and short account of the life and manners of this excellent man; and it shall be short, for I long to end this digression, that I may lead my reader back to Mr. Hooker where we left him at the Temple.

John Whitgift was born in the county of Lincoln, of a family that was ancient; and noted to be both prudent and affable, and gentle by nature. He was educated in Cambridge; much of his learning was acquired in Pembroke Hall, — where Mr. Bradford the martyr was his tutor; — from thence he was removed to Peter House; from thence to be Master of Pembroke Hall; and from thence to the Mastership of Trinity College. About which time the Queen made him her chaplain; and not long after Prebend of Ely, and then Dean of Lincoln; and having for many years past looked upon him with much reverence and favour, gave him a fair testimony of both, by giving him the Bishopric of Worcester, and — which was not with her a usual favour — forgiving him his first fruits; then by constituting him Vice-President of the Principality of Wales. And having experimented his wisdom, his justice, and moderation in the manage of her affairs in both these places, she, in the twenty-sixth of her reign, 1583, made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and, not long after, of her Privy Council; and trusted him to manage all her ecclesiastical affairs and preferments. In all which removes, he was like the ark, which left a blessing on the place where it

rested; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel.

These were the steps of this bishop's ascension to this place of dignity and cares: in which place — to speak Mr. Camden's very words in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth* — " he devoutly consecrated both his whole life to God, and his painful labours to the good of his Church."

And yet in this place he met with many oppositions in the regulation of Church affairs, which were much disordered at his entrance, by reason of the age and remissness of Bishop Grindal, his immediate predecessor, the activity of the Nonconformists, and their chief assistant the Earl of Leicester; and indeed by too many others of the like sacrilegious principles. With these he was to encounter; and though he wanted neither courage, nor a good cause, yet he foresaw, that without a great measure of the Queen's favour, it was impossible to stand in the breach, that had been lately made into the lands and immunities of the Church, or indeed to maintain the remaining lands and rights of it. And therefore by justifiable sacred insinuations, such as St. Paul to Agrippa, — " Agrippa, believest thou? I know thou believest," he wrought himself into so great a degree of favour with her, as, by his pious use of it, hath got both of them a great degree of fame in this world, and of glory in that into which they are now both entered.

His merits to the Queen, and her favours to him were such, that she called him " her little black husband," and called " his servants her servants " : and she saw so visible and blessed a sincerity shine in all his cares and endeavours for the Church's and for her good, that she was supposed to trust him with the very secrets of her soul, and to make him her confessor; of which she gave many fair testimonies: and of which one was, that " she would never eat flesh in Lent, without obtaining a licence from her little black husband " : and would often say " she pitied him because she trusted him, and had thereby eased herself by laying the burthen of all her clergy cares upon his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

I shall not keep myself within the promised rules of brevity in this account of his interest with her Majesty, and his care of the Church's rights, if in this digression I should enlarge to particulars; and therefore my desire is, that one example may serve for a testimony of both. And, that the reader may the better understand it, he may take notice, that not many years before his being made Archbishop, there passed an Act, or Acts of Parliament, intending the better preservation of the Church lands, by recalling a power which was vested in others to sell or lease them, by lodging and trusting the future care and protection of them only in the Crown: and amongst many that made a bad use of this power or trust of the Queen's, the Earl of Leicester was one; and the Bishop having, by his interest with her Majesty, put a stop to the Earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her; after which they both quitted the room, not friends in appearance. But the Bishop made a sudden and seasonable re-

turn to her Majesty, — for he found her alone — and spake to her with great humility and reverence, to this purpose.

" I beseech your Majesty to hear me with patience, and to believe that your's and the Church's safety are dearer to me than my life, but my conscience dearer than both: and therefore give me leave to do my duty, and tell you, that princes are deputed nursing fathers of the Church, and owe it a protection; and therefore God forbid that you should be so much as passive in her ruin, when you may prevent it; or that I should behold it without horror and detestation; or should forbear to tell your Majesty of the sin and danger of sacrilege. And though you and myself were born in an age of frailties, when the primitive piety and care of the Church's lands and immunities are much decayed; yet, Madam, let me beg that you would first consider that there are such sins as profaneness and sacrilege: and that, if there were not, they could not have names in Holy Writ, and particularly in the New Testament. And I beseech you to consider, that though our Saviour said, he judged no man; and, to testify it, would not judge nor divide the inheritance betwixt the two brethren, nor would judge the woman taken in adultery; yet in this point of the Church's rights he was so zealous, that he made himself both the accuser, and the judge, and the executioner too, to punish these sins; witnessed, in that he himself made the whip to drive the profaners out of the temple, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove them out of it. And I beseech you to consider, that it was St. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, and yet committed sacrilege: ' Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? ' supposing, I think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your Majesty to consider, that there is such a sin as sacrilege; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it, I beseech you also to consider, that Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and Helena his mother; that King Edgar, and Edward the Confessor: and indeed many others of your predecessors, and many private Christians, have also given to God, and to his Church, much land, and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families, and did not: but gave them for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God: and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them: God prevent your Majesty and your successors from being liable to that curse, which will cleave unto Church lands as the leprosy to the Jews.

" And to make you, that are trusted with their preservation, the better to understand the danger of it, I beseech you forget not, that, to prevent these curses, the Church's land and power have been also endeavoured to be preserved, as far as human reason and the law of this nation have been able to preserve them, by an immediate and most sacred obligation on the consciences of the princes of this realm. For they that consult Magna Charta shall find, that as all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the

presence of God, and in his stead to him that anointed you, to maintain the Church lands, and the rights belonging to it: and this you yourself have testified openly to God at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the Bible then lying upon it. And not only Magna Charta, but many modern statutes have denounced a curse upon those that break Magna Charta; a curse like the leprosy, that was entailed on the Jews: for as that, so these curses have, and will cleave to the very stones of those buildings that have been consecrated to God; and the father's sin of sacrilege hath, and will prove to be entailed on his son and family. And now, Madam, what account can be given for the breach of this oath at the last great day, either by your Majesty, or by me, if it be wilfully, or but negligently, violated, I know not.

" And therefore, good Madam, let not the late Lord's exceptions against the failings of some few clergymen prevail with you to punish posterity for the errors of the present age; let particular men suffer for their particular errors; but let God and his Church have their inheritance: and though I pretend not to prophesy, yet I beg posterity to take notice of what is already become visible in many families; that Church land added to an ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both: or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it. And though I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your father, yet I beg you to take notice, that a part of the Church's rights added to the vast treasures left him by his father, hath been conceived to bring an unavoidable consumption upon both, notwithstanding all his diligency to preserve them.

" And consider, that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in Magna Charta, God did so far deny him his restraining grace, that as King Saul, after he was forsaken of God, fell from one sin to another; so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. Madam, religion is the foundation and cement of human societies; and when they that serve at God's altar shall be exposed to poverty, then religion itself will be exposed to scorn, and become contemptible; as you may already observe it to be in too many poor vicarages in this nation. And therefore, as you are by a late Act or Acts of Parliament, entrusted with a great power to preserve or waste the Church lands; yet dispose of them, for Jesus' sake, as you have promised to men, and vowed to God, that is, as the donors intended: let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise; but put a stop to God's and the Levites' portion, I beseech you, and to the approaching ruins of his Church, as you expect comfort at the last great day; for kings must be judged. Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear Sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour; and the Lord still continue you in his."

The Queen's patient hearing this affectionate speech, and her future care to preserve the Church's rights, which till then had been neglected, may

appear a fair testimony, that he made her's and the Church's good the chiefest of his cares, and that she also thought so. And of this there were such daily testimonies given, as begot betwixt them so mutual a joy and confidence, that they seemed born to believe and do good to each other; she not doubting his piety to be more than all his opposers, which were many; nor doubting his prudence to be equal to the chiefest of her council, who were then as remarkable for active wisdom, as those dangerous times did require, or this nation did ever enjoy. And in this condition he continued twenty years; in which time he saw some flowings, but many more ebbings of her favour towards all men that had opposed him, especially the Earl of Leicester: so that God seemed still to keep him in her favour, that he might preserve the remaining Church lands and immunities from sacrilegious alienations. And this good man deserved all the honour and power with which she gratified and trusted him; for he was a pious man, and naturally of noble and grateful principles: he eased her of all her Church cares by his wise manage of them; he gave her faithful and prudent counsels in all the extremities and dangers of her temporal affairs, which were very many; he lived to be the chief comfort of her life in her declining age, and to be then most frequently with her, and her assistant at her private devotions; he lived to be the greatest comfort of her soul upon her deathbed, to be present at the expiration of her last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection. And let this also be added, that he was the chief mourner at her sad funeral; nor let this be forgotten, that, within a few hours after her death, he was the happy proclaimer, that King James — her peaceful successor — was heir to the Crown.

Let me beg of my reader to allow me to say a little, and but a little, more of this good Bishop, and I shall then presently lead him back to Mr. Hooker; and because I would hasten, I will mention but one part of the Bishop's charity and humility; but this of both. He built a large almshouse near to his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a master and twenty-eight poor men and women; which he visited so often, that he knew their names and dispositions; and was so truly humble, that he called them brothers and sisters; and whensoever the Queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his palace in Lambeth, — which was very often, — he would usually the next day show the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his hospital; at which time, you may believe, there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair free-school, with a good accommodation and maintenance for the master and scholars. Which gave just occasion for Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the French king, and resident here, at the Bishop's death, to say, " the Bishop had published many learned books; but a free-school to train up youth, and an hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning

that a bishop could leave to posterity." This good bishop lived to see King James settled in peace, and then fell into an extreme sickness at his palace in Lambeth; of which when the King had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the King at his departure assured him, " He had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of his Church." To which the good Bishop replied, *" Pro Ecclesia Dei! Pro Ecclesia Dei! "* which were the last words he ever spake; therein testifying, that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's Church.

This John Whitgift was made archbishop in the year 1583. In which busy place he continued twenty years and some months; and in which time you may believe he had many trials of his courage and patience: but his motto was *" Vincit qui patitur; "* and he made it good.

Many of his trials were occasioned by the then powerful Earl of Leicester, who did still — but secretly — raise and cherish a faction of Nonconformists to oppose him; especially one Thomas Cartwright, a man of noted learning, sometime contemporary with the Bishop in Cambridge, and of the same college, of which the Bishop had been master; in which place there began some emulations, — the particulars I forbear, — and at last open and high oppositions betwixt them; and in which you may believe Mr. Cartwright was most faulty, if his expulsion out of the university can incline you to it.

And in this discontent after the Earl's death, — which was 1588, — Mr. Cartwright appeared a chief cherisher of a party that were for the Geneva Church government; and, to effect it, he ran himself into many dangers both of liberty and life, appearing at the last to justify himself and his party in many remonstrances, which he caused to be printed: and to which the Bishop made a first answer, and Cartwright replied upon him; and then the Bishop having rejoined to his first reply, Mr. Cartwright either was, or was persuaded to be, satisfied, for he wrote no more, but left the reader to be judge which had maintained their cause with most charity and reason. After some silence, Mr. Cartwright received from the Bishop many personal favours and betook himself to a more private living, which was at Warwick, where he was made master of an hospital, and lived quietly, and grew rich; and where the Bishop gave him a licence to preach, upon promises not to meddle with controversies, but incline his hearers to piety and moderation: and this promise he kept during his life, which ended 1602, the Bishop surviving him but some few months; each ending his days in perfect charity with the other.

And now after this long digression, made for the information of my reader concerning what follows, I bring him back to venerable Mr. Hooker, where we left him in the Temple, and where we shall find him as deeply

engaged in a controversy with Walter Travers, — a friend and favourite of Mr. Cartwright's — as the Bishop had ever been with Mr. Cartwright himself, and of which I shall proceed to give this following account.

And first this: that though the pens of Mr. Cartwright and the Bishop were now at rest, yet there was sprung up a new generation of restless men, that by company and clamours became possessed of a faith which they ought to have kept to themselves, but could not: men that were become positive in asserting, " That a Papist cannot be saved: " insomuch, that about this time, at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the Bishop that preached her funeral sermon — which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough — was reviled for not being positive for her damnation. And besides this boldness of their becoming gods, so far as to set limits to his mercies, there was not only one Martin Mar-Prelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed; books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they; Nash's answer being like his books, which bore these, or like titles: "An Almond for a Parrot; " " A Fig for my Godson; " " Come Crack Me this Nut," and the like; so that this merry wit made some sport, and such a discovery of their absurdities, as — which is strange — he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able.

And now the reader is to take notice, that at the death of Father Alvey, who was Master of the Temple, this Walter Travers was lecturer there for the evening sermons, which he preached with great approbation, especially of some citizens, and the younger gentlemen of that society; and for the most part approved by Mr. Hooker himself, in the midst of their oppositions. For he continued lecturer a part of his time; Mr. Travers being indeed a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life. But he had taken orders by the Presbytery in Antwerp, — and with them some opinions, that could never be eradicated, — and if in anything he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design.

Mr. Travers had also a particular hope to set up this government in the Temple, and to that end used his most zealous endeavours to be Master of it; and his being disappointed by Mr. Hooker's admittance proved the occasion of a public opposition betwixt them in their sermons: many of which were concerning the doctrine and ceremonies of this Church: insomuch that, as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand

each other in their sermons: for, as one hath pleasantly expressed it, "The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury; and the afternoon Geneva."

In these sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinion erroneous. And thus it continued a long time, till the oppositions became so visible, and the consequences so dangerous, especially in that place, that the prudent Archbishop put a stop to Mr. Travers his preaching, by a positive prohibition. Against which Mr. Travers appealed, and petitioned her Majesty's Privy Council to have it recalled; where, besides his patron, the Earl of Leicester, he met also with many assisting friends: but they were not able to prevail with, or against the Archbishop, whom the Queen had entrusted with all Church power; and he had received so fair a testimony of Mr. Hooker's principles, and of his learning and moderation, that he withstood all solicitations. But the denying this petition of Mr. Travers was unpleasant to divers of his party; and the reasonableness of it became at last to be so publicly magnified by them, and many others of that party, as never to be answered: so that, intending the Bishop's and Mr. Hooker's disgrace, they procured it to be privately printed and scattered abroad; and then Mr. Hooker was forced to appear, and make as public an answer; which he did, and dedicated it to the Archbishop; and it proved so full an answer, an answer that had in it so much of clear reason, and writ with so much meekness and majesty of style, that the Bishop began to have him in admiration, and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause, and disdained not earnestly to beg his friendship; even a familiar friendship with a man of so much quiet learning and humility.

To enumerate the many particular points in which Mr. Hooker and Mr. Travers dissented, — all, or most of which I have seen written, — would prove at least tedious: and therefore I shall impose upon my reader no more than two, which shall immediately follow, and by which he may judge of the rest.

Mr. Travers excepted against Mr. Hooker, for that in one of his sermons he declared, "That the assurance of what we believe by the Word of God is not to us so certain as that which we perceive by sense." And Mr. Hooker confesseth he said so, and endeavours to justify it by the reasons following: —

"First: I taught that the things which God promises in his Word are surer than what we touch, handle, or see: but are we so sure and certain of them? If we be, why doth God so often prove his promises to us as he doth, by arguments drawn from our sensible experience? For we must be surer of the proof than of the things proved; otherwise it is no proof. For example: how is it that many men looking on the moon, at the same time, everyone knoweth it to be the moon as certainly as the other doth? but many believing one and the same promise, have not all one and the same fulness of persuasion. For how falleth it out, that men being assured of any-

thing by sense, can be no surer of it than they are; when as the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth hath always need to labour, strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented? "

The sermon, that gave him the cause of this his justification, makes the case more plain, by declaring " That there is, besides this certainty of evidence, a certainty of adherence." In which having most excellently demonstrated what the certainty of adherence is; he makes this comfortable use of it, " Comfortable," he says, " as to weak believers, who suppose themselves to be faithless, not to believe, when notwithstanding they have their adherence; the Holy Spirit hath his private operations, and worketh secretly in them, and effectually too, though they want the inward testimony of it."

Tell this, saith he, to a man that hath a mind too much dejected by a sad sense of his sin; to one that, by a too severe judging of himself, concludes that he wants faith, because he wants the comfortable assurance of it; and his answer will be, Do not persuade me against my knowledge, against what I find and feel in myself: I do not, I know, I do not believe, — Mr. Hooker's own words follow: — " Well then, to favour such men a little in their weakness, let that be granted which they do imagine; be it, that they adhere not to God's promises, but are faithless, and without belief: but are they not grieved for their unbelief? They confess they are; do they not wish it might, and also strive that it may be otherwise? We know they do. Whence cometh this, but from a secret love and liking, that they have of those things believed? For no man can love those things which in his own opinion are not; and if they think those things to be, which they show they love, when they desire to believe them; then must it be, that, by desiring to believe, they prove themselves true believers: for without faith no man thinketh that things believed are: which argument all the subtilties of internal powers will never be able to dissolve. This is an abridgement of part of the reasons Mr. Hooker gives for his justification of this his opinion, for which he was excepted against by Mr. Travers.

Mr. Hooker was also accused by Mr. Travers, for that he in one of his sermons had declared, " That he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in Popish superstition, forasmuch as they sinned ignorantly; " and Mr. Hooker in his answer professeth it to be his judgment, and declares his reasons for this charitable opinion to be as followeth.

But first, he states the question about Justification and Works, and how the foundation of Faith without works is overthrown; and then he proceeds to discover that way which natural men and some others have mistaken to be the way, by which they hope to attain true and everlasting happiness: and having discovered the mistake, he proceeds to direct to that true way, by which, and no other, everlasting life and blessedness is attainable. And

these two ways he demonstrates thus; — they be his own words that follow: — " That, the way of nature; this, the way of grace; the end of that way, salvation merited, presupposing the righteousness of men's works; their righteousness, a natural ability to do them; that ability, the goodness of God, which created them in such perfection. But the end of this way, salvation bestowed upon men as a gift: presupposing not their righteousness, but the forgiveness of their unrighteousness, justification; their justification, not their natural ability to do good, but their hearty sorrow for not doing, and unfeigned belief in him, for whose sake not-doers are accepted, which is their vocation; their vocation, the election of God, taking them out of the number of lost children: their election, a mediator in whom to be elected; this mediation, inexplicable mercy: this mercy, supposing their misery for whom he vouchsafed to die, and make himself a mediator."

And he also declareth, " There is no other meritorious cause for our justification, but Christ: no effectual, but his mercy; " and says also, " We deny the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we abuse, disannul and annihilate the benefit of his passion, if by a proud imagination we believe we can merit everlasting life, or can be worthy of it." This belief, he declareth, is to destroy the very essence of our justification; and he makes all opinions that border upon this to be very dangerous. " Yet nevertheless," — and for this he was accused, — " considering how many virtuous and just men, how many saints and martyrs have had their dangerous opinions, amongst which this was one, that they hoped to make God some part of amends, by voluntary punishments which they laid upon themselves: because by this, or the like erroneous opinions, which do by consequence overthrow the merits of Christ, shall man be so bold as to write on their graves, ' Such men are damned; there is for them no salvation? ' St. Austin says, *Errare possum, Hæreticus esse nolo.* And except we put a difference betwixt them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man should hope to be saved? Give me a Pope or Cardinal, whom great afflictions have made to know himself, whose heart God hath touched with true sorrow for all his sins, and filled with a love of Christ and his gospel; whose eyes are willingly open to see the truth, and his mouth ready to renounce all error, — this one opinion of merit excepted, which he thinketh God will require at his hands; — and because he wanteth, trembleth, and is discouraged, and yet can say, Lord, cleanse me from all my secret sins! shall I think, because of this, or a like error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment? If they do, wherefore should I doubt, but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them? No, I will not be afraid to say to such a one, You err in your opinion; but be of good comfort; you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of that little which you hold well; and not with a captious sophister, who gathereth the worst out of everything in which you are mistaken."

But it will be said, says Mr. Hooker, the admittance of merit in any degree overthroweth the foundation, excludeth from the hope of mercy, from all possibility of salvation. (And now Mr. Hooker's own words follow.)

" What, though they hold the truth sincerely in all other parts of Christian faith; although they have in some measure all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, although they have all other tokens of God's children in them? although they be far from having any proud opinion, that they shall be saved by the worthiness of their deeds? although the only thing that troubleth and molesteth them be a little too much dejection, somewhat too great a fear arising from an erroneous conceit, that God will require a worthiness in them, which they are grieved to find wanting in themselves? although they be not obstinate in this opinion? although they be willing, and would be glad to forsake it, if any one reason were brought sufficient to disprove it? although the only cause why they do not forsake it ere they die, be their ignorance of that means by which it might be disproved? although the cause why the ignorance in this point is not removed, be the want of knowledge in such as should be able, and are not, to remove it? Let me die," says Mr. Hooker, " if it be ever proved, that simply an error doth exclude a Pope or Cardinal in such a case utterly from hope of life. Surely, I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men, even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error: were it not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live."

I was willing to take notice of these two points, as supposing them to be very material; and that, as they are thus contracted, they may prove useful to my reader; as also for that the answers be arguments of Mr. Hooker's great and clear reason, and equal charity. Other exceptions were also made against him by Mr. Travers, as " That he prayed before, and not after, his sermons; that in his prayers he named bishops; that he kneeled, both when he prayed, and when he received the sacrament; " and — says Mr. Hooker in his defence — " other exceptions so like these, as but to name, I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them."

And it is not unworthy the noting, that in the manage of so great a controversy, a sharper reproof than this, and one like it, did never fall from the happy pen of this humble man. That like it, was upon a like occasion of exceptions, to which his answer was, " Your next argument consists of railing and of reasons: to your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows." And I am glad of this fair occasion to testify the dove-like temper of this meek, this matchless man. And doubtless, if Almighty God had blessed the dissenters from the ceremonies and discipline of this Church, with a like measure of wisdom and humility, instead of their pertinacious zeal, then obedience and truth had kissed each other; then peace and piety had flourished in our nation, and this Church and State had been blessed like Jerusalem, that is at unity with itself: but this can never be expected,

till God shall bless the common people of this nation with a belief, that schism is a sin, and they not fit to judge what is schism: and bless them also with a belief, that there may be offences taken which are not given, and, that laws are not made for private men to dispute, but to obey.

And this also may be worthy of noting, that these exceptions of Mr. Travers against Mr. Hooker proved to be *felix error*, for they were the cause of his transcribing those few of his sermons, which we now see printed with his books; and of his *Answer to Mr. Travers his Supplication;* and of his most learned and useful *Discourse of Justification, of Faith, and Works:* and by their transcription they fell into such hands as have preserved them from being lost, as too many of his other matchless writings were: and from these I have gathered many observations in this discourse of his life.

After the publication of his *Answer to the Petition of Mr. Travers*, Mr. Hooker grew daily into greater repute with the most learned and wise of the nation; but it had a contrary effect in very many of the Temple, that were zealous for Mr. Travers, and for his Church discipline; insomuch, that though Mr. Travers left the place, yet the seeds of discontent could not be rooted out of that society, by the great reason, and as great meekness, of this humble man: for though the chief benchers gave him much reverence and encouragement, yet he there met with many neglects and oppositions by those of Master Travers' judgment; insomuch that it turned to his extreme grief: and, that he might unbeguile and win them, he designed to write a deliberate, sober treatise of the Church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them, as upon her children; and this he proposed to do in *Eight Books of the Law of Ecclesiastical Polity;* intending therein to show such arguments as should force an assent from all men, if reason, delivered in sweet language, and void of any provocation, were able to do it: and, that he might prevent all prejudice, he wrote before it a large preface, or epistle to the dissenting brethren, wherein there were such bowels of love, and such a commixture of that love with reason, as was never exceeded but in Holy Writ; and particularly by that of St. Paul to his dear brother and fellow-labourer Philemon: than which none ever was more like this epistle of Mr. Hooker's. So that his dear friend and companion in his studies, Dr. Spencer, might, after his death, justly say, " What admirable height of learning, and depth of judgment, dwelt in the lowly mind of this truly humble man; — great in all wise men's eyes, except his own; with what gravity and majesty of speech his tongue and pen uttered heavenly mysteries; whose eyes, in the humility of his heart, were always cast down to the ground; how all things that proceeded from him were breathed as from the spirit of love; as if he, like the bird of the Holy Ghost, the dove, had wanted gall: — let those that knew him not in his person judge by these living images of his soul, his writings."

The foundation of these books was laid in the Temple; but he found it

no fit place to finish what he had there designed; he therefore earnestly solicited the Archbishop for a remove from that place; to whom he spake to this purpose: "My Lord, when I lose the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage: but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My Lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and, to satisfy that, I have consulted the scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with, as to alter our frame of Church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise, in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does; that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences: and I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

About this time the parsonage or rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarcum, and six miles from that city, became void. The Bishop of Sarum is patron of it; but in the vacancy of that see, — which was three years betwixt the translation of Bishop Pierce to the See of York, and Bishop Caldwell's admission into it, — the disposal of that, and all benefices belonging to that see, during this said vacancy, came to be disposed of by the Archbishop of Canterbury: and he presented Richard Hooker to it in the year 1591. And Richard Hooker was also in the said year instituted, July 17, to be a Minor Prebend of Salisbury, the corps to it being Nether Haven, about ten miles from that city; which prebend was of no great value, but intended chiefly to make him capable of a better preferment in that church. In this Boscum he continued till he had finished four of his eight proposed books of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, and these were entered into the register-book in Stationers' Hall, the 9th of March, 1592, but not published till the year 1594, and then were with the before-mentioned large and affectionate preface, which he directs to them that seek — as they term it — the reformation of the Laws and Orders Ecclesiastical in the Church of England; of which books I shall yet say nothing more, but that he continued his laborious diligence to finish the remaining four during his

life; — of all which more properly hereafter; — but at Boscum he finished and published but only the first four, being then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

He left Boscum in the year 1595, by a surrender of it into the hands of Bishop Caldwell: and he presented Benjamin Russell, who was instituted into it the 23rd of June in the same year.

The parsonage of Bishop's-Bourne in Kent, three miles from Canterbury, is in that Archbishop's gift: but, in that latter end of the year 1594, Dr. William Redman, the rector of it, was made Bishop of Norwich; by which means the power of presenting to it was *pro eâ vice* in the Queen; and she presented Richard Hooker, whom she loved well, to this good living of Bourne, the 7th July, 1595; in which living he continued till his death, without any addition of dignity or profit.

And now having brought our Richard Hooker from his birthplace, to this where he found a grave, I shall only give some account of his books and of his behaviour in this parsonage of Bourne, and then give a rest both to myself and my reader.

His first four books and large epistle have been declared to be printed at his being at Boscum, anno 1594. Next I am to tell, that at the end of these four books there was, when he first printed them, this advertisement to the reader. "I have for some causes thought it at this time more fit to let go these first four books by themselves, than to stay both them and the rest, till the whole might together be published. Such generalities of the cause in question as are here handled, it will be perhaps not amiss to consider apart, by way of introduction unto the books that are to follow concerning particulars; in the meantime the reader is requested to mend the printer's errors, as noted underneath."

And I am next to declare, that his fifth book — which is larger than his first four — was first also printed by itself, anno 1597, and dedicated to his patron — for till then he chose none — the Archbishop. These books were read with an admiration of their excellency in this, and their just fame spread itself also into foreign nations. And I have been told, more than forty years past, that either Cardinal Allen, or learned Dr. Stapleton, — both Englishmen, and in Italy about the time when Mr. Hooker's four books were first printed, — meeting with this general fame of them, were desirous to read an author that both the reformed and the learned of their own Romish Church did so much magnify; and therefore cause them to be sent for to Rome: and after reading them, boasted to the Pope, — which then was Clement the Eighth, — "That though he had lately said he never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author; yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness, if it were in Latin: for a poor obscure English priest had writ four such books of laws, and Church polity, and in a style that expressed such a grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all

their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him: " and this begot in the Pope an earnest desire that Dr. Stapleton should bring the said four books, and, looking on the English, read a part of them to him in Latin; which Dr. Stapleton did, to the end of the first book; at the conclusion of which, the Pope spake to this purpose: " There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding: this man indeed deserves the name of an author: his books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Nor was this high, the only testimony and commendations given to his books; for at the first coming of King James into this kingdom, he enquired of the Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Mr. Hooker, that writ the books of Church polity; to which the answer was, that he died a year before Queen Elizabeth, who received the sad news of his death with very much sorrow; to which the King replied, " And I receive it with no less, that I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books I have received such satisfaction: indeed, my Lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph, in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of Churches, or Church music, or the like, but especially of the sacraments, than I have had in reading particular large treatises written but of one of those subjects by others, though very learned men: and I observe there is in Mr. Hooker no affected language: but a grave, comprehensive, clear manifestation of reason, and that backed with the authority of the scripture, the fathers, and schoolmen, and with all law both sacred and civil. And, though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten; but doubtless there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author." And it is so truly true, that the King thought what he spake, that, as the most learned of the nation have, and still do mention Mr. Hooker with reverence; so he also did never mention him but with the epithet of learned, or judicious, or reverend, or venerable Mr. Hooker.

Nor did his son, our late King Charles the First, ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son, our now gracious King, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary, Mr. Camden, mentioning the death, the modesty, and other virtues of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wished, " that, for the honour of this, and benefit of other nations, they were turned into the universal language." Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary, and forsaken it: but the reader may now expect it, having been long since begun and lately finished, by the happy pen of Dr. Earle, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say, — and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now

live, and yet know him not, — that since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper: so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker, and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what hath been too long confined to the language of our little island.

There might be many more and just occasions taken to speak of his books, which none ever did or can commend too much; but I decline them, and hasten to an account of his Christian behaviour and death at Bourne; in which place he continued his customary rules of mortification and self-denial; was much in fasting, frequent in meditation and prayers, enjoying those blessed returns which only men of strict lives feel and know, and of which men of loose and godless lives cannot be made sensible; for spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

At his entrance into this place, his friendship was much sought for by Dr. Hadrian Saravia, then, or about that time, made one of the Prebends of Canterbury; a German by birth, and sometime a pastor both in Flanders and Holland, where he had studied, and well considered the controverted points concerning episcopacy and sacrilege; and in England had a just occasion to declare his judgment concerning both, unto his brethren ministers of the Low Countries; which was excepted against by Theodore Beza and others; against whose exceptions he rejoined, and thereby became the happy author of many learned tracts writ in Latin; especially of three; one, of the *Degrees of Ministers*, and of the *Bishops' Superiority above the Presbytery;* a second, *Against Sacrilege;* and a third of *Christian Obedience to Princes;* the last being occasioned by Gretzerus the Jesuit. And it is observable, that when, in a time of Church tumults, Beza gave his reasons to the Chancellor of Scotland for the abrogation of episcopacy in that nation, partly by letters, and more fully in a treatise of a threefold episcopacy, — which he calls divine, human, and satanical, — this Dr. Saravia had, by the help of Bishop Whitgift, made such an early discovery of their intentions, that he had almost as soon answered that treatise as it became public; and he therein discovered how Beza's opinion did contradict that of Calvin's and his adherents; leaving them to interfere with themselves in point of episcopacy. But of these tracts it will not concern me to say more, than that they were most of them dedicated to his, and the Church of England's watchful patron, John Whitgift, the Archbishop; and printed about the time in which Mr. Hooker also appeared first to the world, in the publication of his first four books of *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

This friendship being sought for by this learned doctor you may believe was not denied by Mr. Hooker, who was by fortune so like him, as to be engaged against Mr. Travers, Mr. Cartwright, and others of their judgment, in a controversy too like Dr. Saravia's; so that in this year of 1595, and in this place of Bourne, these two excellent persons began a holy friendship

increasing daily to so high and mutual affections, that their two wills seemed to be but one and the same; and their designs both for the glory of God, and peace of the Church, still assisting and improving each other's virtues, and the desired comforts of a peaceable piety; which I have willingly mentioned, because it gives a foundation to some things that follow.

This parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover; in which parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others — scholars especially — went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired: and alas! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, "What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?" No, indeed: but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God and nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face: and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time: and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended: and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.

This parish clerk lived till the third or fourth year of the late Long Parliament; betwixt which time and Mr. Hooker's death there had come many to see the place of his burial, and the monument dedicated to his memory by Sir William Cowper, who still lives; and the poor clerk had many rewards for showing Mr. Hooker's grave place, and his said monument, and did always hear Mr. Hooker mention with commendations and reverence; to all which he added his own knowledge and observations of his humility and holiness; and in all which discourses the poor man was still more confirmed in his opinion of Mr. Hooker's virtues and learning. But it so fell out, that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present parson of Bourne was sequestered, — you may guess why, — and a Genevan minister put into his good living. This, and other like sequestrations, made the clerk express himself in a wonder, and say, "They had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted, if his good master Mr. Hooker had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too!"

It was not long before this intruding minister had made a party in and about the said parish, that were desirous to receive the sacrament as in Geneva; to which end, the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar, or communion-table, for them to sit and eat and drink: but when they went about this work, there was a want of some joint-stools, which the minister sent the clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions, — but not to kneel upon. When the clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder; but the minister bade him " cease wondering, and lock the church door: " to whom he replied, " Pray take you the keys, and lock me out: I will never come more into this church; for all men will say, my master Hooker was a good man, and a good scholar; and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days: " and report says the old man went presently home and died; I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after.

But let us leave this grateful clerk in his quiet grave, and return to Mr. Hooker himself, continuing our observations of his Christian behaviour in this place, where he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth; possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations. His use was to preach once every Sunday, and he, or his curate, to catechize after the second lesson in the evening prayer. His sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal and an humble voice: his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent imagination from wandering; insomuch, that he seemed to study as he spake. The design of his sermons — as indeed of all his discourses — was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter, — which he never wanted, — as for apt illustrations, to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by similar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by heedless distinctions and sub-distinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher, " as a natural from an artificial beauty."

He never failed the Sunday before every ember-week to give notice of it to his parishioners, persuading them both to fast, and then to double their devotions for a learned and a pious clergy, but especially the last; saying often, " That the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric; and so convincing, that the most godless men — though they would not deny themselves the enjoyment of their present lusts — did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives." And to what he persuaded other, he added his own example of fasting and prayer; and did usually every ember-week take from the parish clerk the key of the church door, into which place he retired every day, and locked himself up for many hours; and did the like most Fridays and other days of fasting.

He would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so: in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year especially by the boys and young people; still inclining them and all his present parishioners, to meekness, and mutual kindness and love; because "Love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities."

He was diligent to enquire who of his parish were sick, or any ways distressed, and would often visit them, unsent for; supposing that the fittest time to discover to them those errors to which health and prosperity had blinded them. And having by pious reasons and prayers moulded them into holy resolutions for the time to come, he would incline them to confession and bewailing their sins, with purpose to forsake them, and then to receive the communion, both as a strengthening of those holy resolutions, and as a seal betwixt God and them of his mercies to their souls, in case that present sickness did put a period to their lives.

And as he was thus watchful and charitable to the sick, so he was as diligent to prevent lawsuits; still urging his parishioners and neighbours to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in love, because, as St. John says, "He that lives in love, lives in God; for God is love." And to maintain this holy fire of love constantly burning on the altar of a pure heart, his advice was to watch and pray, and always keep themselves fit to receive the communion, and then to receive it often; for it was both a confirming and strengthening of their graces. This was his advice; and at his entrance or departure out of any house, he would usually speak to the whole family, and bless them by name; insomuch, that as he seemed in his youth to be taught of God, so he seemed in this place to teach his precepts as Enoch did, by walking with him in all holiness and humility, making each day a step towards a blessed eternity. And though, in this weak and declining age of the world, such examples are become barren, and almost incredible; yet let his memory be blessed by this true recordation, because he that praises Richard Hooker, praises God who hath given such gifts to men; and let this humble and affectionate relation of him become such a pattern, as many invite posterity to imitate these his virtues.

This was his constant behaviour both at Bourne and in all the places in which he lived: thus did he walk with God, and tread the footsteps of primitive piety; and yet, as that great example of meekness and purity, even our blessed Jesus, was not free from false accusations, no more was this disciple of his, this most humble, most innocent, holy man. His was a slander parallel to that of chaste Susannah's by the wicked elders; or that against St. Athanasius, as it is recorded in his life, — for this holy man had heretical enemies, — a slander which this age calls *trepanning*. The

particulars need not a repetition; and that it was false needs no other testimony than the public punishment of his accusers, and their open confession of his innocency. It was said that the accusation was contrived by a dissenting brother, one that endured not Church ceremonies, hating him for his book's sake, which he was not able to answer; and his name hath been told me; but I have not so much confidence in the relation as to make my pen fix a scandal on him to posterity; I shall rather leave it doubtful till the great day of revelation. But this is certain, that he lay under the great charge, and the anxiety of this accusation, and kept it secret to himself for many months; and, being a helpless man, had lain longer under this heavy burthen, but that the protector of the innocent gave such an accidental occasion, as forced him to make it known to his two dearest friends, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, who were so sensible of their tutor's sufferings, that they gave themselves no rest, till by their disquisitions and diligence they had found out the fraud, and brought him the welcome news, that his accusers did confess they had wronged him, and begged his pardon. To which the good man's reply was to this purpose: " The Lord forgive them; and the Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now have I a just occasion to say with Solomon, ' Friends are born for the days of adversity; ' and such you have proved to me. And to my God I say, as did the mother of St. John Baptist, ' Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men.' And, O my God! neither my life, nor my reputation, are safe in my own keeping; but in thine, who didst take care of me when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast. Blessed are they that put their trust in thee, O Lord! for when false witnesses were risen up against me; when shame was ready to cover my face; when my nights were restless; when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of water; then thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and art now become my deliverer; and as long as I live I will hold up my hands in this manner, and magnify thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies: the net is broken, and they are taken in it. Oh! blessed are they that put their trust in thee! and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrows, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction; for with such sacrifices, thou, O God, art well pleased; and I will pay them."

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth; and it is observable, that as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable; so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind, that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature, that, to prevent the excesses of it, — for men would not know moderation, — Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says " vengeance is mine: "

and though this be said positively by God himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing, that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to the time, and justice, and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it. And yet nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and measure of God alone, it was this Richard Hooker, of whom I write: for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon; and when that was denied him, his reply was, " That however he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment." And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom, that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour, and an open confession. And 'tis observable, that after this time he would often say to Dr. Saravia, " Oh! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge! "

About the year 1600, and of his age forty-six, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered; for after that time, till his death, he was not free from thoughtful days and restless nights: but a submission to his will that makes the sick man's bed easy, by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable: and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia — who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life, — " That he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason, but to live to finish his three remaining books of polity; and then ' Lord, let thy servant depart in peace; ' " which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the Church the benefit of them, as completed by himself; and 'tis thought he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his books. But this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts, and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at last never considered, the pleasures of the palate, became first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, insomuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretell him that the day of his dissolution drew near; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst.

In this time of his sickness and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, " Are my books and written papers safe? " And being answered that they were; his reply was, " Then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me."

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, — for they were supposed to be confessors to each other, — came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety

of the Church's absolution, it was resolved the Doctor should give him both that and the sacrament the following day. To which end the Doctor came, and, after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company; and then the Doctor gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the Doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face; but it lasted not long; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the Doctor apprehended death ready to seize him; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, " That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven: and Oh! that it might be so on earth! " After which words, he said, " I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gather comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time: I submit to it: let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done." With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: " Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory, than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

In the meantime, Bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning,

yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation; for these will bring peace at the last. And, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blest with what he designed, when he undertook them: which was, glory to thee, O God! on high, peace in thy Church, and goodwill to mankind. Amen. Amen.

LOPE DE VEGA

1562–1635

By GEORGE HENRY LEWES[1] (1817–1878)

"IT IS so trite an observation that the life of a man of letters is too uniform to render the relation of it interesting," says Lord Holland, "that the remark has become as regular an introduction to literary biography, as the title-page and dedication are to a book." And the observation is as false as trite. False in the fact stated, and false in the consequence inferred; for authors' lives in general are *not* uniform — they are strangely chequered by vicissitudes; and even were the outward circumstances uniform, the inward struggles must still be various. An author's life may be either a record of events, or a record of mental struggles. Ideas are its events; works its produce. If the biographies of literary men have been barren of interest, the fault lies with the biographers. For my part I would rather have a narrative of the early hopes and disappointments, of the baffled ambition and the hard-earned success, in one word, the mental history of an author, than the most dramatic exposition of his outward career that could be written. I want to know the man. My sympathy is with him and that which is peculiar to him; not with external circumstances, which have surrounded others as well as him. An author's life derives its especial interest from being the life of an *author;* and circumstances are only interesting in as far as they may have influenced the direction of his energies.

It is a mistake to suppose that authors' lives have been uneventful; many have been tragic dramas. What a life was Dante's! and what Tasso's! what Camoens'! Where shall we look for a more romantic history than that of Cervantes? And Milton — Savage — Chatterton — Byron — Shelley, were their histories uniform? "Because Horace ran away from Philippi, or for some reason equally cogent, courage has been supposed to be a rare virtue among poets; and Menage observes that Garcilasso is the only bard upon record who actually fell in the field." And yet Cervantes lost an arm at Lepanto; Marlowe was killed in a duel; George Farcy was shot while fighting for liberty during the glorious Three Days; Æschylus was the brother of Cynergerius; and the hand that wrote the *Prometheus* was the hand that struck down the dark-haired Medes at Salamis and Marathon;

[1] Reprinted from *The Spanish Drama. Lope de Vega and Calderon.* London, 1846.

the same hand that in his epitaph wrote of his deeds in war, but left unmentioned his success in art. Boscan, Diego de Mendoza, Montemayor, Castilejo, distinguished themselves as warriors. Don Alonzo de Ercilla traversed the Atlantic and the Straits of Magellan, seeking glory and danger in another hemisphere. Camoens was a sailor and soldier, brave as he was wise. Poets, in short, have done the state some service with their swords as with their pens.

Lope de Vega was not simply a poet. His life was not wholly passed in writing those works, the number of which exceeds that of any known author; it was as chequered with adventure as the most romantic could desire. His father, Felix de Carpio, forced to quit home to seek an existence in Madrid, and acting on the convenient maxim —

when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near —

had fallen in love with a Madrileña, forgetting his poor wife. Jealousy, or love, urged his wife to follow him. Felix was not irrevocably lost; a reconciliation took place, and the birth of Lope crowned their happiness. This happened on the 25th November, 1562.

Montalvan assures us that as an infant Lope was a prodigy. At the age of five he read well not only Spanish, but Latin also; and before his hand was strong enough to guide a pen he composed and recited verses. At school he bartered his poems with his playfellows for prints and toys. Thus, as Lord Holland remarks, early turning his poetry to account; an art in which he afterwards excelled all poets, ancient or modern. This tendency to poetry Lope prettily compares to the twittering of young birds in the nest; like others before him,

He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Before he reached his twelfth year he had written plays; bad enough, as he confesses, and yet indicative of his natural genius for the stage. He was educated at Madrid; but appears to have been no very diligent scholar. There is an anecdote recorded of him which gives us a glimpse into the boy's restless and romantic nature. When about thirteen he was impelled by a vague longing to see the world; he escaped from school with a companion of equal ardour. They had taken with them all the money they could command; but that all did not long suffice. Arrived at Astorga, their empty purses painfully convinced them of the impracticability of their scheme. They resolved to abandon it; but to return was not so easy. At Segovia they were forced to sell some trinkets; the tradesman to whom they offered their wares was a cautious old fellow, who, having probably been deceived before, looked with suspicion on the youngsters; and conducted them to the Corregidor. Their adventure seemed to take a still more serious

turn. Fortunately for them, the Corregidor was a man of sufficient sagacity to divine the truth. Instead of imprisoning them, he ordered an alguazil to conduct them back to Madrid. Crest-fallen did the two illustrious travellers return, having discovered no lands more recondite than Galicia. Lope soon afterwards lost his parents. He was then without a guide in the world; nor had he fortune to procure him friends. But the world was before him, wide enough for his adventurous spirit. In his epistle to Antonio de Mendoza he tells us that in tender years (*en tiernos años*) " I endured the fatigues of war, traversed the far seas, and visited strange kingdoms, where I handled the sword, before with my pen I treated of love adventures." And this life of adventure, these distant voyages and constant perils, were the food which was hereafter to feed his poetic fire with abundant fuel. He who at fifteen left Madrid with a sword by his side, a musket on his shoulder, and a flaunting plume arrogantly dancing in his cap, was hereafter to represent on the stage of Madrid, the poetical life of the gay and gallant soldiers who then made Spain illustrious. He could say with Ovid that he sang of his own deeds, his own experience: —

Resque domi gestas et mea bella cano.

He served in Portugal and in Africa, under the Marquis de Santa Cruz, one of the great captains of the day. And he served gallantly; at least he tells us that he was always the first in an attack and the last to retire; and in one so little given to boasting we may believe this self-praise.

In 1578 he returned to Madrid, and entered the service of Don Geronimo Manrique de Lara, bishop of Avila and grand inquisitor. Of him he afterwards said, " I cannot hear Don Geronimo named without remembering that it is to him I owe my early culture, and my first studies." I presume this means that what he learned at school was not to be reckoned as culture; like so many poets, he probably was no very diligent scholar; and that which he regarded as his real education began on his quitting school. Certain it is that he ingratiated himself with the bishop by the composition of some pastoral eclogues, and a comedy called *La Pastoral de Jacinto*. The comedy is extant, and is pronounced a remarkable work for a youth of sixteen; but we must remember that youth was precocious, and had already seen something of the world. Don Geronimo was a sagacious and munificent patron. He saw the talent which his page possessed, and sent him to the university of Alcalá, there to cultivate theology, philosophy, and mathematics. He learned there Italian, Portuguese, and French.

Lope subsequently entered the service of the Duke of Alva, as secretary, and it was at his instigation that Lope composed the *Arcadia:* " a mixture of prose and verse, of romance and poetry, of pastoral and heroic, the design of which was avowedly taken from Sannazzaro," and which may be compared by the curious with Sir Philip Sidney's renowned but little read work.

Lord Holland praises the *Arcadia* for its harmonious versification, occasional beauty of expression, general facility, and above all its prodigious variety of maxims, similes, and illustrations. "The maxims, as in all Spanish authors of that time, are often trivial and untrue. When they have produced an antithesis, they think they have struck out a truth. The illustrations are sometimes so forced and unnatural, that, though they may display erudition and excite surprise, they cannot elucidate the subject, and are not likely to delight the imagination. Forced conceits and plays upon words are indeed common in this as in every other work of Lope de Vega; for he was one of the authors who contributed to introduce that taste for false wit which soon afterwards became so universally prevalent throughout Europe. Marino, the champion of that style in Italy, with the highest expressions of admiration for his model, acknowledges that he imbibed this taste from Lope, and owed his merit in poetry to the perusal of his works."

This is very true; but although Lope may have set the fashion, he did not allow himself to be seduced into all its extravagances; and in one of his prose essays he stringently denounces the bad taste of Gongora, who was the Marino of Spain.

To return: Lope's studies were not confined to theology and philosophy; the tempting problems of the occult sciences bewitched his ardent imagination for a time. He was nearly losing his reason, as he says, in this study, when he was snatched from it by a greater fascination — love. This was necessary to his existence. It was also necessary to his education as a poet. Who that ever penned a stanza will not sing as he sings here?
Thus rendered by Lord Holland —

In the green season of my flowering years,
I lived, O love! a captive in thy chains;
Sang of delusive hopes and idle fears,
And wept thy follies in my wisest strains:
Sad sport of time when under thy control,
So wild was grown my wit, so blind my soul.

Who was the fair one that enslaved the poet? Conjecture is rife, but documents are absolutely wanting. Among the most plausible conjectures is that first started by M. Fauriel, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1st Sept. 1839), which, though contradicted in a positive manner by M. Damas Hinard, is accepted, with slight modifications, by Herr Schach, the last enquirer into this matter; and with some reason, as it appears to me. This is the point. A long novel in dialogue, called *Dorotea,* which might be called a drama, did not its extension forbid all notion of its having been intended for representation, is believed by M. Fauriel to contain, in the garb of fiction, some real adventures of the author. This supposition once entertained, the novel explains many points hitherto inexplicable in

Lope de Vega's life. It is certainly a permissible assumption; but although one may admit an author to have dramatized his own experience, and in some measure to have placed himself in his work, it becomes a very delicate task for critics to separate the biographical from the fictitious — the more so as this story reflects no credit upon its author. Let us see what MM. Fauriel and Schach make of it.

In his seventeenth year, Lope returned to Madrid, and was admitted into the house of a rich and open-hearted relative. In this house, there was a charming girl named Marfisa. The bright-eyed lively young poet, and the charming girl, as a matter of course, fell in love. How many sonnets she inspired, history recordeth not; but with so fertile a muse the number must have been immense. Sonnets on the one side, and vows on the other, were not, however, potent enough to make that stream run smoothly which the poet tells us never does run so. The dreams of their true love were shattered. She was forced to accept the hand of a rich and elderly jurist. There was no avoiding the fatal act. The marriage-day arrived, and on that very day, amidst her fast-falling tears, did Marfisa swear eternal fidelity to her afflicted Lope!

It is to be supposed that the young poet was not backward in swearing also; and doubtless he thought his constancy would be invincible. But the constancy of a poet! and that poet seventeen! We know what value to attach to such oaths. Romeo has taught us how long it takes a Juliet to drive a Rosalind from a despairing heart. Poets like unhappy love very well — to write about. But their impetuous natures, avid of emotions, above all avid of love, unfit them for constancy to a mistress beyond their reach. Lope, while sighing for his lost Marfisa, encounters Dorotea, a young Madrileña, whose husband is absent, and absent in such a remote corner of the globe that his return is not to be expected. On their first meeting they love. It seems to them that they have known each other all their lives, so thoroughly have their souls mingled.

This sudden passion in two Spanish hearts admitted of no disguise. It was frank, vehement, reckless. Dorotea's mother, however she might close her eyes to the question of morality, could not close them to the fact that Lope was no illustrious suitor. She did not smile on him. Her preference was bestowed upon a rich foreigner, whom Dorotea, in spite of her passion for Lope, was cunning enough to keep at her feet. You see, at once, the agitation of these jealous lovers; you guess how Lope's constant anxiety lest he should be sacrificed to his rich rival, not only led him into perilous adventures, but also stimulated his passion; you can appreciate his delight when finally his rival was forced to quit Madrid, and leave him undisputed place. But do not fancy his happiness now complete, or that love filled up the measure of his heart. She told him one day that their *liaison* must cease — that she could not withstand the reproaches of her mother and relatives — that she was become the talk of all Madrid: — he took her at

her word. She perhaps only awaited some kind word from him to make her defy all the world and be his. That word was not uttered. Lope was bitter and vehement; he accused her of favouring Don Vela, an American; and he who never yielded an inch to his former rival, now left the place to a rival whom he wrongfully supposed preferred to him. He left Madrid.

He went to Seville, but the gloom of his spirit darkened all he saw, and that beautiful city seemed to him a desert. He went to Cadiz. But, as the poet says, a change of place is not a change of mind; and the restless Lope returned to Madrid. One day as he walked along the Prado, absorbed in his sorrowful meditations, he met two women. The one was closely enveloped in her mantilla; she preserved silence. The other addressed him and begged to learn the cause of his sorrow. Her sympathy awakened his confidence. With passionate earnestness he related his story. The mantilla was instantly thrown aside from the sweet face of the silent one, who, sobbing, exclaimed, "Oh my Lope! Joy of my life! My first and only love! would that I had never been born, rather than have caused such misery! O mother, mother! you deceived me; you have broken my heart!" She then told him of her despair at his absence, of her frequent attempts at suicide; and overpowered by her emotions sank exhausted on the ground. He was not less moved; and mingled his tears with hers. This scene ended with a perfect reconciliation.

Plans were soon formed which enabled them to continue their *liaison* without offending her relatives, and without exciting the suspicions of Don Vela. One of these plans was magnificently romantic, and worthy of the dramatist who was hereafter to be so fertile in intrigue. The young and handsome Lope came every evening in the ragged dress of a beggar, before the door of his mistress. A trusty servant brought him alms and food. In the bread which she handed him was a letter, the contents of which he devoured in secret. He laid himself upon the ground, and feigned sleep. Dorotea when unobserved sat at the window and exchanged whisperings of affection with him.

These meetings had their charm as long as Lope believed he was outwitting others. As soon as he felt convinced that he alone was loved; that Don Vela had no hold upon her heart; and that her mother was on the point of ceasing her opposition — the charm of these meetings vanished, and the beauty and fascinations of Dorotea vanished with them. The inconstant poet suddenly began to find his mistress short of perfection. He had ceased to love her. He returned to his former mistress Marfisa; and the broken-hearted Dorotea, hearing of her husband's death, took refuge in a convent. Lope's *liaison* with Marfisa did not, however, last long; and the restless adventurer once more found himself engaged in a dangerous intrigue.

The events I am now relating are all enveloped in considerable doubt,

so that the reader is not to accept them as ascertained facts. Biographers are at issue on every point. Instead, however, of wearying the reader with discussion, I content myself with the simple preadmonition that the narrative is here given such as, after duly weighing the diverse arguments, it appears to me most coherent.

Lope de Vega, when in the service of the Duke of Alva, had engaged the affections of some noble lady, and was imprudent enough to confide his secret to some friend who betrayed him. The result was his imprisonment. He escaped and fled to Valencia; where he found his friend Claudio, whom he has immortalized, and whom he rescued from the tower of Serranos.

We meet with him again at Madrid, where he re-entered the service of Don Geronimo, bishop of Avila. He began to think seriously of adopting some honourable career. After some hesitation he determined on entering the church. He prepared himself; was on the eve of being ordained when he met with a young girl, Doña Isabella de Urbina, " beautiful without artifice, clever without pretension, and virtuous without affectation," according to Montalvan. All his thoughts of religious retirement vanished at the sight of this young creature. Love once more asserted its empire over him. He married.

His domestic felicity was soon interrupted. There was at Madrid one of those *hidalgos* so often painted by the Spanish poets: poor, proud, and irritable; passing his time in houses where money was to be won from friends; gaining his existence in a fragmentary manner; borrowing when possible; paying his debts with promises; and not without a turn for ridicule. One day, in Lope's absence, the hidalgo made him the subject of his wit. Lope heard of it, and revenged himself like a wit and a poet: he composed a satire, in which the Don was so piquantly exhibited, that everyone laughingly acknowledged the truth of the portrait. The Don was furious, and challenged the poet. Lope handled the sword as adroitly as the pen, and left his antagonist on the field.

He was forced to fly. Valencia received him; and as his works had already made him celebrated, he was a welcome guest. Valencia then possessed a number of remarkable men; among others Guillen de Castro, the dramatist from whom Corneille borrowed the *Cid*. Lope's wife remained in Madrid, but frequently came to see him. These voyages, however, destroyed her health, always delicate, and sensibly affected by grief. Once she arrived unexpected and dying. Lope was from home. They sent for him. He hastened back, and arrived in time to receive the last look and the last sigh of her who had come to die in his arms.

His grief was violent. In the eclogue he afterwards composed on the subject, he paints his feelings with a mixture of pathos and ingenious *concetti,* which might lead one to suspect the sincerity of his grief, did we not know how passion accommodates itself even to the most fanciful extravagances, and that poets, in the impossibility of finding adequate expres-

sions for their feelings, endeavour in hyperboles to shadow forth their meaning. Moreover, we must remember, southern imaginations are so much more excitable than northern, that what seems wild to us will be tame to them.

The only cure for grief is action. Lope joined the Invincible Armada which Philip the Second was then preparing, and which the impetuous youth of Spain joined, eager to punish the murderers of Mary Stuart. At Lisbon Lope met his brother, whom he had not seen for years, and whom he was destined soon to see shot by his side.

"If there be any truth," says Lord Holland, "in the supposition that poets have a greater portion of sensibility in their frames than other men, it is fortunate that they are furnished by the nature of their occupations with the means of withdrawing themselves from its effects. The act of composition, especially of verse, abstracts the mind most powerfully from external objects. The poet therefore has always a refuge within reach; by inventing fictitious distress, he may be blunting the poignancy of real grief; while he is raising the affections of his readers, he may be allaying the violence of his own, and thus find an emblem of his own susceptibility of impression in that poetical spear which is represented as curing with one end the wounds it had inflicted with the other. Whether this fanciful theory be true or not, it is certain that poets have continued their pursuits with ardour under the pressure of calamity. Some indeed assert that the genius of Ovid drooped during his banishment; but we have his own testimony, and what, notwithstanding all such criticisms, is more valuable, many hundreds of his verses, to prove that this event, however it might have depressed his spirits, riveted him to the habits of composition, and taught him to seek for consolation where he had hitherto only found amusement. Thus, in an eclogue which the friendship of Pedro de Medina Medinilla consecrated to the memory of Lope's wife, the lamentations of the husband are supposed to have been actually furnished by our author. Two or three odes on the same subject are to be found in his works, and he informs us himself that during his unfortunate voyage he composed the *Hermosura de Angelica,* a poem which professes to take up the story of that princess where Ariosto had dropped it. The motive he assigns for this choice is curious. He found in Turpin that most of her remaining adventures took place in Spain, and, thinking it for the honour of his country, related them in twenty cantos.

"To complete what Ariosto had begun was no light undertaking; and the difficulty was not diminished by the publication only two years before of a poem on the same subject, called *Las Lagrimas de Angelica.* This was written by Luis Barahona de Soto, and has always been esteemed one of the best poems in the Spanish language. It is mentioned with great praise by the curate in the examination of Don Quixote's library.

"The first canto of Lope's poem is taken up with the invocation, and with the rivalship between Lido, king of Seville, and Cardiloro, son of Mandricardo; in the second, the latter enters a cave where are painted the Moorish wars in Spain, and all the events of Ariosto's poem. These are related in about twenty stanzas, without spirit, circumstance, of poetry, if we except the indignation of Cardiloro at the sight of his father's death:

> *"How with Rogero in unlucky strife,*
> *He closed the last sad passage of his life,*
> *Fain, as he saw, had angry Cardilore,*
> *E'en in the picture, slain the conquering Moor.*

"The death of Clorinarda, who died of grief on her marriage with Lido, is lamented at length by her disconsolate husband; but in a strain which bears no traces of the author having so lately experienced a similar calamity. But if the grief expressed in the speech of his hero falls short of that which we must suppose to have passed in the breast of Lope, yet in the violence of its effects it must be allowed to surpass it; for Lido actually dies of his despair, and leaves his kingdom of Seville to the most beautiful man and woman who shall appear. Most of the third and all the fourth canto are taken up with the enumeration and description of the persons who thronged to Seville for the prize. There is some sprightliness and more quaintness in his remarks on the old, the ugly, and the decrepit, leaving their homes, and travelling through dangers and difficulties in the hopes that their personal charms may procure them a kingdom. After much discussion, he seems inclined to attribute this vanity to the invention of looking-glasses, and ridicules with some spirit the pedantry of those who wished to decide the contest by the exactness of proportion in features and limbs, and to prove the beauty of a woman by rule and by compass. Angelica and Medoro arrive the last; and immediately after Zerdan, king of Numidia, and Nereida, queen of Media, the most hideous of mankind. Of Angelica he gives a long, cold, minute, and commonplace description; but there is more discrimination in the character of Medoro's beauty than is usual in Lope's poetry:

> *"And with her he, at whose success and joy*
> *The jealous world such ills had suffer'd, came,*
> *Now king, whom late as slaves did kings employ,*
> *The young Medoro, happy, envied name,*
> *Scarce twenty years had seen the lovely boy,*
> *As ringlet locks and yellow down proclaim;*
> *Fair was his height; and grave to gazers seem'd*
> *Those eyes which where they turned with love and softness beam'd.*

" Tender was he, and of a gentler kind,
A softer frame than haply knighthood needs;
To pity apt, to music much inclin'd,
In language haughty, somewhat meek in deeds;
Dainty in dress, and of accomplished mind,
A wit that kindles, and a tongue that leads;
Gay, noble, kind, and generous to the sight,
On foot a gallant youth, on horse an airy knight.

" After the decision in their favour, and a short but not inelegant compliment to his mistress Lucinda, who at this time must have been an imaginary person, he proceeds to the love which the beauty of Medoro and Angelica inspired in some of their rivals, and the rage which they excited in others. Among these, the speech of Rostubaldo, king of Toledo, affords a specimen of a different kind of poetry from any we have hitherto inserted:

" What rage your barbarous councils has possest,
Senate beset with women round? he cries;
That heedless, hasty thus, by love carest,
Won by the wanton tricks their sex devise,
To one in lisp, in dress, in air confest
A woman more than man, you grant a prize
Due to the nervous arm and daring face
Of those whose mighty limbs proclaim a manly race?

" The dying king or said, or meant to say,
For so I dare interpret his bequest,
That you ere long should choose, the realm to sway,
Of graceful knights the fairest and the best.
Then in the mighty business of the day
Shall the wild noise of women, half possest,
Accord the prize to one whose girlish air
Deserves, instead of crowns, the caps his patrons wear?

" One whom I call not man, for that's a name
I blush to squander on so soft a mien.
What covered Nero, Commodus with shame?
In their unmanly cheeks the answer's seen. —
The loom, the distaff, be Medoro's fame,
So let him spin, or deck his beauteous queen, —
For mirror-like his form reflects her charms, —
But quit the cares of state, and shun the din of arms.

" So may he trim her robe, her gems may place,
Adjust the gold, and wreathe her flowing hair;
Secure with her o'er open meads may chase
The harmless rabbit or the tim'rous hare;
May turn his eyes enamour'd on her face, etc., etc.

" He pursues the same train of thought for several stanzas, and concludes his speech with an insult and threat that many will deem too ludicrous for anything approaching epic poetry:

" Your crown then let your pretty looks defend,
For on your abject necks to trample I intend.

" Being vehemently opposed by Turcatheo the Scythian, a general war ensues; and in the course of two or three cantos, in which the adventures of Linodoro and Thisbe are related, and a long list of Spanish kings since Tubal inserted, Nereida succeeds in bewitching Medoro to love her. She conveys him and Angelica to an island, where the latter is carried away by Zerban. In the meanwhile Rostubaldo besieges Seville. The thirteenth canto is taken up with the story of a man who falls in love with Belcorayda upon seeing her picture; which, as it has no connexion with the subject of the poem, seems to have been introduced for the sake of an eulogium upon painting, and a compliment to Spagnoletto and the king of Spain. Lope was extremely fond of painting, and, among his many accomplishments, had I believe made some little proficiency in that art. Medoro is persecuted in various ways by Nereida, and Angelica is in the utmost danger of violence from Zerban. Rostubaldo visits a cave where the glories of the Spanish arms till the final conquest of Granada are foretold. In the seventeenth canto, the subject of which is the siege of Seville, Cardiloro, the original lover of Clorinarda, coming to the assistance of the besiegers, vents his grief at her death, in dull commonplace and miserable antitheses. At last Nereida changes the object of her love from Medoro to Rostubaldo; and after a variety of adventures, Medoro finds his son in an island, and his speedy recovery of Angelica is foretold by a prophetess. This fortunate event is however delayed; for the poet sees a vision in the beginning of the twentieth canto, in which all the kings of Arragon as well as Castile, and most of the battles of Philip II and the Duke of Alva, are represented by images. He sees also an inscription under a golden statue of Philip III, which, unless the imaginary vision was a real prophecy, proves that much of the poem was written after the period to which he refers it. I transcribe the passage, as they are probably the only eight Latin lines of titles and names which are to be found in modern metre, and in a poem written in a modern language:

" Philippo Tertio, Cæsari invictissimo,
Omnium maximo regum triumphatori,
Orbis utriusque et maris felicissimo,
Catholici segundi successori,
Totius Hispaniæ principi dignissimo,
Ecclesiæ Christi et fidei defensori,
Fama, præcingens tempora alma lauro,
Hoc simulacrum dedicat ex auro.

" At the end of this canto Medoro finds Angelica; laments his late delusion; embraces her as Atlas does the heavens; she dies away with joy, and the converse of the soul beginning, the lovers as well as the recording muse, with great propriety become mute.

" Such was the employment of Lope during this voyage of hardships, which, however alleviated, seem never totally to have been forgotten."

As I have never read *La Hermosura de Angelica* I can add nothing to the foregoing criticism; but one point should be noticed, as an excuse for some faults the poem may have, — viz., the difficulty of writing under such circumstances.

The fate of the Armada is known. In returning, it is conjectured that Lope visited Italy, and resided some time in Naples, Parma, and Milan. Certain it is that he finally returned to Madrid in the service of the Count de Lemos, who had also the honour of having befriended Cervantes. A short while after he married Doña Juana de Guardia. " Who would have thought," says he, " that on my return from war, I should find a sweet wife, sweet for love, and for her labours dear? "

After so troubled an existence he seems now to have enjoyed the dear domesticities of home. His lovely and beloved wife brought him a boy, whom he idolized. He has given a touching description of the child's winning ways; one so full of the " poetry of home " that I must insert it here. I can only offer the following poor version of this sweet passage:

The breaking morn would see the modest face
Of my dear wife, soft-sleeping at my side.
And then the nurse our little Charley brought,
Roses and lilies crowding on his cheek,
Prattling his little nonsense to us both.
By this Auroral light, I dressed myself.
And Charley played about, as play the lambs
Upon the tender grass when day begins.
And every nonsense his half-language made
Our doating pride would treasure as a proverb;
Repaying it with kisses.
My happiness

To see bright mornings, after the dark nights
My life had known, made my eyes wet with tears,
As I recalled the vain hopes of my youth,
And blessed my fortune that had ended thus.
Then went I with a lighter heart to work;
And, having conned old books, began to write.
Breakfast was ready; I wrote on; and often
With some impatience at their frequent calls
Told them I could not come. So obstinate,
So all subduing study!
But then my Boy,
My beauteous Charles, came to my room, and gave
Light to my eyes, and warmth unto my heart;
Taking me by the hand he led me forth
And sat me by his mother at the table.

This was the happiest, though not the most brilliant period of Lope de Vega's life. He had relinquished the precarious career of arms, to enter upon the still more precarious career of letters. But his hearth was brightened by affection; and if any man could count upon earning a subsistence by his pen, he could. His facile muse, especially adapted to captivate the public taste, and to produce rapidly, gave him an honourable subsistence even in those days of paltry remuneration to authors. Necessity, he says, was the mother of his invention:

Necessity and I made common cause
In marketable verses, and produced
Comedies written in a higher style.
I raised the abject Art, and thus engendered
More Spanish poets than the air has atoms.

Lope's vocation was early manifested. He was born a dramatist; but poverty was the happy accident which now determined him to devote himself to the stage. In those days booksellers paid little for a work, even when they paid at all. And as each town in Spain was at liberty to pirate any printed work, it would have been impossible for a publisher to give more than an insignificant sum for the best book ever written. The theatre alone could afford to pay. The theatre had become a passion; and novelty was necessary to its existence. Managers therefore paid willingly, and paid in advance. The price appears to have been five hundred reals for a play; about ten pounds, according to the present value of money. This is a pitiful price, indeed, compared to that paid to modern dramatists. It may seem strange that Lope de Vega should have received only ten, and Casimir Delavigne two thousand, pounds, for a play; or that Scribe, the modern Lope de Vega (in fertility and success at least), should make an income of six thousand pounds per annum. But we must not make such

comparisons. Ten pounds was a good price in those days; and Lope's prodigious rapidity made him comparatively rich. Besides, he had handsome presents; and every noble at the court aspired to be his Mæcenas.

But before fame had made him rich he had doubtless to struggle with poverty. Lord Holland, following Pellicer, has spoken with some severity of Lope's occasional querulous tone when speaking of the neglect, obscurity, and poverty in which his talents have been left. " How are the expectations of genius ever to be fulfilled, if Lope, laden with honours and with pensions, courted by the great and followed by the crowd, imagined that his fortunes were unequal to his deserts? " — " Who can read without surprise and indignation," says Pellicer, " his letters to his son dissuading him from poetry as unprofitable, and in confirmation of his precepts lamenting his own calamities in a strain more suited to the circumstances of Camoens and Cervantes, than to the idol of the public and the favourite of princes? "

This seems to me very uncritical. Because Lope de Vega was, later in life, the idol of the public and the favourite of princes, that is surely no reason why he should never have known poverty. We have his own abundant testimony to the fact that he was poor, very poor. It was poverty drove him to the stage; and even as a dramatist he was poor until long success had established his reputation. The complaints he utters respecting his own experience of poverty and neglect are therefore to be referred to the time when he was poor and neglected; and his exhortations to his son not to embrace so unprofitable a profession as that of a poet, may either have been dictated by a keen sense of present want, or by the recollection of that want, — which recollection showed him the precarious nature of the profession. It must be remembered that Lope wrote *against his taste,* because he wrote to please.

But when I see how show, and nonsense, draw
The crowd's, and, more than all, the fair's, applause,
I, doomed to write the public taste to hit,
Resume the barbarous dress 't was vain to quit:
I lock up every rule before I write,
Plautus and Terence drive out from my sight,
Lest rage should teach these injured wits to join,
And their dumb books cry shame on works like mine.
To vulgar standards, then, I square my play,
Writing at ease; for, since the public pay,
'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,
And write the nonsense that they love to hear.

The last couplet –

Porque como los paga el vulgo, es justo
hablarle en necio para darle gusto —

is very significant of his situation. Figure to yourself a young man greedy of fame, educated in the most religious veneration for the classics, his mind, of an elegant and fanciful turn, stored with all that antiquity and modern times had created as examples of genius, and as immortal models for succeeding artists; this man, living at a time when the recently revived study of ancient letters had made all students pedants, and all critics supercilious of what was not modelled after the antique; and finding himself condemned to write for his bread in a style which his own better taste disapproved; forced to pander to the public taste, or starve;—and then figure to yourself this popular poet as an idolizing father, watching over the development of his child with painful anxiety; and seeing a disposition towards poetry in that child which would perhaps lead him into the vortex in which his father was then struggling, conceive the father's trembling fear lest the delicate child should have to buffet with the rude winds of fortune; — is it not a natural fear that the child will never vanquish these obstacles? Do not all parents who have struggled tremble lest their children should have the same rude battle to fight? Do not all poets and all actors dread their sons following in their career? If *they* have triumphed, yet the scars remain; and no voice within them whispers that their children will triumph too. A man may be buoyed up by the afflation of his wild desires to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot calmly see one he loves braving the same peril; simply because he cannot feel within him *that* which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.

This is sufficient to explain Lope de Vega's exhortations, supposing them to have been written during his prosperity. But I do not believe them to have been written then. In the very poem wherein he speaks so feelingly of his boy's winning manners, he speaks also of his poverty. The table to which Charles leads him, is not, he says, one where wealth presides. Everything is plain and frugal. An honest poverty; there is sufficient, however, for their humble wants:

Nos daba honesta y liberal pooreza
el sustento bastante: que con poco
se suele contentar naturaleza.

And in his *Eclogue to Claudio,* speaking of his children, he says:

Yo vi mi pobre mesa in testimonio
cercada y rica de fragmentos mios
dulces y amargos rios
del mar del matrimonio.

thus paraphrased by Lord Holland:

I saw a group my board surround,
And sure, to me, though poorly spread,

'Twas rich with such fair objects crowned,
Dear bitter presents of my bed!

What is this but an assertion that his riches were solely those of affection — " the sweet and bitter streams flowing from the sea of matrimony," as he quaintly but felicitously expresses himself? And as we know that his son Carlos died at seven years old, we are forced to conclude that he did not live to see his father rich; for we cannot assume Lope to have become wealthy in two or three years.

I conclude, then, that Lope at this time was active, happy, and poor; struggling with fortune to whom he had given " hostages," but gradually laying the foundations of his future greatness. This was, deeply considered, the most enviable portion of his life. After this came loud reputation, the flattery of princes, the respect of cities, wealth, dignities, and honours; but then also came terrible suffering, despondency, and gloom: his beloved wife, his still more beloved child, died, and left him, amidst all his splendour, with a tenantless heart. He turned for solace to religion; and composed the celebrated *Soliloquies,* which has been pronounced the most eloquent of Spanish works. He joined the Inquisition, and became one of the order of Saint Francis.

From this moment new duties and new habits came to vary his existence. He had built an oratory in which he said mass every morning. And it has been said of him that his extreme emotion during the service was always visible in his tears and tremblings. To clothe the poor, to visit hospitals, to succour all who were in want, were his daily duties. He was as distinguished amongst his order for the zeal and sincerity of his devotion, as he had been in early life for his gallantry and recklessness. He was seen once bent beneath the weight of the corpse of a poor priest, whom he was carrying to the grave, and for whom, having laid him in the earth, he offered up a fervent prayer to Heaven, mingling thus, in a touching instance of charity, the offices of priest and gravedigger.

The dramatist, however, continued to labour for the stage, in spite of his religious duties. From the circumstances of his position he was forced to write in accordance with the public taste; and fortunate for him, and for his art, were the circumstances which forced this. I mean fortunate, inasmuch as they gave birth to a genuine national drama instead of a feeble imitation of antiquity. For it is only pedants who can consider him as the corrupter of the Spanish stage. On the other hand it may be supposed that had his genius been greater or his necessities less, he might have founded a national drama of a still higher character. Let us turn our eyes towards Molière. In his time the farces and improvised plays which delighted the crowd were even still less artistic than the plays which delighted the Spanish public when Lope de Vega appeared. Yet Molière

created French comedy. He had to clear the stage of its masks and improvised buffooneries, and to substitute *character* and wit. On the first representation of *Les Précieuses Ridicules,* an old man in the pit, charmed with this novelty, cried out to Molière, who was playing Mascarille: " Bravo, Molière! take courage! that is true comedy! " At this cry, which he foresaw would be the real expression of the public sentiment, Molière felt his heart expand, and he let fall this pregnant remark: " I have now only to study mankind." He did so; and a series of immortal works attest his earnestness and power.

Lope de Vega was not a Molière. But he did that which lay in his power. He could not give a new direction to comedy; but in following the route chalked out for him by predecessors he founded a national drama, and became the idol of the public. In truth those who had written before him had produced but miserable works in comparison with those which he so rapidly threw off. Even the great Cervantes was thrown into the shade. His works, which have been lost, were greatly superior to those of his contemporaries; but they sank into insignificance beside the works of the young Lope; and he retired from all contest with this " prodigy of nature and phœnix of intelligence," as he called him. He yielded the throne to Lope, as in later times Scott yielded the throne to the impetuous Byron, who remained

Sole Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

Cervantes retired to lay up stores, and meditate the composition of the greatest romance ever written — the First Part of *Don Quixote.*

It is curious, with our present knowledge and estimate of the two men, to think of Cervantes as inferior to Lope de Vega; not simply inferior in popularity, but also in dramatic talent. A lurking doubt must present itself as to whether, if the plays were extant, we should not find in them evidences of a far higher genius than was ever manifested by the Spanish phœnix. But this is hasty surmise. If we had not the poems of Shakspere to contradict the opinion, we should assuredly imagine that the poems of the author of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* surpassed anything in Spenser or Milton; but with the poems before us we cannot entertain the notion. So would it be with the comedies of Cervantes, were they extant. We may admit, as incontestable, that Cervantes was a man of greater genius than Lope de Vega; but it by no means follows that he had greater theatrical talent; it by no means follows that his faculties were so early matured as to have enabled him to surpass his rival at that period. Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed. The excellence of Lope de Vega was not, like that of Cervantes, one demanding time for maturity, one demanding abundant materials difficult of mastery. To write plays of intrigue, such as his, he needed only a knowledge of manners and the elementary passions, with a

quick perception of the requisites of the stage. With such food, a fanciful and ingenious intellect, stimulated by inexhaustible animal spirits, could produce masterpieces of this kind at an early age. To write *Don Quixote* other preparations were necessary. It required a profound and varied knowledge of mankind, founded on a minute and patient observation of moral complexities, and a clear insight into the sway exercised over our passions by our interests, and over our interests by our passions. In a word, Cervantes needed a rich psychological experience; not such knowledge as is written down in books, but such as is in action in the heads and hearts of men. Beyond this, he needed a complete and artistic mastery of his knowledge, so that he might reproduce it in the most harmonious form. A boy of twenty, with the requisite ability, could have written the best play by Lope de Vega; the same boy could not even have *understood Don Quixote* in all that constitutes its surpassing excellence. It was not until his fiftieth year, after a life wherein meditation and action held equal sway, that Cervantes commenced his immortal work. It was in his twelfth year that Lope wrote his first comedy; it was in his twenty-sixth that he was pronounced the Spanish phœnix.

There is no inconsistency then in supposing Cervantes inferior to the young Lope, and forced to yield him place. He was slowly growing while Lope was in full vigour. Nor would he have ever equalled Lope in theatrical excellence: his genius lay elsewhere. I assume this on the ground of his inferiority to Lope de Vega in those plays which he wrote after Lope had given him a model; the plays I mean published by Blas Nazarre. Hear what Cervantes himself says of them: " Some years since I returned to the ancient occupation of my leisure hours, and imagining that the age had not passed away in which I used to hear the sound of praise, I again began to write comedies. The birds, however, had flown from their nest. I could find no manager to ask for my plays, though they knew that I had written them. I threw them, therefore, into the corner of a trunk, and condemned them to eternal obscurity. A bookseller then told me that he would have bought them from me had he not been told by a celebrated author that much dependence might be placed upon my prose, but none upon my poetry. To say the truth, this information mortified me much. I said to myself: ' Certainly I am either changed, or the world, contrary to its custom, has become much wiser, for in past times I used to meet with praise.' I read my comedies anew, together with some interludes which I had placed with them. I found that they were not so bad but that they might pass from what this author called darkness into what others may perhaps term noonday. I was angry, and sold them to the bookseller, who has now printed them. They have paid me tolerably, and I have pocketed my money with pleasure, and without troubling myself about the opinions of the actors. I was willing to make them as excellent as I could; and if, dear reader, thou findest anything good in them, I pray thee, when thou meetest any other calumniator, to tell him

to amend his manners and not to judge so severely, since, after all, the plays contain not any incongruities or striking faults."

Now the plays thus spoken of, and which are said to contain no striking faults — no incongruities — are so bad, that the paradoxical and stupid admirer of Cervantes, Blas Nazarre, conceives them to have been written with the same purpose of exposing the irregularities and absurdities of the dramatists, as *Don Quixote* of exposing the follies of the romance writers: " Cervantes compusó sus comedias con la misma idea que el *Quijote,* haciéndolas de intento desarragladas y llenas de desatinos, á fin de purgar del mal gusto y mala moral el teatro." But this is preposterous. The satire in *Don Quixote* is transparent; in the comedies no one but Nazarre could suspect it. Besides, Cervantes tell us himself that he wrote the plays for representation, and thinks them worthy of it. Had he meant them as satires he would have taken pains to forewarn the public; the more so as they had been denied performance. In our days, when a tragedy is refused at every theatre, the author publishes it with a declaration that it is " meant for the closet."

I cannot bring these two great names together without endeavouring to settle the ill-conducted dispute respecting the opinion entertained of these men by each other. Some biographers and critics declare them to have been unjust towards each other. Others declare them to have been magnanimously courteous. Both sides have texts to quote; but both are wrong. The truth is that although occasional jealousies may have been excited, and harsh words have escaped during moments of irritation, these two men were fully aware of each other's greatness.

" Wherever Cervantes has mentioned the poet," says Lord Holland, " in his printed works, he has spoken of his genius not only with respect, but admiration. It is true that he implies that his better judgment occasionally yielded to the temptation of immediate profit, and that he sometimes sacrificed his permanent fame to fleeting popularity with the comedians and the public. But in saying this, he says little more than Lope himself has repeatedly acknowledged; and throughout his works he speaks of him in a manner which, if Lope had possessed discernment enough to have perceived the real superiority of Cervantes, would have afforded him as much pleasure as the slight mixture of censure seems to have given him concern. The admirers, or rather the adorers of Lope, who had christened him the Phœnix of Spain, were very anxious to crush the reputation of Cervantes. With this view they excited rivals on whom they lavished extravagant praises; they at one time decried novels and romances, and at another extolled all those who wrote them, except the one who was most deserving of their praise. If the sonnet published by Pellicer in the Life prefixed to *Don Quixote* be genuine, Cervantes was at length provoked to attack more directly the formidable reputation of their idol. In this sonnet, which contains a sort of play upon words, by the omission of the last syllable

of each, that cannot be translated, the works of Lope were somewhat severely handled; a sonnet compiled in four languages from various authors is ridiculed; the expediency of a sponge is suggested; and he is above all advised not to pursue his Jerusalem Conquistada, a work upon which he was then employed. Lope, who parodied the sonnet of Cervantes, rejected his advice, and published that epic poem, in which his failure is generally acknowledged even by his most fervent admirers." Lope retaliated; nor can we wonder at it. But only excessive irritation could have made him speak of *Don Quixote* as waste paper fit for enveloping spices, saffron dye, etc.

Por el mundo va
vendiendo especias, y azafran romi,
y al fin en muladares parara.

This was, however, only a spurt of temper. When in his *Laurel de Apolo* he comes to chronicle his serious opinion of Cervantes, he speaks magnificently of him, and touchingly alluding to the arm Cervantes lost at Lepanto, says:

——————— *que una mano herida*
pudo dar a su dueño eterna vida.

" That single hand has given to its master eternal life." And Cervantes, on a similar occasion (in the *Viage de Parnaso*), says of his rival:

Distinguished bard, whom no one of our time
Could pass or equal in his prose or rhyme.

I need quote no more.

Lope de Vega not only far outstripped his rivals in the excellence of his comedies, but also in their fertility. No writer ever approached him in rapidity. There has been much exaggeration on this point; and one would think that biographers had pledged themselves to make the marvellous incredible, so resolutely do they exaggerate. Lord Holland, who suspected the truth of some of the Spanish estimates, was not altogether free from an excess of credulity. " Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines," says he, " are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that

" The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press.

" It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of

his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition; become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

"As the credibility, however, of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention; yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his *Eclogue to Claudio,* that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story:

"'His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdebieso was present and was witness of the whole; but because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the *Tercera Orden de San Francisco,* and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night; and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business: for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, "I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me." Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language.'

"As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in

representing it as prodigious. 'At last appeared,' says Cervantes in his prologue, 'that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed.' Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred *autos sacramentales;* and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together. What Lope himself says upon this subject will be most satisfactorily related in his own words, though the passages are far from poetical. Having given a list in his prologue to the *Pelegrino,* written in 1604, of three hundred and forty-three plays, in his *Art de hacer Comedias,* published five years afterwards, he says:

> *"None than myself more barbarous or more wrong,*
> *Who, hurried by the vulgar taste along,*
> *Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,*
> *Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.*
> *But what am I to do? Who now of plays,*
> *With one complete within these seven days,*
> *Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,*
> *And all, save six, against the rules of wit.*

"In the *Eclogue to Claudio,* one of his last works, are the following curious though prosaic passages:

> *"Should I the titles now relate*
> *Of plays my endless labour bore,*
> *Well might you doubt the list so great,*
> *Such reams of paper scribbled o'er;*
> *Plots, imitations, scenes, and all the rest,*
> *To verse reduc'd, in flowers of rhetoric drest.*
>
> *"The number of my fables told*
> *Would seem the greatest of them all;*
> *For, strange, of dramas you behold*
> *Full fifteen hundred mine I call;*

And full a hundred times,—within a day
Passed from my muse upon the stage a play.

And again:

"The public, Avarice oft deceived,
And fix'd on others' works my name;
Vile works! which Ignorance mine believed,
Or Malice call'd, to wound my fame:
That crime I can't forgive, but much incline
To pardon some who fix'd their names on mine.

"Then spare, indulgent Claudio, spare
The list of all my barbarous plays;
For this with truth I can declare,
And though 'tis truth it is not praise,
The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press.

"Though these passages seem to confirm the assertions of his biographers and contemporaries, yet the complaint contained in the last, which is yet more strongly urged in his prologue to the Pelegrino, proves the light authority upon which his name was given to dramatic compositions, and consequently may suggest a probable mode of explaining the exaggeration which must have taken place with regard to their number. That there must be some exaggeration all will be disposed to admit. It is but just however to observe, that though Lope is the most wonderful, he is not the only Spanish author the number of whose verses approaches to a miracle. La Cueva mentions one who had written one thousand plays in four acts; some millions of Latin lines were composed by Mariner; and many hundred dramatic compositions are still extant of Calderon, as well as of authors of inferior merit. It was not uncommon even for the nobility of Philip the Fourth's time to converse for some minutes in extempore poetry; and in carelessness of metre, as well as in commonplace images, the verses of that time often remind us of the *improvisatori* of Italy."

Bouterwek is still more credulous. He says Lope required no more than four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves. This is an amplification of what Lope de Vega has said of himself in the couplet quoted by Lord Holland, which I have before noticed. But I would here suggest that if the couplet is to be understood to say Lope actually wrote a play in the course of four-and-twenty hours, this can only be credible on the supposition of the play being an interlude of *one* act, not a comedy of *three*. Be this as it may, Bouterwek has not the shadow of an authority for saying, "Lope sometimes wrote a play in the short space of three or

four hours; " this is a gratuitous bit of biographical exaggeration. Nor can I discover the source from which he learned that Lope wrote " upwards of two thousand comedies." The real number is not easily ascertained; but I concur with Schach and Damas Hinard in estimating them at about fifteen hundred, exclusive of *autos sacramentales* and interludes; in all eighteen hundred dramatic works. This calculation is founded upon Lope's own indications. It would be tedious to enumerate them here; let the single passage from his *Eclogue to Claudio* suffice.

Pero si ahora el numero infinito
De las fabulas comicas intento . . .
Mil y quinientas fabulas admira . . .

" But if I now come to enumerate the infinite quantity of comic fables, you will be amazed to learn that I have composed fifteen hundred." This was written only five years before his death; and Montalvan assures us that for many years he had relinquished the theatre; so that fifteen hundred seems the highest number that can be accepted.

But fifteen hundred! and add thereto three hundred autos, and interludes, five epic poems, an *Arcadia,* an *Art of Comedy,* thirty-six romances supplied to the Romancero, the *Laurel de Apolo,* the *Gatomaquia,* a vast number of sonnets, epistles, and epitaphs, and some prose novels! It really takes one's breath away to hear of such achievements. If only as a prodigy of fecundity, this man ranks among the wonders of the world. Fifteen hundred plays, and all successful! They brought money to the treasury, competence to him, and delight to all Spain. Lope was no prodigious " unactable unacted " boasting of a barren rapidity. His fertility was owing to his mastery over the materials furnished by an ardent imagination; the rapidity of which some moderns boast is the mere torrent of words unobstructed by ideas. Lope's plays were acted, are acted still, and may still be read with pleasure. He was the idol of his nation. The nobility vied with each other in their expressions of admiration and friendship. The very Pope sent him the Cross of Malta and the degree of Doctor of Theology, accompanying them by a flattering epistle. His career as a dramatist was a bright track of glory. Whenever he appeared in the streets he was surrounded by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Phœnix. The boys ran shouting after him; and those whom old age prevented from keeping pace with the rest, stood and gazed on him in wonder as he passed.

In truth Lope had charmed, intoxicated the whole nation. He was the incarnation of the national genius in its Oriental prodigality. He threw gleams of sunny mirth into the dark countenances of the holy Inquisitors. He even charmed the sombre spirit of Philip the Second. He taught the hidalgos a refinement in the ingenuity of intrigue; and roused the joyous boisterous mirth of the common people. Those only who know the exuber-

ance of the southern temperament — its vehemence of admiration or contempt — can understand the furor excited by Lope de Vega. I have seen an Italian singer obliged to obey the call, and appear before the curtain fifteen times at the conclusion of an opera in which she had enchanted the audience; and then the excited admirers, intoxicated with their own enthusiasm, rushed out of the theatre, took the horses from her carriage, and, like exulting slaves, drew the enchantress to her home. These men were ready to fight a duel with anyone who dared to question the singer's supremacy. So in Spain, the frantic admirers of Lope declared that Spongia, who had written a severe critique upon his works, deserved nothing short of *death;* and it is probable the critic would have met this fate had he not prudently retired to a foreign land. Pilgrimages from all parts of Spain were made to see this phoenix. Even the Italians left the land of Dante and Ariosto to pay homage to the great Lope de Vega. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with something little short of veneration. A fame so loud and spread so wide, no one has yet possessed. His name was an epithet of excellence: a Lope melon, a Lope cigar, a Lope horse, were perfect specimens. There must have been something great in the man who was thus throned on the imaginations of his countrymen. There have since been absurd popularities; but they have been fleeting, and the noisy shouts died away in faint echoes, till they became inaudible. Lope de Vega has survived two centuries of change, and still is acted, still is read.

Amidst this noisy popularity Lope was not so happy as in those early days of struggle, when hope threw a spring-like verdure over the future, and when the present was irradiated by the sunny smiles of wife and child. The priceless treasures — Love and Hope — had been snatched from him. Glory could not compensate him for their loss. He was as active as ever; rather more so; fulfilled his religious duties, and solaced his leisure hours with the cultivation of his garden. This garden (*huerticillo*), if garden it could be called, having only a few feet of space, contained about a dozen plants, a vine, two trees, and a fountain rustically constructed out of a broken vase of earthenware. To vulgar eyes it was a strip of ground; to the poet's more imaginative mind it was a fairyland —

donde vivo retirad
Si no virtuosa vida, nunco ociosa.

The space was small, but what was that to one who could make it large by peopling it with the creations of his fancy? it was humble, but he covered its poverty by the magnificence of his imagination.

Nor was his house altogether deserted. Towards 1620 one sees the graceful form of a young maiden gliding about the poet, like a guardian angel. Who was this Marcela? One knows not what to answer. Montalvan speaks of her with provoking reserve, which stimulates conjecture without satisfying it; he calls her a near relation. Lope, in his dedication to her of

El remedio en la desdicha, calls her his daughter: whence the natural conclusion is that she was an illegitimate child. He loved her tenderly, and was proud of her beauty and talents. But he was soon to lose her also. She entered a convent; obeying the voice which spoke within her, she took the veil and left him who had loved her "more like a lover than a father" (*mas galan que padre*), to lament her loss. This he has done, in the epistle just quoted, where he describes the ceremony of her taking the veil.

The following year his second, now only, son, Lope, left him, to join the Marquis de Santa Cruz, son of the valiant captain under whom Lope himself had served during the campaign in Portugal. Soon afterwards his daughter Feliciana was engaged to be married to a young cavalier, Don Luis Usategui. But the bridegroom, though noble, was poor, and demanded a dowry. Lope, with the usual improvidence of poets, had spent easily the money he so easily earned, and was in no condition to bestow on his child a dowry. After due reflection he addressed the following to the king: — "Lope says, Sire, that he served your grandfather with his sword. He did nothing remarkable then, and has since done less; but he showed his zeal and his courage. He served your father with his pen. If it has not carried your father's name and praises from one end of the world to the other, it is the fault of his want of talent, not a deficiency of zeal. Lope has a daughter, and he is old. The Muses have made him honoured, but not rich. Assist me: I am endeavouring to get my child a husband. Spare me, O great Philip, a slight portion of your riches, and may you have more gold and diamonds than I have rhymes!" — The king's answer was a generous dowry.

The drama did not exclusively occupy his fruitful muse; but the drama was after all the scene of his great triumphs. As a poet he aspired no less to the approbation of the critics than to the applause of the crowd. His epics are, however, indifferent performances. Lord Holland says, "The *Hermosura de Angelica* is perhaps the best of his heroic poems, though during his life the *Corona Tragica,* his poem on Mary Queen of Scots, attracted more notice and secured him more praise. When however we consider the quarter in which these encomiums originated, we may suspect that they were bestowed on the orthodoxy rather than on the poetry of the work. When Lope published it, the passions which religious dissension had excited throughout Europe had not subsided. The indiscriminate abuse of one sect was still sufficient to procure any work a favourable reception with the other; and the *Corona Tragica,* the subject of which was fortunately chosen for such a purpose, was not deficient in that recommendation. Queen Elizabeth is a bloody Jezebel, a second Athaliah, an obdurate sphinx, and the incestuous progeny of a harpy. He tells us also in the preface, that any author who censures his king and natural master is a perfidious traitor, unworthy and incapable of all honours, civil or military. In the second book he proves himself fully exempt from such a reproach

by selecting for the topics of his praise the actions of the Spanish monarch, which seem the least to admit of apology or excuse. He finds nothing in the wisdom or activity of Charles V so praiseworthy as his treachery to the Protestants. Philip II, whom he does everything but blame for not murdering Queen Elizabeth during her sister's reign, is most admired for sacrificing the interest of his crown, the peace and prosperity of his dominions, at the shrine of orthodoxy:

" How much the second Philip did it cost
Freedom unjust *from Flanders to withhold!*
Rather than yield the world he would have lost,
His faith so steady and his heart so bold:
The third, with just *decree, to Afric's coast*
Banish'd the remnants of that pest of old,
The Moors; and nobly ventured to contemn
Treasures which flowed from barbarous hordes like them.

" The praise of the fourth Philip is founded on an anecdote with which I am unacquainted, viz., of his adoration of the sacrament in the presence of English heretics. There is no supernatural agency in this poem; but it has not sufficient merit in other respects to allow us to draw from its failure any argument in favour of such machinery. The speech of Mary when her sentence is announced is the only passage I found in it rising at all above mediocrity:

" Thanks for your news, illustrious lords, she cried;
I greet the doom that must my griefs decide:
Sad though it be, though sense must shrink from pain,
Yet the immortal soul the trial shall sustain.

" But had the fatal sentence reached my ears
In France, in Scotland, with my husband crown'd,
Not age itself could have allayed my fears,
And my poor heart had shudder'd at the sound.
But now immur'd for twenty tedious years,
Where naught my listening ears can catch around
But fearful noise of danger and alarms,
The frequent threat of death, and constant din of arms.

" Ah! what have I in dying to bemoan?
What punishment in death can they devise
For her who living only lives to groan,
And see continual death before her eyes?
Comfort's in death, where 't is in life unknown;
Who death expects feels more than he who dies: —
Though too much valour may our fortune try,
To live in fear of death is many times to die.

" Where have I e'er reposed in silent night,
But Death's stern image stalk'd around my bed?
What morning e'er arose on me with light,
But on my health some sad disaster bred?
Did fortune ever aid my war or flight,
Or grant a refuge for my hapless head?
Still at my life some fearful phantom aim'd,
My draughts with poison drugg'd, my towers with treachery flamed.

" And now with fearful certainty I know
Is come the hour that my sad being ends,
Where life must perish with a single blow;
Then mark her death whom steadfast faith attends
My cheeks unchang'd, my inward calm shall show,
While free from foes, serene, my generous friends,
I meet my death — or rather I should say,
Meet my eternal life, my everlasting day.

" The last line of the second stanza, quoted above, reminds one of a similar sentiment in Shakspere:

> *" Cowards die many times before their deaths,*
> *The valiant never taste of death but once.*
> Julius Cæsar, act. 2, sc. 2."

I have never read these ambitious efforts; but I have read, and with considerable amusement, his Burlesque Epic called *The Battle of the Cats — Gatomaquia:* in which the heroic deeds of Marramaquiz (that Achilles of *Toms*), and the charms of Zapaquilda (that Helen of *Pussies*), are narrated with immense gusto. Such burlesques are easy to write, but not easy to write well. Lope has hit the mock heroic tone to perfection. I have also read his *New Art of Writing Comedies,* which is interesting as regards the state of the drama, but has no intrinsic merit. His *Rimas Humanas* deserve more attention than has been accorded to them, both for their intrinsic merit and their biographical allusions. Many of them are worthless; many simply ingenious; but there are some fine touches of feeling and some gorgeous imagery, with a constant facility and mastery of versification. Among the playthings of his pen may be cited the folowing sonnet, compiled from Ariosto, Camoens, Petrarch, Tasso, Horace, Serafina, Boscan, and Garcilasso:

Le donne, i cavalier, le arme, gli amori, (Ariosto)
en dolces jogos en placer continuo, (Camoens)
fuggo per piu non esser pellegrino, (Petrarca)
ma su nel cielo infra i beati chori. (Tasso)
Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori, (Horace)

sforzame amor, fortuna, el mio destino (Serafina)
ni es mucho en tanto mal ser adivino, (Boscan)
seguendo l' ire e i giovenil furori. (Ariosto)
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis, (Horace)
parlo in rime aspre, e di dolceza ignude, (Petrarca)
deste passado ben, que nunca foro, (Camoens)
No hay bien que en mal no se convierta y mude, (Garcilasso)
nec prata canis albicant pruinis (Horace)
la vita fugge, e non se arresta un hora. (Petrarca.)

This sonnet is interesting as displaying the affinity between the Latin and the southern languages, and as showing also the differences.

Lope grew old, but he did not outlive his fame; nor did he lose that readiness and presence of mind which made him witty in ludicrous circumstances, and dignified in serious. One day a cavalier insulted him; and on Lope's expostulating, replied "If you are dissatisfied, Sir, let us hence," touching his sword. "Yes," replied the old soldier, now a priest, "let us hence, and to the altar; *I* to say a mass, *you to serve me!*" Is there not something very grand, and at the same time dramatic, in this?

But in the vigour of his green old age he was again smitten by calamity. The precise nature of the evil Montalvan does not tell us; he simply says that it was great enough to subdue the heart of the boldest. Lope, ever after, was steeped in gloom. On the 6th of August, 1635, he dined with Montalvan and a friend. At dinner he said that but one hope was left him, — that of a speedy death.

This was not long delayed. On Friday the 22nd of August he rose early, as usual, but more than usually depressed. He had the night before composed a sonnet on the death of a Portuguese gentleman; and the thoughts of death, familiar to his mind as they had long been, now received another deeper tinge from the presentiment of his approaching end. He celebrated mass, and watered his little garden. In spite of his state of health, he would not relax from the severity of discipline, which imposed abstinence of meat; and he even resumed flagellation. What care had he for his worthless body, when his soul stood in need of preparation?

In the evening he went to the Scotch college, where he assisted in the philosophical debates there held. But he was taken ill, and was carried home and placed in bed. Medical aid was vain. On the Sunday evening he was given over, and demanded that the sacrament should be administered. That sad ceremony completed, he sent for his daughter, whom he blessed; and then, turning to his friends, bade them adieu with mild but earnest recommendations of peace and charity. To Montalvan he said, with touching earnestness, "True glory is in virtue. Ah! I would willingly give all the applause I have received to have performed one good action more." He sank back, and prayed silently. He passed a restless night. The

morning saw his friends kneeling by his side, while the priest poured forth his pious exhortations. Lope listened with a deep sense of devotion, his eyes raised to heaven, his lips fastened to a small crucifix which he held in his hand. It was a solemn moment. In that dark chamber no voice was heard but the low voice of the priest; sobs sometimes broke upon the ear in the solemn intervals of prayer. At last those who prayed silently heard a dying voice murmur the names of Jesus and of Mary. The poet ceased to breathe.

" The sensation produced by his death was, if possible, more astonishing than the reverence in which he was held while living. The splendour of his funeral, which was conducted at the charge of the most munificent of his patrons, the Duke of Sesa; the number and language of the sermons on that occasion; the competition of poets of all countries, in celebrating his genius and lamenting his loss; are unparalleled in the annals of poetry, and perhaps scarcely equalled in those of royalty itself." All Spain was eager to do him honour. The illustrious nobles and artists of Madrid followed the bier, and surrounded his nephew and son-in-law with the marks of their attention. All the religious congregations attended uncalled upon. The windows were crowded with the curious. Marcela had entreated that the procession might pass before the convent of the Carmelites; and it swerved from its path to grant her prayer. She wished to pay a last homage to him who living had loved her with so touching an affection. Having made a pause at the convent door, the procession moved on to the church of Saint Sebastian, where mass was celebrated with the greatest solemnity. Three bishops officiated in their pontifical robes; and in their sermons declared the great Lope to have been a saint in life, and as superior to the classic writers as Christianity was superior to Heathenism. The ceremony lasted nine days: a grand and imposing spectacle. The writings which have been selected from the prodigious quantity produced on that occasion, fill two large volumes. Everyone was anxious to contribute his quota of homage to the deceased. And when the coffin was lowered into the tomb, a deep groan burst from the assembly, as if Spain had lost its brightest ornament.

When thinking on the glory which attended the career of Lope de Vega, and the funeral pomp which closed it, the image of the poor, neglected Cervantes emerges into painful contrast. Lope and Cervantes both commenced life as adventurers; but Lope rose rapidly to distinction, and was honoured and caressed, while his immortal rival, living in the same street, was in a state of abject poverty. Lope left the society of cardinals and courtiers to write his ingenious plays. Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* to relieve the weariness of his prison into which he was thrown for some paltry debt. The nation mourned for Lope, as for a darling child. Cervantes died and was buried privately, without any kind of distinction, and not even a tombstone marked the spot where his ashes reposed.

ROBERT DEVEREUX
EARL OF ESSEX

1567–1601

and

GEORGE VILLIERS
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

1628–1687

By EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON [1] (1608–1674)

THOUGH it shall appear an unseasonable itch of wit to say aught on this subject, and an unskilful one if invention reach not what is already said, yet I shall presume (disavowing only the vanities) to think that in the severest considerations of their persons, their educations, in their insinuations into favour, in managing that favour, in their whole education (but that they were both glorious in the eyes of their Princes), they were as distant, as unfit, as impossible for parallels as any two virtuous and great persons (for so they were both) we can direct our discourse to. Their engagements, incumbrances and disadvantages being so different, that it was the just wonder (and yet continues) of the world, that the Earl could ever fall (his whole fate being in the discretion of his own soul), and the Duke (who all his life of favour stood the mark shot at by the most petulant and malicious spirits this climate ever nourished), should stand so long.

He that shall walk in a short survey of both their times, actions, and dependencies, shall find them these.

Though the first approach of the Earl to court was under the shadow of the great Earl of Leicester, yet he owned him rather for his invitation thither, than his permanent there.

[1] Reprinted from a pamphlet entitled *The Characters of Robert Earl of Essex, Favourite to Queen Elizabeth, and George D. of Buckingham, Favourite to K. James I. and K. Ch. I. With a Comparison. By the Right Honourable Edward Late Earl of Clarendon.* London . . . , 1706.

A note in this pamphlet reads: "The reader will be here entertain'd with the pictures of Two of the Greatest Subjects in Europe, in their Time; and although one of them is inimitably drawn by the Noble Author in his History, yet this mignature will still be acceptable since 'tis all thrown into another View." Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* was begun in 1644, but not published until 1702–04. Spelling and punctuation have been somewhat modernized.

For no question he found advantage from the stock of his father's reputation, the people looking on his quality with reverence (for I do not find any young nobleman had yet surprised their hopes or drawn their eyes), and on his youth with pity; for they were nothing satisfied concerning his father's death, who had been advanced to honourable dangers by the mediation of such as delighted not in his company: as it was the mysterious wisdom of those times to poison with oil, and *homines per honores ferire*. And if there were not any such compassion in the Queen, yet surely she beheld him as the son of an excellent man that died in her service, and had left a precious fame surviving.

In the court he stayed not above a year, but undertook that journey into the Low Countries with his father-in-law, and went General of the Horse in a great army, though he was not full nineteen years of age, there being then no such criticisms as interpreted the acceptance of pursuit even of the greatest dignity and command, a conspiracy against the state; but all men were glad to see him set himself so brave a task by undertaking such an employment.

From this first action he took a charter of the people's hearts, which was never cancelled, but as if they had looked only on the boldness, not the success of the enterprises, he was sure to return with triumph, though the voyage miscarried; for amongst all his foreign undertakings, if they be weighed in the people's usual scale, the cost, though there was not above one or two prosperous returns and as many that had sad and calamitous issues, yet he never suffered the least public imputation or murmur, but was received with that joy as if the fleet or army were sent out to bring him home, not any spoil or conquest, to which he had wholly dedicated his faculties.

He moved only in his proper orb; out of it he was *extra sphæram activitatis*, and rather of much business (as a man towards whom the Queen had directed some rays of affection), than of much dexterity above other men.

Surely I by no means imagine him built or furnished for a courtier.

For however the arts and mysteries of a court are undefinable, yet, as in the reformation and improvement of all sciences there are certain principles and maxims unalterable and unquestionable, so there is a certain comparity, conformity and complacency in the manners, and a discreet subtlety in the composition without which (as with those principles) no man in any age or court shall be eminent in the aulical function.

Now how ill the Earl was read in this philosophy his servant Cuffe (whose observations were sharp enough, whatever stoicisms raved in his nature) well discerned, when he said, *Amorem et odium semper in fronte gessit, nec celare novit.*

And I shall not impute it to his want of will (though that would be but an ill argument for his courtship) nor of power, for he did many greater

things; but only of skill to contrive conveniences of honours and preferments at court for such friends as might have been good out-works to have fortified and secured his own condition, except all his dependants were of another complexion than could have lived in that air.

And indeed I do not find that the Earl much inclined to, or desired, the reputation of a courtier, besides the preservation of himself and the Queen's affection (which yet he endeavoured rather to master than to win), but he seemed, though he had such places of honour and attendance as be the most significant badges of a courtier, but *in pace belli gerere negotium*, and retired only from the war to prevent peace.

Then if we visit his correspondencies abroad (which he rather maintained out of state, than contrived out of skill) we shall see they were always with an eye upon actions, and his intelligences had ever some hint of tumult and commotion; as if the King of Spain was loud or frantic at his devotions; as when he vowed at mass that he would be revenged on England though he sold all those candlesticks upon the altar; this information was given by the Earl. But it was observed then that if there were aught intended against the life or person of the Queen, though it were in the court of Spain where the Earl had especially his liegers, the first notice came over by my Lord Cecil, for whom indeed it seemed as necessary there should be treasons, as for the state that they should be prevented. Insomuch as it was then (how unjustly soever) conceived that though he created none, yet he fomented some conspiracies, that he might give frequent evidences of his loyalty, having no other advantage (as the Earl and others had in person) to justify him in an ordinary estimation but by eminent services.

And those he knew must be best relished that concerned her own preservation, and therefore in the least vacations from treason he was ever busy to set on foot some vigilant and tender law (as there was scarce any Parliament without some such) that had a peculiar eye to the Queen's safety. Which (however they are, by such as cannot apprehend the danger of those times, looked upon without much reverence) could not but make singular impression in the Queen's heart of his fidelity.

The encumbrances that the Earl had to wrestle withal (for I shall only look over his life without particular enquiry into his actions, which had all glorious ends or glorious intentions), were fewer than ever any great man met withal, and his advantages more in number and in weight.

'Tis true he was rivalled by a strong and subtile faction, which cared and consulted for his ruin, as a foundation they must build upon; and were intent to betray him abroad and misinterpret him at home; yet the danger was thus allayed, that they were all his public and professed enemies, and so known unto the Queen, that they durst never impertinently urge out against him, since they were sure their malice was concluded, when the reason of their objection happily might not be considered.

And indeed, that trick of countenancing and protecting factions (as that

Queen almost her whole reign did with singular and equal demonstration of grace look upon several persons of most distinct wishes one towards another) was not the least ground of her quiet and success. And she never doubted but that men that were never so opposite in their goodwill each to others, nor never so dishonest in their projectments for each other's confusion, might yet be reconciled into their allegiance towards her. Insomuch that during her whole reign she never endeavoured to reconcile any personal differences in the court, though the unlawful emulations of persons of nearest trust about her were even like to overthrow some of her chiefest designs. A policy seldom entertained by princes, especially if they have issues to survive them.

Among the advantages the Earl had (and he had many that will distinguish him from any man that hath, or is likely to succeed him), I shall rank the nature and the spirit of that time in the first place. For I shall not mention his interest in the Queen's favour till the last, which shall appear greatest by the circumstances that lost it.

'Twas an ingenious uninquisitive time, when all the passions and affections of the people were lapped up in such an innocent and humble obedience that there was never the least contestations nor capitulations with the Queen, nor (though she was frequently consulted with her subjects) any further reasons urged of her actions than her own will.

When there were any grievances they but reverently conveyed them to her notice, and left the time and order of the rest to her princely discretion. Once they were more importunate and formal in pursuing the complaints of the Purveyors for Provision, which without question was a crying and an heavy oppression. The Queen sent them word, they all thought themselves wise enough to reform the misdemeanors of their own families, and wished that they had so good opinion of her as to trust her with her servants, too. I do not find that the secretary who delivered this message received any reproach or check, or that they proceeded any further in their inquisition. In this excellent time the Queen's remarkable grace endeared the Earl to the regard of the people, which he quickly improved to a more tender estimation; neither was this affection of theirs ever an objection against him, till himself took too much notice of it; for the Queen had ever loved her people without the least scruple or jealousy, nor was ever offended if he was the darling of their eyes, till she suspected he inclined to be the darling of their hearts.

In his friendships he was so fortunate that though he contracted with ancient enemies and such as he had undeserved from by some unkindness as grievous and injurious, it is not known that ever he was betrayed in his trust, or had ever his secrets derived unhandsomely to any ears that they were not intended to; and this, if he had not planted himself upon such whose zeal to his service was more remarkable than their other abilities, would have preserved him from so prodigious a fate.

Lastly, he had so strong an harbour in the Queen's breast that notwithstanding those dangerous indiscretions of committing himself in his recreations and shooting-matches to the public view of so many thousand citizens, which usually flocked to see him, and made within the reach of his own ears large acclamations in his praise; notwithstanding his receiving into his troop of attendance and under that shadow bringing into the court divers persons not liked by the Queen, and some that had been in prison for suspicion of treason, as Captain Wainman; and then his glorious feather triumph, when he caused two thousand orange-tawny feathers, in despite of Sir Walter Raleigh, to be worn in the tilt-yard, even before Her Majesty's own face (all which would have found regret in the stomachs of most princes); yet neither these, nor any whispers that were distilled into the Queen's ears (for aught appears) ever lessened him in Her Highness's regard, till he committed such strange mistakes as ever have been prosecuted with most exemplary punishments by the laws themselves; which (though in jealousy of princes, they oft compound treasons out of circumstances and possibilities) yet are as tender of the reputation of great men as in any commonwealth whatsoever.

If towards his period the Queen grew a less merciful interpreter of his failings and successes, 'twas when she believed he grew too familiar and in love with his passions, and had a mind not to be satisfied but upon his conditions, and too insensible of his own errors. And, truly, that would not be unfitly applied to him that was once said of the terrible Mountford Earl of Leicester in the reign of Henry the Third (though nothing be more horrible to me than the peculancy of that wit which, for an unhandsome jest, would accuse him of a purpose to be king — for doubtless in his solemn purposes he was of a firm and unshaken allegiance —), that he had a spirit too great for a subject. For besides that he looked from above, and with a displeasure that had a mixture of scorn more than anger upon such as courted not his protection, his talk was in an high and unusual dialect: he took much delight to discover an hatred, like a contempt, of the King of Spain, and would often mention his person as familiarly as Luther did our Henry the Eighth; and as Foxe begins his Book against the Pope with the first lines of Tully's Oration against Catiline, *Quousque, tandem,* etc. And so he would write in his ordinary letters, and publish in his Apology, " I will teach that proud King to know," etc. Which sounded possibly not so acceptable to the Queen herself who, though she were perfect enough in her dislike to that King, thought that the greatest subject ought not to approach the infirmities or the mention of any king without some reverence. And the Earl in his zeal to the Hollanders (when the great design was to mediate a truce between Spain and them, and almost the whole Council board inclined that way) would not only in the violence of his opposition show a dislike to the insolency and tyranny of the Spaniards, but of the very government of a monarchy.

Then his carriage towards the Queen herself was very strange, and his usual converse upon too bold terms, which proceeded not from any distemper, but his passions (though natural choler be but an unruly excuse for roughness with princes), but 'twas a way of traffic (I know not upon what unlucky success) he had from the beginning fancied, and lasted even to his end. Insomuch as upon his first restraint, which was not many months before his conclusion, he did somewhat neglect the Queen's pardon, because it came not accompanied with a new grant of his lease of the farm of sweet wines which was then near expired; though she intimated to him that she only deferred that grace upon the physicians' maxims, *Corpora impura, quo magis pascas, laeseris.*

Lastly, if ever that uncouth speech fell from him to the Queen which is delivered to us by one that was much conversant then in the secrets of the court, that she was as crooked in her disposition as in her carcass (when haply there was a little unevenness in her shoulders), all my wonder at this destruction is taken from me, and I must needs confess I am nothing satisfied with that loose report which hath crept into our discourse that shortly after his miserable end (which indeed deserved compassion from all hearts), I know not upon what unseasonable delivery of a ring or jewel by some lady of the court, the Queen expressed much reluctancy for his death. I am sure no discovery, no expression, either to his memory, friends, or dependants, can weigh down the indignity of the sermon at Paul's Cross and set out by command, or that Discourse that was so carefully commended abroad of his treasons; which were two of the most pestilent libels against his fame that any age hath seen published against any malefactor, and could not with that deliberation have been contrived and justified by authority, had not there been some sparks of indignation in the Queen that were unquenched, even with his blood.

'Tis time to call myself homewards, to the view of those considerations in which will clearly appear the inequality of the Duke's condition to what hath been said of the Earl. And it may be I have been at my distance too bold an undertaker of these actions which were performed so many years before my cradle.

I shall not much insist on the Duke's morning, being so different from that of the Earl as would discountenance all purposes of bringing them into one circle. He had no satisfaction in his friendships, or pretence in his quality but was his own harbinger at court. For though the herald may walk in as large a field of his pedigree as shall concern any subject, yet that being no in-let to his advancements or occasion of his favour, I shall leave to such as shall have the preferment to write his life. 'Tis true that soon after his approach was found to be acceptable, and that he was like enough to be entertained by him that had most power to bid him welcome, he received pretty conveniences from the respects of some great men, which at most (being as much out of disaffection to others as

tenderness to him), yielded him rather assistance than support; so that indeed he was, if ever any, *Faber fortunæ suæ*. And all such as will not be impudent strangers to the discerning spirit of that King who first cherished him, cannot but impute it to a certain innate wisdom and virtue that was in him, with which he surprised and even fascinated all the faculties of his incomparable master. He was not sooner admitted to stand there in his own right but the eyes of all such as either looked out of judgment, or gazed out of curiosity, were quickly directed towards him, as a man in the delicacy and beauty of his colour, decency and grace of his motion, the most rarely accomplished they had ever beheld; whilst some that found inconveniences in his nearness, intended by some affront to discountenance his effeminacy, till they perceived he had masked under it so terrible a courage as would safely protect all his sweetnesses.

And now he quickly showed the most glorious star that ever shined in any court; insomuch that all nations prosecuted him with love and wonder, as fast as the King with grace; and to his last he never lost any of his lustre.

His swiftness and nimbleness in rising may be with less injury ascribed to a vivacity than any ambition in his nature, since it is certain the King's eagerness to advance him, so surprised his youth that he seemed only to submit his shoulders without resistance to such burdens as His Highness would be pleased to lay on him, and rather to be held up by the violent inclination of the King, than to climb up by any art or industry of his own. Yet once seated, he would not affront that judgment that raised him by an unseasonable diffidence of himself, but endeavoured with an understanding boldness to manage those employments which his modesty would never suffer him to court.

During the reign of his first Minister I cannot but say he enjoyed an indifferent calm in his fortune and favour; for though there were some boisterous interruptions by the clamour of the people, yet shortly again their affections were as violent, and almost as senseless, toward him as ever their accusations were before or after; insomuch as the chief rulers among them performed frequent visits to him when he was somewhat diseased in his health, and out of a zealous care of him, would have begot some jealousy, that his physicians and nearest attendants about him being, perhaps, of the same religion with the King of Spain, had a purpose by poison to revenge some injuries these people had conceived, in the right of that nation.

And here the fortunes of our great personages met, when they were both the favourites of the princes and darlings of the people. But their affections to the Duke were but very short-lived.

And now 'tis seasonable to say somewhat of the disposition and spirit of this time, since the disparity of those we treat of will be in that discerned, and the Earl be found by so much to have the advantage, that

there will be little need of conferring the particulars of their lives. 'Twas a busy, querulous, froward time, so much degenerated from the purity of the former that the people, under pretences of reformation, with some petulant discourses of liberty (which their great impostors scattered among them, like false glasses to multiply their fears), began *Abditos Principis census, et quid occultius parat exquirere,* extended their inquiries even to the Chamber and private actions of the King himself, forgetting that truth of the poet — *Nusquam libertas gratior extat, — quam sub Rege pio* — ; 'twas strange to see how men afflicted themselves to find out calamities and mischiefs, whilst they borrowed the name of some great persons to scandalize the state they lived in. A general disorder throughout the whole body of the commonwealth; nay, the vital part perishing, the laws violated by the judges, religion profaned by the prelates, heresies crept into the Church and countenanced; and yet all this shall be quickly rectified without so much as being beholding to the King, or consulting with the Clergy.

Surely had Petronius now lived, he would have found good cause to say, *Nostra regio tam præsentibus plena est numinibus, ut facilius possis deum quam hominem invenire.* For my part, whether the frenzy was nourished in the warm breast of young men (who are commonly too much in love with their own time to think it capable of reformation), or whether it was fomented by riper heads that had miscarried in their propositions of advancement and are violent in the successes of Queen Elizabeth; or whether it was only the revolution of time that had made them unconcerned in the loyal fears that governed sixty years since, I shall not presume to guess; but shall rather wish for the spirit and condition of that time, as he did for wars and commotions: *Quoniam acerbissima Dei flagella sunt, quibus hominum pertinaciam punit, ea perpetua oblivione sepelienda, potius quam memoriæ mandanda esse.*

King James being no sooner dead, but such as had, from his beginning, impertinently endeavoured to supplant him, and found that he was so deeply rooted in his sovereign's acceptance that there should be no shaking him with clamorous objections, found some means to commend over his condition and transcendent power, as they termed it, as a matter of public consequence to the people; and from this instant to his fatal end he stood, as it were, opposed, notwithstanding all the shelter of the sovereign's regard, to all the calumnies and obloquies the impudent malice of the rabble could fling on him; and in all their pretences of reformation, as if their end were only his shame, not amendment, they rather cudgel than reprehend him. Of this wild rage (not within the main purpose of an apology) I shall give one or two instances, insisting on them only as they were mentioned in the indigested noise of the people, not as they were marshalled with other employments, in any public declaration or remonstrance.

There were two errors chiefly laid to his charge, and so eagerly urged that in them he was almost concluded an enemy to the King and country; which certainly in the next age will be conceived marvellous strange objections, the one being a strong argument of his worth, the other a piece of its reward: the first was the plurality of offices, though they were immediately conferred on him by the King, or else such as he was promoted to by His Majesty's own allowance, to acquire to the which there was no condition but His Majesty was a witness if not a surety for the performance; and yet for the execution of them never man studied more to apt himself, nor descended to meaner arts to give general content. And here possibly it concerned his mirth, to see his ambition prosecuted of some, who desired to ease him of this guilt by undertaking his trust.

The other was the preferment of his kindred, upon whom His Majesty (delighting to give all gracious expressions of his affection to the Duke) would, to enliven any branch that grew from the same stock, confer both honour and living. And this surely had so little signification of offence in the Duke's conscience, that he thought he should have sinned against the law of nature and a generous disposition, that it would have been an eternal brand to his name and memory if, being so seized of this great King's favour, he had no regard but for his own advancement.

And 'tis not improbable that his noble care of his family confirmed him in the estimation of his master, who knew that all fountains ought to bestow themselves upon their neighbour brooks, and could have hoped for little effects from his service whose care was only directed for himself.

Now, whether the importunate clamour upon these two faults (whereof he found no regret, but comfort in himself) made him so to esteem of the popular discretion and honesty, or whether he esteemed it the same ignominy to have his allegiance exalted with blasphemy, as (for attending the Prince out of Spain) he was called our Redeemer, or to have his misfortunes mistaken into disloyalty when his enterprises succeeded not according to the impossible expectation of the people, certain it is that all his later time he wholly neglected all compliance with them. 'Tis not unlikely he might wonder that in all the scrutinous inquiry for reformation, there was never the least blemish of dislike towards any great man but such as were in the immediate regard and estimation of the King; as if all misdemeanors had been committed within the verge of His Majesty's own chamber.

I shall not confer any of these particulars with the Earl. When the noise of the people had disquieted him into action from court, which was his orb, though he could not put off the place, or rather the title of command, he committed himself a most willing pupil to the discretions of such as were generally thought fit to manage affairs of that nature. And here it cannot be denied but as he was a vigilant and observant student in the

contemplative part, so he improved the courage of the whole army by his example.

And surely there is no cause to doubt he would in short time have made so glorious a progress in his profession (however he seemed shaped for easier skirmishes) as the world should have seen that promptness and alacrity in his nature that could happily have travelled in any path he could direct it, had he not been cut off by that execrable treason as makes all good men tremble and posterity shall start at it; and had he not been marvellously secured in the tranquillity of his soul from any of that guilt the rabble had conferred on him, it had been no hard matter to have fortified himself against the knife of a villain, though it were sharpened in the lewdest forge of revenge the great patron of murder has countenanced since the spilling of the first blood. But he that was unsafe only in the greatness of his own spirit, could not be persuaded to wear any privy-coat, but (which he never put off) of a good conscience. And the same Providence that conveyed him into grace, with so different marks from other men, would not suffer him to fall but by such a fate as may determine all the monarchies of the world; and which had been seldom acted but upon the most eminent and honourable persons of their times.

And here again he may be said to meet with the Earl, and they both died by the people, though by very different affections, which continued so prosperous as justice upon the one (for justice is the execution of the law) was interpreted a conspiracy; and treason upon the other, conceived religion; and yet one had the royal sacrifice of his sovereign sorrow, which the other wanted.

In contriving and contracting his friendships he was provident and circumspect enough, as may appear by those marriages in which he linked his house, and in the observation of them he was so severe and real as he wanted some of that which is usually the poison of noble minds, suspicion; looking no further into the affections of those he chose than the testimony of their own hearts, though this confidence sometimes was like to prove dangerous to him. And here the Earl had the day too, for his friends were screens between him and envy, and his own infirmities taken from him and imposed on them; when the Duke was so far from that ease, or being discharged of the burthen that belonged to them, that he was traduced with all the mistakes of all his friends, kindred, and dependants, as if he were the mischievous agent, they only improvident and surprised instruments.

'Tis true, they were neither of them much skilled in the paradox of charity, loving their enemies, and yet the Duke's easiness to reconcilement and too soon forgetting the circumstances of grudges, betrayed him often to the injuries of such as had not the same spirits.

Concerning the parts and endowments of his mind, if the consideration

of learning extend itself not further than drudgery in books, the Duke's employments forbid to suspect him for any great scholar; but if a nimble and fluent expression, and delivery of his mind (and his discourse was of all subjects) in a natural and proper dialect be considered, he was well lettered. But if he had that eloquence of nature, or art, I am sure he wanted that other accident (which the best judge attributed to the Earl as an eloquence that passed the other two), the pity and benevolence of his hearers; insomuch that his words and speeches were never entertained with that candour or common charity of interpretation as civilly belongs to all delinquents. Witness that speech in the fullness of his joy he let fall to His Majesty in the behalf of his people, which was immediately perverted and carped at, as an aggravation of his other imaginary and fantastic offences.

He was besides not only of an eminent affection to learning in conferring dignities and rewards upon the most learned men; either of which is seldom without judgment; and he was the governor in a province of learning which was an argument he confuted the people by, when he suffered himself to be chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, even at the time when they had concluded his destruction as a man odious to all subjects.

In his liberalities and rewards of those he fancied, he was so cheerfully magnificent and so much at the mercy of his dependants, that if they proved improvident or immodest in their suits, the inconveniency and mischief was surely his; insomuch as he seemed wholly possessed from himself, and to be only great for their use; and he had then so happy a bravery in deriving of his favours, and conferred them with so many noble circumstances, as the manner was as obliging as the matter, and men's understandings oft-times as much puzzled as their gratitude.

If the Earl sided him here, his bounty fell upon more unthrifty men, for there are many families owe their large possessions only to the openness of the Duke's hand, though much be lost too in the ingratitudes of the receivers.

But that which shined with most lustre in him, and which indeed showed in his nature much above its proportion in other men, was an admirable affability and gentleness to all men. And this was the pomp and glory of all his titles, insomuch as though his memory were a place so taken up with high thoughts and unlikely to have any room for matters of so small importance. He was ever known to entertain his younger acquaintance with that familiarity as if they had been stairs by which he ascended to his greatness.

He had, besides, such a tenderness and compassion in his nature that such as think the laws dead if they are not severely executed, censured him for being too merciful; but his charity was grounded upon a wiser maxim of state: *Non minus turpe Principe multa supplicia; quam medico*

multa funera. And he believed, doubtless, that hanging was the worst use man could be put to.

And now, methinks, to believe a man dressed in all these real ornaments of honour could be an enemy to the public or to his country, is as ingenuous as to believe a man of a solemn friendliness to ten thousand men, and of a resolved hatred to mankind.

Of all imputations, that was the most unskilful which accused him of a purpose and design to enrich himself. Certainly that was never in his views, and possibly the auditors of his revenues do not find his estate so much increased from the time of his first master, though he enjoyed a glorious harvest of almost four years which, if it had been brought in to his own use, could not but have made an envious addition. Since then, till their evenings, these two great persons can hardly meet: let not the violence of their deaths reconcile them, since the same consideration might as well unite the great King of France and the Marshal Biron, and many others of more different conditions.

He that shall continue this argument farther, may haply begin his parallel after their deaths, and not unfitly. He may say that they were both as mighty in obligations as ever any subjects, and both their memories and families as unrecompensed by such as they had raised. He may tell you of the clients that burnt the pictures of the one, and defaced the arms of the other, lest they might be too long suspected for their dependants, and find disadvantage by being honest to their memories. He may tell you of some that grew strangers to their houses lest they might find the tracks of their own footsteps that might upbraid them with their former attendance. He may say that both their memories shall have a reverend savour with all posterity and all nations. He may tell you many more particulars, which I dare not do.

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